

LIFE

OF

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.



RICHARD HARRIS. BARHAM.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF THE
REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM,

AUTHOR OF
The Ingoldsby Legends.

BY HIS SON,
THE REV. R. H. DALTON BARHAM.



A NEW EDITION.

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TO
FRANCIS FLADGATE, ESQ.,

THE FRIEND OF FOUR GENERATIONS
OF THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY,

THIS VOLUME
Is Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

A NEW edition of the 'Life of Richard Harris Barham' having been called for, I have taken the opportunity of introducing a few personal anecdotes that had previously escaped me, and at the same time of revising the work, and so compressing it as to render it more accessible and, I hope, more acceptable to the general reader. There is, however, still need to confess that the present sketch, regarded as a biography, must appear very imperfect, and to remind the reader that it is only in a literary point of view—only as a writer whose wit and humour have been received with more than common favour—only, in short, as 'Thomas Ingoldsby,' that Mr. Barham is brought before the public at all.

I may add that the poetical trifles appended to the 'Life' in previous editions have been omitted in this, as it is intended to collect the whole of 'Ingoldsby's' miscellaneous poems, and present them in a separate volume.

R. H. D. BARHAM.

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L I F E

OF THE

REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

CHAPTER I.

[1788—1821.]

Family History—Reginald Fitzurse and Thomas à Becket—Birth of Richard Harris Barham—Tappington—St. Paul's School—Serious Accident—Dr. and Mrs. Roberts—School Compositions—Poetical Criticism—School Intimacies—The Quakers' Meeting—Brasenose College—Gaming—The Cornish Mine Speculation—Regular Habits—The Whig Club—Determination to enter Holy Orders—Melancholy Death of an Undergraduate—Bishop Copleston—Mr. Barham obtains successively the Curacies of Ashford and Westwell—Anecdote of a Parishioner—His Marriage—Presented to the Living of Snargate—Moves to Warehorn—Smugglers—Romney Marsh and the Clergy—'Jumpshort Pie'—Ghost Story—Country Life—Invitation to Dr. Wilnot—'Penevolence'—Accident—'Baldwin'—Commencement of 'My Cousin Nicholas'—Journey to London—The intercepted Letter—'An Adieu to the Country'—Elected Minor Canon of St. Paul's.

It is hardly to be denied that, though sought after with considerable avidity, memoirs of literary men may be ranked among the least satisfactory portions of biography. Their lives, indeed, are best written in their works. When given in the form of narrative, by the

hand of another, they too commonly betray a woful deficiency of incident, or serve to excite a painful interest by disclosures of a melancholy and humiliating cast. We shall here find no exception to the general rule. If the subject of the present imperfect sketch was, on the one hand, removed from the daily struggles and temptations of those unfortunate or improvident sons of genius whose necessities compel them to 'forestall the blighted produce of the brain,' on the other, his career was wholly unmarked by events of a striking and romantic turn. His course, indeed, uniformly prosperous and tranquil, resembled one of those unnumbered, nameless streams which pass from the spring-head into ocean without a 'rapid' and without a check. To this easy flow of life, his sacred calling naturally conduced. Not that he was other than a man of action and energy; the management of even a comparatively small London parish, to say nothing of other duties, is not to be carried on without incessant labour, and pretty frequent trials, too, both of temper and discretion. But the real secret of his success lay in that enviable combination of tact, benevolence, and good humour, supported by unflagging spirit, which, while it carried him through a vast amount of work, enabled him invariably to avoid giving needless offence, and generally to soften if not disarm opposition. One who knew him well, one moreover who possessed every qualification for forming an opinion, thus speaks of him in a letter addressed to a common friend :

'I am perfectly convinced that the same social influence would

have followed Mr. Barham into any other line of life that he might have adopted ; that the profits of agitating pettifoggers would have materially lessened in a district where he acted as a magistrate ; and that duels would have been nipped in the bud at his regimental mess. It is not always an easy task to do as you would be done by ; but to think as you would be thought of and thought for, and to feel as you would be felt for, is perhaps still more difficult, as superior powers of tact and intellect are here required in order to second good intentions. These faculties, backed by an uncompromising love of truth and fair dealing, indefatigable good nature, and a nice sense of what was due to everyone in the several relations of life, both gentle and simple, rendered our late friend invaluable, either as an adviser or a peacemaker, in matters of delicate and difficult handling. How he managed to get through his more important duties is a marvel. Certain it is that they were well and punctually performed in every point relating to cathedral matters, as well as his engagements as a parochial incumbent and priest of the Household, which I believe was the nature of his office at the Chapel Royal.*

He used to say of himself that he was naturally an idle but not an indolent man. However this may have been, very certain it is that he was rarely, if ever, to be seen unoccupied. If Fox thought lying under a tree with a book a luxury only to be surpassed by lying under a tree without one, Mr. Barham would hardly have sympathised with the statesman. His very amusements and hobbies, such as manfully struggling through the stiffest of Kentish coverts in the old style, after pheasants which, to say the truth, he very seldom bagged, or pursuing, half smothered by dust, genealogical and antiquarian researches in the

* 'Sketch of the late Rev. R. H. Barham, by John Hughes, Esq.' Colburn's 'New Monthly Magazine,' August, 1845.

libraries of St. Paul's and Sion College, or sitting up till three and four o'clock in the morning, after a hard day's work, scribbling articles for Blackwood or Bentley—all this, which was really his play and recreation, would be thought to tax rather severely the powers of the majority of men.

With the details of his experience as a clergyman I do not propose to deal. Of course an outline will be given of his professional progress, but the reader must once for all be requested to bear in mind that it is intended in the following pages simply to throw together some slight records of his leisure hours and recreative pursuits. Making no attempt to furnish a complete and regular biography of my father, I shall content myself with repeating such particulars as I remember to have heard from his own lips, and with so arranging his correspondence and his miscellaneous entries in his diaries or common-place books—they partook of the nature of both—as to allow these passages of his social life to be told pretty much in his own words.

Hasted, in his 'History of Kent' (vol. iii. p. 755), gives the following account of the establishment of the family of Barham in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, where, from the time of the Conquest till almost the present day, its representatives have resided and held land :

'Barham Court is a manor or seat in the parish of Barham, situated close to the church. It was probably the court lodge of the manor of Barham in very early times, before it became united to that of Bishopsbourne. And in King Henry the

Second's time it was held of the Archbishop of Canterbury as half a knight's fee by Sir Randal Fitzurse, who was one of those four knights belonging to the King's household who murdered the Archbishop, Thomas à Becket, in the cathedral of Canterbury, 1170.

This Sir Randal, or, as he is more commonly called, Sir Reginald, prior to obtaining from the Pope absolution for the murder, made over his estates to his brother Robert, who changed the family name to De Berham, which, modestly clipped and modernised, has been retained to the present time by his descendants.

About the end of the seventeenth century, some small portion of the alienated lands once held by the notorious Sir Reginald were recovered on the marriage of Thomas Barham with the only daughter and heir of Thomas Harris, of Canterbury, who brought to her husband as her dower the manors of Parmstead (in the old deeds Barhamstead) and Tappington Everard. Fourth in descent from Thomas was born, December 6, 1788, in Canterbury, the subject of this memoir, Richard Harris, only son of Richard Harris Barham, by Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Fox, of Manston. Mr. Barham's father, who was certainly not to be ranked among the purblind class *qui propter patrimonium vivunt*, and was even something of a *bon-vivant*, possessed much of that kindliness of heart and genial humour which were afterwards so fully developed in his son. Judging from the marginal notes by which his copies of the classics are freely illustrated we may conclude he was not wanting in literary taste, and that he brought away with him from Christchurch enough,

and more than enough, of scholarship to set up any two or three country gentlemen of the period. In point of activity, both of mind and body, he was unquestionably deficient, as perhaps may be inferred from the fact of his having attained to the enormous weight of seven-and-twenty stone before he completed his forty-eighth year.

Dying in 1705, he bequeathed a moderate estate to his only son, then about five or six years of age. A portion of this property consisted, as I have said, of the farm known as Tappington, or Tapton Wood, so often mentioned in the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' And, albeit the description of the mansion therein given is rather of what it might, could, would, or should be, than of what it actually and truly is, many of the particulars are, nevertheless, perfectly correct. Dismissing, then, the shaded avenue terminating in a lodge, 'whose gates support the Ingoldsby device,' together with Mrs. Botherby and the secret passage, as pardonable myths, a very comfortable and picturesque manor-house, haunted or not haunted, still remains, boasting its gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys, and, above all, its blood-stained stair, the scene of its remarkable fratricide, which is a genuine tradition, and the sanguinary evidence of which is pointed out with enviable faith by the present tenants.*

The house, as I remember it at first, possessed another unpleasant peculiarity. The windows of two

* The history of the true 'Spectre of Tappington' will be found in the annotated edition of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' vol. i. p. 34.

or three of the best rooms, approached by the principal staircase were bricked up, and although this had doubtless been done with the simple design of escaping Mr. Pitt's tax, it tended materially to enhance the mysterious awe which used to oppress me as I passed by the gloomy portraits of the brothers on my way to bed. In after years, it was a favourite amusement of my father's to plan the restoration of the old place, which he always regarded with a particular affection. The disused rooms were to be made available; possibly the wing which had been pulled down might be rebuilt; timber was to be cut from the estate, and carving procured from Wardour Street; the whole thing was to cost a mere trifle. But as mere trifles in brick and mortar are apt to weigh heavily on the resources of men of moderate means, it is as well perhaps that the scheme fell through. Nevertheless, the beauty and tranquillity of the spot, situated at the junction of two narrow valleys which, parti-coloured with patches of hop-garden and pasture and corn-land, sweep round the sides of a long sloping and well-wooded hill, and there form a level plateau whereupon stand the house and farm-buildings—the whole embraced and sheltered by a semi-circle of yet higher ground, rich with the remains of the old Kentish forest—invited and might have warranted some judicious outlay.

In consequence of the feeble health of his mother, the boy, himself weakly enough, was left under the threefold guardianship of Mr. Morris Robinson, after-

wards Lord Rokeby, Mr. Abbot, and a certain attorney who, for reasons which will appear, shall be nameless. After fit preparation at the hands of the Rev. Joshua Dix, Minor Canon of Canterbury, young Barham was sent off at the age of nine years to St. Paul's School, and placed in the house of Dr. Roberts, the high-master. Here he made rapid progress in the classics; for mathematics he had no taste. No knowledge of the science was at that day required in public schools, and to no knowledge of it did he ever attain.

An accident, however, occurred about the year 1802, which not only interrupted his studies for a time, but well-nigh led to the transfer of Tappington and all thereunto appertaining to the possession of strangers, and which exercised a lasting influence over the future life of its proprietor. This was no other than the mutilation of his right arm, occasioned by the upsetting of the Dover mail, in which he was travelling on his way to town. Bewildered by the terrific pace of the horses which had taken fright, he thrust his hand from the window for the purpose of opening the door; at that moment the vehicle turned over upon its side, pinning the exposed limb to the ground, and dragging it a considerable distance along a recently repaired road. On being released from his situation, his shattered arm was hastily bound up, and he was despatched *alone* in a hackney-coach—for the accident occurred at the Bricklayers' Arms—to his destination; and was naturally found when he arrived lying in a pool of blood and perfectly insensible.

As may be supposed, the effects of so dreadful a laceration, aggravated by neglect in the first instance, and acting upon a frame which at that time gave no promise of the vigour which it afterwards exhibited, soon brought the sufferer to the very verge of the grave. So certain did his speedy death appear in the eyes of those whose wish, may be, was 'father to that thought,' that, to obviate any disagreeable delay in the disposal of the expected property, they sent their surveyor (somewhat prematurely), with instructions to report on the state of the farm-buildings, look to the repair of fences, mark out timber for felling, and inquire as to the term of unexpired leases.

It was, under God's blessing, mainly owing to the unwearied care of Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the worthy high-master, that these gentlemen were gratified in respect of little but their curiosity, for, contrary to the expectations of all, more especially of the surgeons, who refrained from amputation only from a fear of hastening the catastrophe, not only did the patient begin to mend, but the appearance of the wounded limb induced a hope that it might eventually be restored in some measure to the exercise of its proper functions. An ingenious piece of mechanism was invented and applied to the hand, consisting of lengths of catgut fastened to the extremity of each finger, and passing through silver rings to a sort of bracelet which was attached to the wrist. By this means the contracted fingers were to be assisted to open, and action was to be restored to the joints. It was

a pretty toy, cost twenty guineas, and proved of little or no use. Mrs. Roberts, meanwhile, was far from confining her kindness to the sick-bed. As 'we plant a twig, and water it because we have planted it,' so a similar feeling seems to have taken possession of the lady in question; certain it is, she began to regard her young charge with an unusual degree of interest, and, on becoming convalescent, he was frequently permitted to be present at certain *réunions* of a literary character which were held at her house. Here, as most of the *habitués* were of the softer sex, his first attempts at composition met with every encouragement, and he stood in some peril of being prematurely forced under their fostering care into a kind of poetical phenomenon. Among these ladies was Miss Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, a tragic actress of some note, who gave him instructions in the art of delivering what he had composed, and in whose society his early taste for the drama was encouraged and developed. Even the irrefragable doctor contributed in no small degree to fan the flame, by employing him to write speeches, not only for himself, but for the younger boys.

A selection from these school-boy compositions was printed in 1807, and obtained the favourable notice of Mr. Sylvanus Urban, to whom the author was indebted for his first introduction to the public.

A few lines, part of a speech spoken by a precocious young gentleman aged ten years, will afford a taste of the poet's quality :

But hold ! methinks I hear some critic cry,
'The boy's too late ; the time has long gone by ;
Young Roscii now have lost the power to charm,
And infant orators no longer swarm :
At length aroused, our strange delirium o'er,
Their puny efforts please our ears no more.'

'Tis true I'm young: perhaps, too, somewhat small ;
But that has been the common lot of all :
Grave rev'rend sages, heroes six feet high—
Nestor himself—were once as young as I :
The sturdiest oak that ploughs the boist'rous main,
The guardian bulwark of Britannia's reign,
A sapling once, within its native vale,
Shrank from the blast and bow'd at every gale.
Ladies, to you I turn ; my cause befriend,
Blame not a fault each day will help to mend.
In these sage times of wisdom so profuse,
This reign of reason, sense, and Mother Goose,
Consult your hearts, and blame us if you can,
If boys, when men turn children, ape the man.

One of these poems, having for its subject the battle of Trafalgar, bears remarkable testimony to the taste of the worthy high-master himself. Towards the conclusion occurred the following stanza :

'Presumptuous thought !' Britannia's genius cries ;
Rise, my loved sons, my brave defenders, rise ;
Tell them, while each with emulation strives—
Though Nelson falls, a Collingwood survives !'

This, however, was not only found wanting in emphasis, but was also pronounced to be an unpar-
donably familiar mode of introducing a nobleman, and
one not even demanded by the exigence of metre.
An order was accordingly given that the last line
should be both printed and spoken, . . .

‘Though Nelson falls, *Lord Collingwood* survives!’

A stroke of criticism only to be surpassed by that of
a gallant captain of militia, who returned a volume
of Campbell’s poems with the happy emendation—

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge—with all thy *cavalry*!

At St. Paul’s School Mr. Barham formed friendships
with many of his fellows, Dr. Roberts (no relation of
the high-master), Mr. Bentley, Sir Charles Clark, the
Pollocks, Frederick and David, and Charles Diggle
(afterwards governor of the military college at Sand-
hurst), among the number, which, outlasting the
common run of boyish intimacies, closed only with
his life. From the first of these early companions he
received, in seasons of sickness and bereavement, such
constant counsel and assistance as could scarcely have
been required at the hands of the nearest relative ;
while his connection with Mr. Bentley, formed of far
stronger ties than serve to unite author and publisher,
the existence of which it preceded and outlived, led
to the production of those remarkable articles upon
which his literary reputation chiefly rests.

Of Diggle Mr. Barham used to tell many absurd

stories: now, for instance, he used to steal the shoe-strings of Isaac Hill, the second master, and avowed his intention of continuing the robbery till he got enough to form a line that would reach from one end of the schoolroom to the other (seventy feet), but was unluckily removed before he had half accomplished his task. The most amusing, however much to be condemned, of his practical jokes was one in which his friend Barham also had a share. The two boys having, in the course of one of their walks, discovered a Quakers' meeting-house, forthwith procured a penny tart from a neighbouring pastry-cook; furnished with this, Diggle marched boldly into the building, and holding up the delicacy in the midst of the grave assembly, said, with perfect solemnity:

'Whoever speaks first shall have this pie.'

'Friend, go thy way,' commenced a drab-coloured gentleman, rising; 'go thy way and——'

'The pie's yours, sir!' exclaimed Master Diggle, politely, and placing it before the astounded speaker hastily effected his escape.

Having continued, in consequence of his youth, for two years 'captain' of St. Paul's School, Mr. Barham entered at Brasenose College, and was speedily elected a member of the well-known Phoenix Common Room, at that time one of the 'crack' University clubs. Here he found a kindred spirit in the gay and eccentric Lord George Grenville (afterwards Lord Nugent). Here, too, he was again thrown into contact with one whom he had known in yet earlier days, Cecil Tatter-

sall, the friend of Shelley and Lord Byron. And here also his intimacy with Theodore Hook took rise, whose residence, however, did not extend beyond a couple of terms, and who, at first, was well-nigh refused matriculation by Dr. Parsons for professing an accommodating readiness to subscribe not only to thirty-nine, but forty articles, if required.*

College life, more especially at that day, was likely to present numerous and sore temptations to one who was overflowing with good-nature and high spirits, and whose early loss had not only placed a perilous abundance of funds at his disposal, but had left him, as it happened, utterly unchecked by parental counsel and authority, for his mother, a confirmed invalid, had for some time been incapable of exercising any control over his conduct. Of his guardians, on the other hand, but one busied himself at all in his affairs; and of him, the attorney before alluded to, the youth had come to conceive a strong dislike, not unmingled with suspicion, which proved but too well founded, of the man's honesty. It was scarcely to be expected that such an ordeal should be passed through without scathe. Brasenose was an expensive college: it was commonly reported that the Principal 'hated a college of paupers,' and the young men were ready enough in this respect to follow the cue which they believed had been given. Mr. Barham, like many others, spent

* Though I believe the anecdote to be perfectly true, it is almost needless to say that the joke, such as it is, is not original. Foote puts it into the mouth of 'Mrs. Simony.'

there a great deal of money to very little purpose. Among other extravagances, gaming was the fashion there as elsewhere. Whether, indeed, college hells were in existence at that time, as they certainly were a generation later, I am not able to say; but a good deal of high play went on, and although this was certainly a vice to which my father had no natural inclination, he was on one occasion induced to join a party at 'unlimited loo,' or something of the sort, and with the happiest result—he lost heavily—a great deal more, that is to say, than he was in a condition to pay. Application on such a subject to the lawyer at Canterbury was on many accounts extremely distasteful. A lecture from him would have proved particularly galling; there was nothing, for it, therefore, but to write to Lord Rokeby, and this Mr. Barham did, earnestly begging him to authorise the advance of a sum from the property in trust sufficient to discharge the obligation. Lord Rokeby very decidedly declined to accede to the request. As a guardian, he said, he could not for a moment entertain the question, but he very good-naturedly added that as a friend he would give the money. The present showed tact as well as kindness, and clearly rendered any second application of the sort impossible. And it is a fact that, from that day to his last, Mr. Barham held entirely aloof not only from gambling in the ordinary sense of the word, but from speculation of every kind and degree. A railway investment he looked upon as a certain step towards ruin. And when one of the most accomplished

of projectors, a gentleman who had succeeded in getting some very pretty sport, especially among the clergy, called on him with the prospectus of a certain Cornish mining company, and tried hard to persuade him to join in the adventure, his habitual distrust was not to be overcome: 'Tell me candidly,' said he, 'all exaggeration apart, what dividend do you calculate will really be paid?'

'Not one farthing short of twenty per cent. !'

'You are in earnest?'

'Absolutely in earnest, on my honour.'

'Thank you—that is rather too good a thing for me to meddle with. I wish you all possible success, and—a very good-morning !' and he buttoned up his pocket, bowed out his friend, and could never be persuaded to resume the negotiation. Those who persisted in the scheme—two of his intimate friends among the number—were ruined, or nearly ruined, by its collapse. But excessive as his caution may be considered in some particulars, he was careless enough in money matters generally, and notwithstanding the suspicion with which he had for some time viewed the proceedings of the attorney to whose management his property had been committed, he neglected, on attaining his majority, to place his affairs in other hands. The result was, his connection with that gentleman terminated in a loss of not less than eight thousand pounds. This was a severe blow, and one which crippled him for a time, inducing him to grant leases at low rents on

payment of fines, and so on ; but it fell early in life and he bore it lightly.

Meanwhile, it is not to be supposed that he was passing his time at Oxford in idleness—of that he was incapable ; he yielded, however, more to the seductions of an agreeable society than was prudent, deferring his reading mostly to midnight, and frequently continuing it till break of day.

His reply to Mr. Hodson, his tutor, afterwards Principal of Brasenose, will convey some notion of the hours he was wont to keep. This gentleman, who, doubtless discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was amiable and high-minded in his pupil, treated him with marked indulgence, sent for him on one occasion to demand an explanation of his continued absence from morning chapel.

‘The fact is, sir,’ urged his pupil, ‘you are too late for me.’

‘Too late?’ repeated the tutor, in astonishment.

‘Yes, sir—too late. I cannot sit up till seven o’clock in the morning : I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four—or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day.’

An impertinence better rebuked by the look of dignified displeasure which it called up, than by any amount of punishment that could have been inflicted. All affectation was cast aside on the instant—an apology sincerely offered and silently accepted.

Whatever amendment in point of attention to college discipline may have resulted from this conversation, the

habit which gave rise to it was one for 'time to strengthen, not efface.' No one could have quoted the old Scotch ballad with greater feeling and sincerity than my father—

'Up in the morning's nae for me,
Up in the morning airly :
I'd rather watch a winter's night
Than up in the morning airly.'

Most men have their seasons of late hours, and among undergraduates especially there are not wanting those who, after an evening's dissipation, esteem it passing 'fast' to sit up half the night nodding over their books with wet towels tied about their heads. With Mr. Barham, however, a strong natural bent supplied the place of caprice or love of singularity, and he sat up because he found that, as the morning advanced his ideas flowed more freely, and his mental energies became in every way more active than at any other period of the twenty-four hours. It could hardly fail of exciting a considerable degree of astonishment, to mark how, after a day spent without one moment's rest or relaxation in the intricacies of business, often of a harassing and momentous nature, his eye would light up and his spirits overflow as the chimes of midnight were approaching. An entirely fresh set of faculties seemed to come into play, and if there was no one at hand to benefit by his conversation—to listen to his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation, he would devote himself to the investigation of some obscure genealogical point, or the perusal of

some treasured volume in black letter with a keenness and vigour not to be surpassed by the most orderly of mortals. At these times, too, his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself, but which he actually viewed with distrust ; and he would not unfrequently lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. Indeed, he was no adept in the art of cudgelling the brain, and, at all events in respect of poetry, he wrote easily or not at all. The slightest check would often delay the completion of an article of this kind for months, and there are numbers of his manuscripts now in my possession whose unfinished state is to be attributed to some trifling stumbling-block which a little labour might have levelled or avoided.

Of his life during the period which elapsed from his entrance at the University to his ordination there is little to be recorded. But among the freaks of those youthful days may be mentioned the establishment of a sort of burlesque debating society, of which he was, I believe, the founder and president, and which, under the title of the Wig Club, held its meetings in a large summer-house attached to his residence at Canterbury. The members used to assemble in a masquerade dress, of which the wig, clerical, forensic, full-bottom, scratch, or brown George—the more ridiculous the better—was the principal feature. During the assize week the barristers on circuit were usually invited, and took

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part in the whimsicalities of the evening; in the course of which personalities, no matter how severe, were considered allowable, and were, with rare exceptions, endured with great good humour. On one occasion, however, the raillery running higher than common, the temper of one of the party gave way, and as it unluckily happened that swords as well as wigs formed part of the club costume, the angry disputant drew his weapon. A grand mêlée ensued, some awkward thrusts were given and taken, and the president narrowly escaped being run through the body in his own garden.

It was during the course of a short but severe illness that Mr. Barham first entertained the notion of becoming a candidate for holy orders; and though he so far prosecuted his original design of preparing for the practice of the law as to become a pupil of the eminent conveyancer, Mr. Chitty, he soon relinquished that profession in favour of one for which a disposition abounding in goodwill towards men, and imbued with a spirit of active, though unostentatious piety, assuredly qualified him. It would be too much, perhaps, to assume that he was in any degree influenced in his determination of entering the Church by an occurrence which took place during the latter part of his residence at Brasenose—no other than the death, under most distressing circumstances, of a young man with whom he was more than slightly acquainted—but he was beyond question most seriously affected by it.

A death at the University, at least among the junior members, always seems to produce an effect more solemn and appalling than elsewhere. Much of this may be attributed to the youth and parity of age in the circle that is broken ; much to the course of folly—to say the least of it—in which too often the victim is arrested ; but most of all, perhaps, to the comparative rarity of the event, and to its being in general of a sudden if not violent nature. A gloom unusually heavy hung round the fate of the individual in question. He was the only son of a gentleman of respectable standing, but straitened means. Regardless, and probably not altogether aware, of the difficulty his parent experienced in supplying him with the means of qualifying for a liberal profession, he launched into the expensive gaieties of college life. His demands upon his father's purse becoming larger and more frequent, the latter at length, on inclosing a considerable sum which he could ill spare, positively refused to make any further sacrifices on his behalf.

It is, however, by no means an easy matter for a young man to stop short in a career of extravagance, without possessing the means of discharging the debts he has already incurred. At the Universities, in particular, his resources are gauged with the nicest accuracy, and the unhappy victim is allowed no peace till all are exhausted.

So ——— found it. Having availed himself to the utmost of the usual expedients, such as increasing his orders, borrowing of his companions, and raising

money upon accommodation bills, in a fit of utter desperation he again applied to his father, laid his case fully and fairly before him—pledged himself to a thorough change of life in the event of being released, from his embarrassments, and concluded by stating that his very existence depended upon the reply, which he should look for by return of post.

There was no mistaking the intimation conveyed in the latter portion of the letter ; and the father, in an agony of alarm at the bare possibility of losing his child, hastily penned an answer, forgiving all, and undertaking that the sum necessary to set him once more in an independent position should be forthwith placed at his disposal. Fearful of trusting so important a missive to the chances of the post-office, he unfortunately gave it into the custody of the mail-guard, seeing the man with a sovereign on his engaging to deliver it with his own hands, as soon as the College gates should be opened. Eagerly on the following morning did poor ——— rush towards the porter who was going his usual round with the letters—fruitlessly he searched the packet again and again—there was not one for him. He returned to his rooms, whither the guard, reeling drunk, made his way late in the afternoon, only to find a coroner's inquest being held over the body of their former occupant, whose head was shattered to atoms by a pistol-ball.

Having passed his examination, Mr. Barham took his Bachelor's degree, Nov. 7, 1811. To that of Master

he never proceeded—an omission which once brought him under the animadversion of Bishop Copleston. On the occasion of some University contest, I forget what, the Bishop enquired how he was going to vote.

‘I am not going to vote at all, my lord.’

‘Not vote?’ repeated his lordship. ‘I have no respect, sir, for indolence or indifference. It is a question upon which every man must have formed an opinion, and it is his duty to record it by giving a vote on one side or the other.’

‘But there may be a third course open to him,’ suggested Mr. Barham.

‘I can’t imagine one.’

‘Not, my lord, where a man has no vote to give?’

The fact was, putting aside fees and the inconvenience of having to qualify for a Master’s degree by keeping an additional term of residence, a vote for the University, sixty years ago, conferred rather an unenviable privilege than otherwise. It was the custom, at least it was the custom at Brasenose, to decide in the common room which candidate should be supported, and for him the members were expected to vote in a body; so that a man might be called upon to take a troublesome and expensive journey for the mere gratification of having the alternative presented to him of offending his college or voting against his principles.

In March, 1813, Mr. Barham was admitted to the curacy of Ashford, in Kent. Thence, in the year fol-

lowing, he proceeded to Westwell, a small parish some few miles distant, adjoining Eastwell Park, at that time the property of Mr. Hatton, grandfather of the present Earl of Winchelsea, in whom he found a pleasant and hospitable squire.

In this cure he was succeeded by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, the well-known author of 'The Subaltern,' 'The Country Curate,' etc., who drew many of his sketches in the latter work, among which may be numbered 'The Poacher' and 'The Smuggler,' from living originals in that neighbourhood. One of the desperate characters with which the neighbourhood was infested, having been shot through the body in an affray with the Custom-House officers, sent for my father, and actually confessed, while lying on what he believed to be his death-bed, that there was not a crime in all the dark catalogue of human guilt that he had not committed.

'Murder is not to be reckoned one, I hope?'

'Too many of *them*, sir,' was the reply.

The man recovered for the time, only to afford another testimony to the truth of the old saw respecting the effect sickness is supposed to have upon a certain individual and his followers, but fell dead upon his face, after the lapse of a few years, while in the act of planting vegetables in his garden.

In 1814, Mr. Barham married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart of the Royal Engineers. Of this union were born, at Westwell, two boys, the younger of whom died an infant. Shortly after the death of his second child, in 1817, Mr. Barham was

collated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the rectory of Snargate; and he gladly exchanged his former unhealthy and dilapidated parsonage for that of Warehorn, the curacy of which parish was at the same time offered to him. The villages which formed his new cure were about two miles apart, and situated, the former in, the latter on the verge of, Romney Marsh; and, as may be supposed, they abounded even more than the spot he had just quitted in desperadoes engaged in what, by a technical euphemism, was termed 'The Free Trade.'

But, notwithstanding the reckless character of these men, the rector met with nothing of outrage or incivility at their hands. Many a time indeed, on returning homewards late at night, has he been challenged by a half-seen horseman, who looked in the heavy gloom like some misty condensation a little more substantial than ordinary fog, but on making known his name and office, he was invariably allowed to pass on with a 'Good-night: it's only parson!' while a long and shadowy line of mounted smugglers, each with his led horse laden with tubs, filed silently by. Nay, they even extended their familiarity so far as to make the church itself a depôt for contraband goods; and on one occasion a large seizure of tobacco was made in the Snargate belfry—calumny contended for the discovery of a keg of hollands under the vestry-table. When it is added, that the nightly wages, paid whether a cargo was run or not, were at the rate of seven and sixpence to an unarmed man, and fifteen

shillings to one who carried his cutlass and pistols, little surprise can be felt if nearly the whole population pursued more or less so profitable an avocation.

The district, moreover, appears up to a late period, to have been utterly neglected in point of religious instruction and superintendence. It seems to have been one of the last strongholds of the Trullibers. Will it be credited that in the nineteenth century one of the reverend gentlemen in question has been known on a Sabbath day to cart a load of bricks, *in propria persona*, to the churchyard, for the purpose of repairing the chancel? Such was the fact.

Indeed, it was this gentleman's ordinary custom, living as he did at some distance from his cure, to drive over on a Sunday at any hour which might happen to be most convenient, and, having put up his horse and gig, to enter the public-house parlour and there sit down to discuss the state of the markets over a glass of toddy and a pipe with the landlord, who was parish clerk as well, together with any neighbours who might drop in. Meanwhile a lad was despatched to ring the bell, and by the time the congregation had assembled, the rector and his company were usually ready to repair to the church, where, after a fashion, divine service was performed. But one blunder Mr. — unfortunately committed—he outlived his age. Old friends died off, new parishioners intruded, a stricter discipline was on all sides growing up; and one day before the cheering—would that we could say not inebriating—glass was emptied, or the fragrant

'screw' half consumed, the bell suddenly and unexpectedly stopped! What could it mean? Off started clerk and clergyman, indignant at the interruption, to ascertain its cause, and discovered to their consternation a stranger in the reading desk. It was the Rural Dean! What steps were subsequently taken I do not remember to have heard, but they were such as to relieve Mr. — of the necessity of hurrying over his Sunday morning's refreshment for the future.

It is recorded of the same individual that even during divine service it was not unfrequent for him to mingle secular matters with divine, in a manner no less ludicrous than indecorous—leaning, for example, over his churchwarden's pew as he passed from the reading desk to the pulpit, and observing, as the result of long and recently concluded deliberation, 'Well, Smithers, I'll have that pig!'

They were, indeed, curious folk those marshmen. They had curious habits, and, among other things, curious dishes. One day, at Snargate, my father entered a parishioner's cottage, and was invited to partake of some 'jump-short' pie, on which the family were about to dine. To have declined would have been to offer an affront, so my father sat down, took his portion, ate it, and observed:

'It's very nice—tastes like lamb; why do you give it such an odd name?'

'Well, sir,' said the host, 'it is lamb. You see, the young lambs in the mesh try to get over the drains; a many of 'em jump short, tumble in, and get drowned.

Then we hook 'em out and put em into a pie. Have another help, sir.'

'Thank you, no! It is particularly nice, but I think I won't take any more to-day.'

I may here introduce a singular occurrence which took place at the residence of another clergyman in this neighbourhood—a gentleman, it is to be observed, of a character in every respect the opposite of the one previously mentioned. He had lost a beloved daughter in peculiarly affecting circumstances. She was playing in the garden in high spirits and apparent health, when suddenly approaching her father she looked up in his face, and saying, 'Father, take care of my fowls!' without another word laid her head upon his knees and died. The blow was stunning, and Mr. — never entirely recovered from its effects. For some months his reason was despaired of, and though afterwards restored to cope with ordinary subjects, it sank into monomania on the mention of one—his daughter!

A belief took possession of his mind that he was constantly subject to the visits of his lost child; he intimated, moreover, that the spirit spoke of poison having been administered, and urgently pressed upon him the avenging of the murder. In the earlier stages of the disease, his friends entertained hopes of reasoning or rallying him out of so distressing a delusion. Mr. Barham, among the rest, being present at his table took an opportunity of addressing to him some sceptical remarks on the theory of apparitions.

'I sincerely hope, sir,' replied his host, 'you may never have occasion to change your opinion; but, unless I greatly err, your unbelief will meet with a check, and that too in the course of this very night.'

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the party was startled by a loud noise, as of a falling body, proceeding from the hall. Mr. — looked round with an air of calm triumph, while his guest, not altogether convinced that the interruption was necessarily to be attributed to spiritual agency, opened the door to ascertain its cause. He returned with his own hat which had been dislodged, probably by the wind which happened to be unusually high, from the wall.

'You see, gentlemen, I am no false prophet,' said the host, quietly.

'Well,' urged Mr. Barham, half annoyed at the attitude of the 'accident,' 'if that be the handiwork of your familiar, I should take it as a favour if you would represent to him or her, as the case may be, that, as the hat happens to be my best——' 'Oh!' interrupted the seer, 'if you are still disposed to treat the matter with levity, we will drop it at once.' Dropped accordingly it was, leaving the unfortunate gentleman more confirmed than ever in his visionary creed.

To those who knew Mr. Barham only in the latter part of his life, his position in a parish desolate, remote from all educated society, placed, indeed, almost beyond the borders of civilisation, for such the Marsh—or, as the natives called it, the Mesh—really was,

must appear about as ill-suited to his character as any that can be well imagined. And yet this was not altogether the case. He possessed a disposition which readily accommodated itself to circumstances; he went to work at his duties, whatever their nature or extent, with the same earnestness, and ever manifested the same attractive qualities which, it is not too much to say, won him friends wherever he went. A writer in 'Bentley's Miscellany' speaks of him as 'essentially a peacemaker;' and one of the earliest incidents I can remember is his being called out one winter's night to interpose his good offices in a slight domestic difference between man and wife, in the course of which the former was enforcing his arguments by the aid of a broomstick, with rather more action than the neighbours thought necessary or safe. Then there were the ordinary amusements of a country life, for which he had a natural relish, although the crippled condition of his right arm precluded his pursuing them with very great success. It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that the cultivation of literature should flourish in so uncongenial an atmosphere, however favourable it might prove for the development of that 'holy vegetation' of which 'Mr. Peter Plymley' so pleasantly discourses; still my father, even at this time, was not quite idle with his pen. Of the many amusing trifles which he was in the habit of addressing to his friends, one of the best, perhaps, is an invitation to Dr. Wilmot of Ashford, conveyed under the form of a parody on 'O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?'

O Doctor! wilt thou dine with me,
And drive on Tuesday morning down?
Can ribs of beef have charms for thee—
The fat, the lean, the luscious brown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
Nor deck'd with rings and brooches rare,
Say, wilt thou come in velveteen,
Or corduroys that never tear?

O Doctor! when thou com'st away,
Wilt thou not bid John ride behind,
On pony, clad in livery gay,
To mark the birds our pointers find?
Let him a flask of darkest green
Replete with cherry brandy bear,
That we may still, our toils between,
That fascinating fluid share!

O Doctor! canst thou aim so true,
As we through briars and brambles go
To reach the partridge brown of hue,
And lay the mounting pheasant low?
Or should, by chance, it so befall
Thy path be cross'd by timid hare,
Say, wilt thou for the gamebag call,
And place the fur-clad victim there.

And when at last the dark'ning sky
Proclaims the hour of dinner near,
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And quit thy sport for homely cheer?

The cloth withdrawn, removed the tray—
 Say, wilt thou, snug in elbow-chair,
 The bottle's progress scorn to stay,
 But fill the fairest of the fair ?

Some similar lines were despatched to the great man of the neighbourhood, 'Squire' Hodges, who hunted the Marsh country with a pack of beagles, and had happened to lose his hare in the Rector's cabbage-garden :

BENEVOLENCE.

The lark sings loud, 'tis early morn,
 These woodland scenes among,
 The deep-toned pack and echoing horn
 Their jovial notes prolong.

And see poor puss, with shortened breath,
 Splash'd sides, and weary feet,
 In terror views approaching death,
 And crouches at my feet !

Her strength is gone, her spirits fail,
 No farther can she fly ;
 The hounds snuff up the tainted gale,
 And nearer sounds the cry.

Poor helpless wretch ! methinks I view
 Thee sink beneath their power !
 Methinks I see the ruffian crew
 Thy tender limbs devour !

Yet O! in vain thy foes shall come :

• So cheer thee, trembling elf!

• These guardian arms shall bear thee home—

• I'll eat thee up myself!

Under the date of May 13, 1819, the following concise entry appears in an old-fashioned pocket-book, in which a few particulars of this, the least interesting period of the writer's life, are recorded :

'Drove William and Dick into Ashford—overturned the gig—broke my right leg and sprained my left ankle. Mary Anne came back in the chaise with me.'

The injuries were serious, more particularly the sprain, and confined him to the house for several weeks, a tedious seclusion which served to bring fairly into play a taste which might otherwise have died out for lack of exercise.

A novel, entitled 'Baldwin,' rapidly thrown off in a few weeks, was the result ; a work faulty enough in style, but by no means destitute of merit as regards plot and delineation of character, but which fell still-born from the Minerva Press, under the management of the matrons of that establishment. The price he received for the book was twenty pounds, with additional advantages dependent on certain publishing 'contingencies,' which Theodore Hook used to describe as *things that never happen*. The definition was not violated in the present instance.

'Baldwin' disposed of, and his inability to move about continuing in consequence of a rheumatic affec-

tion which followed hard upon the accident, he proceeded to sketch the plan and write the opening chapters of 'My Cousin Nicholas,' which eventually appearing in the pages of 'Blackwood' met with considerable success. The character, however, of his attack gradually became more acute, and he was compelled to lay aside his new story and for a while to relinquish writing altogether. Scarcely was his restoration to health complete, when, for the third time, illness, on this occasion exhibited in the person of one of his children, proved indirectly the cause of a complete diversion of the current of his life; and was the means of ushering him into a field of action which afforded full scope for his talents and industry—a field wherein, upon the whole, the day went prosperously with him, and from which he retired at last with cheerfulness and resignation, as one who had not proved altogether barren and unprofitable in his generation.

He had undertaken a journey to London for the purpose of consulting Sir Astley Cooper in the case alluded to, when he chanced to encounter an old friend who was walking along the Strand swinging a letter in his hand. He had carelessly passed the post-office, and taking Mr. Barham's arm turned back with the intention of dropping into the box what he had just been writing. It was, he said, an invitation to a young clergyman to come up from the country and stand for a minor canonry then vacant in St. Paul's Cathedral. Simultaneously the question occurred to

Both—why should not Mr. Barnham himself become the candidate? His friend had been commissioned to find one sufficiently eligible, but had never thought of addressing himself to his former schoolfellow, being under the impression that the latter was well content with his position in Kent. The whole thing was what is commonly called the merest matter of chance. Be that as it may, the intercepted letter was forthwith scattered to the winds, and it was arranged that Mr. Barnham should return by that night's mail to Warehorn, talk the business over with his wife, and forward his decision within eight-and-forty hours. This he did characteristically enough in a poetical epistle containing

THE RESOLUTION;

OR,

AN ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

O, I'll be off! I will by Jove!

No more by purling streams I'll ramble,
Through dirty lanes no longer rove,
Bemired and scratched by briar and bramble.

I'll fly the pigsty for the parks,
And Jack and Tom and Ned and Billy
I'll quit for more enlightened sparks,
And Romney Marsh for Piccadilly.

Adieu, ye woods! adieu, ye groves!
Ye waggon-horses, ploughs and harrows!

Ye capering lambs ! ye cooing doves !
Adieu, ye nightingales and sparrows !

Adieu, ye nasty little boys,
• So sweetly in the puddles playing !
Adieu, adieu, the cheerful noise
Of grunting pigs and asses braying !

O, I'll begone ! at once farewell
To gooseberry wine and pear and codl
Farewell the sheep's harmonious bell !
Farewell the gander's graceful waddling !

Farewell the compost's sweet perfume !
Farewell rum-punch, nectareous liquor !
Farewell the pimples that illume
The noses of the squire and vicar !

Adieu my pipe ! not that of old"
By swains Arcadian tuned so gaily,
But that of modern frame and mould,
Invented by Sir Walter Raleigh.

And I'll renounce my dog and gun,
And ' bob ' no more for eels in ditches ;
The huntsman, horn, and hounds I'll shun,
And I'll cashier my leather breeches !

For me the fox may prowl secure,
The partridge unmolested fly ;
Whist, loo, and cribbage I abjure,
And e'en backgammon's lures defy.

At country 'hops,' at county balls,
 At christening treats no more I'll be !
 No more I'll pay my morning calls,
 Nor with old ladies take my tea !

Adieu the vestry and the bench,
 The rate and justice's approval,
 The overseer, refract'ry wench,
 Appeal, and order of removal !

The fair, its gingerbread and toys,
 Rough roads, deep ruts, and boist'rous weather,
 Ye scenes of bliss, ye rural joys,
 Adieu ! and, Bless ye, altogether !

A few weeks afterwards he followed his letter to London, and commenced canvassing under the auspices of his friend the Rev. Christopher Packe, the only one in the body to whom he was personally known. His friends, according to the diversity of their gifts, ridiculed, blamed, or condoled with him on the step he had taken. To all, failure appeared certain. It befell otherwise ; and in spite of knowledge, in spite of prophecy, in spite of the *utter impossibility of the thing* (an objection, by-the-bye, which throughout life never daunted him, providing, as he observed, it *stood alone*), he was returned together with a fellow candidate for nomination to the Dean and Chapter. On the following day the election fell on my father, and on April 6, 1821, he received his first piece of metropolitan preferment.

CHAPTER II.

[1821—1828.]

Arrival in London—Birth of a second Daughter—Literary Employment—St. Paul's—Anecdotes of Dr. Blomberg, Mr. Baber, Lord Eldon, and George IV.—The Doctor's Fiddles—Appointment as Priest in Ordinary—Presentation to the Living of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory—Parish Politics—The Rev. E. Cannon—Anecdote of him—Offence given to the Prince Regent—Reconciliation—Anecdote of Lord Thurlow—Liberality of George IV.—Anecdotes of Cannon—His disinterested Conduct—Curious Will Case—His Death—Mr. Barham's removal to St. Paul's Churchyard—Death of his eldest Daughter—Lines—Diary—'Hot, Sir, Hot'—Anecdote of Dignum—Introduction to 'Blackwood's Magazine'—Excursion to Twickenham—The two Geese.—Epigram by Luttrell—The Duchess of St. Albans—Theodore Hook—Hook and Ingoldsby—The American Sea-Serpent—A Paradox—Young Norval—Anecdote of Professor Wilson—The Literary Fund—'Butterfly Bayly'—Hook and Mr. Higginson—Hoax—Capt. Rock's Letters to the King—'Meg Dolds'—Hook at Lord Melville's Trial.

TOWARDS the close of the summer of 1821, Mr. Barham quitted Kent, and took up his abode permanently in London, arriving just in time to witness the procession of the Queen's funeral (August 14). The first thing to be done was, of course, to secure a suitable home; and one of his great objects in selecting a situation was to get as far westward as was compatible with his attendance at the Cathedral. Accordingly, after one or two temporary arrangements, he settled in a comfortable house in Great

Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where a second daughter, the present Mrs. Edward Bond, was added to the two boys and a girl whom he had brought with him from the country. Now it has been quaintly said that literature is an excellent walking-stick, although a bad crutch; and doubtless at this period of his life it proved a serviceable auxiliary to Mr. Barham, who found his income diminished at the very time when an increasing family and a residence in town would admit of no curtailment of expenditure. He set to work with his accustomed vigour, and while articles of the lighter sort, mostly bearing on the topics of the day, were struck off in rapid succession as occasion called them forth, he undertook the more laborious and responsible task of editing the 'London Chronicle,' till that paper became merged in the 'St. James's Chronicle,' when Mr. Barham's connection with it ceased. But his professional duties, which were gradually extending, soon precluded his continuing any regular literary engagement, or engaging in any work of importance. Poetical trifles, indeed, fell as usual from his pen, and, together with an occasional review, made their appearance in the 'John Bull,' the 'Globe and Traveller,' the 'Literary Gazette,' 'Blackwood,' and other periodicals. In his note-book is the following entry, made evidently about this time:

'My wife goes to bed at ten, to rise at eight, and look after the children and other matrimonial duties. I sit up till three in the morning, working at rubbish

for "Blackwood." She is the slave of the ring, and I of the lamp.'

Subsequently, he found time to join Mr. Gorton, in the production of a Biographical Dictionary, which appeared in 1828. Of the articles contained in these volumes, about one-third were contributed by Mr. Barham. In the course of these literary occupations he seems to have made the acquaintance of his first critic, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, from whom he received a piece of information, which in his own words may be described as 'curious, if true.'

'1820. In the churchyard of Warminster, a person lies buried, who directed the following inscription to be put upon his tombstone :

Here lies the author of Junius.

Mr. Nicholls (Sylvanus Urban) mentioned this to me, and added that he believed him to have been at one time secretary to Lord Shelbourne.* Mr. Nicholls expressed at the same time his conviction that Sir Philip Francis was not Junius, and said Mr. Woodfall agreed with him. Of course, the expression, "author of Junius," is conclusive as regards the claim of the Warminster gentleman.'

Meanwhile, at St. Paul's to quote again the 'Letter from John Hughes, Esq.,'*—

In proportion as his standing and influence increased in that section of the cathedral church to which he more immediately belonged, their effects were in several unequivocal ways visible

* See p. 3. The writer was son of Dr. Hughes, canon residentiary of St. Paul's.

or good. It may be well supposed that no corporate body, save the hierarchy of angels, is exempt from occasional differences and discussions. Not that I have any reason to believe that the worthy conclave of which I speak, whose blood is mostly sweetened by the domestic charities of life, deserve that wicked wag Colman's gibe at polish *célibataires* :—

“ ‘Twould seem, since tenanted by holy friars,
That harmony and peace reigned here eternally :
The folks that cramm'd you with that tale were liars ;
The holy friars quarrelled most infernally.’ ”

But whatever their temporary variances may have been, it is certain that no member of the body was more influential than Mr. Barham in promoting, by a happy union of humour and reason, a tone of harmony and gentlemanlike feeling in their relations to the chapter, and to each other. I can confidently say that, as his character and merits became better known, he was trusted and consulted by the best and most talented men among the residentiaries as one of themselves.

With Mr. Blomberg and others, he entered and continued upon terms of friendship, and with Dr. Hughes and his family, and at a later period with Bishop Copleston, the Dean, he contracted close and lasting intimacies. My father, as I remember him at this time, was in person short, and possessed of great width and depth of chest. He was never very active—his crushed arm and broken leg forbade that ; but he had great muscular power, and was capable of any amount of endurance. Indeed, his frame and constitution gave every promise of long life. His features were somewhat small, and perhaps appeared the more so from the rather remarkable breadth of the forehead. The nose was certainly the reverse of Roman ; the lips were thin, but easily wreathed into

a smile of especial sweetness. He was ~~not~~ a loud laugher. It is, however, quite out of my power to give any adequate idea of the spirit of fun that beamed from his eyes. Not but that on occasion they were capable of assuming a sternness which it was far from pleasant to encounter. Good-humour, however, was their true and prevalent expression, blended with a certain quaintness, produced by the drooping lid, which at times half concealed the left one. As he himself observed, not without some mis-giving, he was possessed of a remarkably keen sense of the ridiculous, and he revelled in the delight of detecting an absurdity and putting it into the most comical light imaginable. He certainly took a whimsical view of most things—or rather expressed his view in a whimsical way. At the same time, his humour was always tempered with good, sound, common sense. That never deserted him. He was, never facetious for the mere sake of appearing so. Of his life during the first five or six years of his residence in London, he has left but a very scanty and imperfect record. Some few notes there are which shall be submitted to the reader:

‘1822, *May* 12.—Dined with Dr. Blomberg, residentiary of St. Paul’s, and foster-brother to the King.* He mentioned that, having purchased a bronze bust of George IV., and sent it to his house in Yorkshire, the workman who was putting it up, enquired if it

* This is an error. Dr. Blomberg was brought up with the Prince of Wales, but was not his foster-brother.

was really like his Majesty. On being assured by the Doctor that the resemblance was a striking one, the man exclaimed, "Well, sir, I had no idea before that the King is a black man!"

To many a similar story will occur of Judge Taunton, who, coming out of Westminster Hall with Thesiger, was criticising Canning's statue, and found fault with the likeness. 'Besides,' said he, 'Canning was not so tall!' 'No, nor so *green*,' said Thesiger.

An equally genuine and yet more touching instance of simplicity is noted down by my father as having been told to him by Mr. Baber of the British Museum.

'A short time after Mr. Baber, who succeeded Mr. Beloe at the British Museum, had entered upon his office as one of the keepers, he attended a party from the west of England over the building, and explained many of the curiosities which it contains. In one of the rooms he pointed out to their observation a collection of beautiful antique vases, all of which, he informed them, had been recently dug up at Herculaneum. One of the party echoed his words with the greatest astonishment :

• "Dug up, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What, out of the ground?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What, just as they now are?"

“Perhaps some little pains may have been taken in cleaning them, but in all other respects they were found just as you see them.” The Somersetshire sage turning to one of his companions with a most incredulous shake of the head assured him in an audible whisper,

“He may say what he likes, but he shall never persuade me that they ever dug up ready-made pots out of the ground!”

Diary—June 1.—Anecdote of Lord Chancellor Eldon, narrated to me by Dr. Blomberg.

‘The Chancellor is very fond of shooting, and usually retires into the country for six weeks towards the end of the season, where he is in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave fifty shillings. One morning last year his lordship intending to enjoy a few hours’ sport after a rainy night, ordered “Bob,” the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but company being in the room gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant opened the door and announced that “Bob” was ready.

“Why, bless me!” cried her ladyship, “you can’t ride him, Lord Eldon, he has got no shoes on.”

“Oh yes! my lady,” said the servant, “he was shod last week.”

“Shameful!” exclaimed her ladyship, “how dared you, sir, or anybody, have that pony shod without orders? John,” continued she, addressing her hus-

band, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off, and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again ; we shall be ruined at this rate !"'

'George III. scolded Lord North for never going to the concert of ancient music: "Your brother, the bishop," said the King, "never misses them, my lord." "Sir," answered the premier, "if I were as deaf as my brother, the bishop, I would never miss them either !"'

Dr. Blomberg was an amiable man ; that he was a sound divine may be taken for granted, and assuredly he was a very excellent musician. Fiddling was his strong point and his unfailing amusement ; there were people who believed that he kept a greased bow for silent play on Sundays. Three fiddles he possessed—three fiddles that he loved, I had almost said, like children. One morning Dr. Blomberg came to my father in dire distress. The tears, without figure of speech, were in his eyes as he told his pitiful story. He had been robbed—robbed of his fiddles—robbed of all three—all were gone ! A former servant who had been detected in some petty dishonesty and discharged was, it was pretty clear, 'the gentleman concerned in the abstraction.' But what was to be done ? How get at the offender—or rather at the fiddles, one of which, the solace of the Doctor's life, his incomparable Straduarius, was, as had been intimated by the culprit's wife, lying

in pledge at a pawnbroker's shop in the neighbourhood of Smithfield? It was impossible for Dr. Blomberg himself, a dignified clergyman in shorts and shovel hat, to penetrate the recesses of Cock Lane and Barbican. Would Mr. Barham help him at his need? This, it is needless to say, my father very readily promised to do, and as he happened to number among his acquaintances not only the chief magistrate at Bow Street, Sir Richard Birnie, but both Townshend and Ruthven, the celebrated 'runners,' he obtained from one or other of these experts some practical hints, acting upon which he paid a visit that very evening to the Smithfield establishment.

After an animated discussion with the proprietor, and an offer, hastily declined, to refer the matter to the arbitration of Sir Richard, the missing violin was produced, and in consideration of the repayment of five pounds which had been advanced upon it, handed over to the applicant. Wrapping his prize up in a silk pocket-handkerchief, my father hurried off, late as it was, to the Doctor's house in Amen Corner, and restored the recovered Cremona to his arms. The old gentleman's delight was touching to witness. He jumped up, seized his bow and ran it over the strings. The tone was unimpaired; he tapped and sounded the lungs of his favourite—they were sound as ever. His gratitude was overwhelming; and my father always maintained that had the living of Tottenham been vacant at that moment, and at the Doctor's option, he would to a certainty have at once bestowed upon his

benefactor, the best piece of preferment in the gift of the Dean and Chapter.

In, 1824, Mr. Barham received the appointment of priest in ordinary of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, and was shortly afterwards presented—by another of those chances with which every man's life abounds, and which serve to show how slight and seemingly insignificant are the pivots on which the wheels of human fortune turn—to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul.

At the time of his application there happened to be two livings vacant, both in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's; as the junior minor canon, Mr. Barham had naturally asked for that which was the less eligible in point of emolument and position, and which, situated in the marches of Essex, rejoiced in the euphonious and characteristic name of Mucking. His application was favourably received, and the presentation papers of both benefices were, I believe actually signed, sealed, and all but delivered, when, the sudden and inexplicable commission of a grave offence led to the removal of his fellow-candidate from the body, and the forfeited preferment was offered to my father.

On admission, he found 'the united parishes' in a state of most admired disorder. Two hostile parties, one led by a revolutionary oilman, and both altogether opposed to the discipline and interests of the church, held possession of the vestry-room, and rendered it the scene of ceaseless and indecent squabbling. Shortly

after Mr. Barham's induction, a meeting was held for the despatch of parish business, at which he, as a matter of course, proceeded to take the chair. This led immediately to a violent outbreak on the part of the assembled ratepayers. Another chairman was proposed, and a vote demanded. Mr. Barham declined to put the question: 'he sat there by right, and not in virtue of the will of a majority.' A perfect uproar ensued. At one time there appeared a disposition to remove him by force from the position he had taken. His opponent thought better of that. Then, an adjournment to the body of the building was suggested. But some suspicion was entertained of the legality of the step. Next, amid loud acclamations, a second chair was ordered to be brought in and placed by the rector's side.

'Now, sir,' said he, addressing the leader of the riot, 'you have brought in that chair and placed it here—let me see you dare seat yourself in it, and within four-and-twenty hours you shall find yourself in the ecclesiastical courts.'

I presume the chairman had some more distinct idea of what would happen in such a case than Speaker Onslow when he threatened to 'name' a refractory member; at all events, the man was cowed; a vague apprehension of excommunication, or of some worse thing, if worse there be, prevailed; the chair remained empty, and the business of the evening was at length allowed to proceed.

As the more quietly disposed of the inhabitants had

for some time withdrawn themselves from these displays of party feeling, few were found prepared to support the new rector; and it is to be taken as no slight evidence of his peculiar tact and conciliatory art that, in the course of a few months, he not only succeeded in restoring peace and propriety to these meetings, but carried such measures as were essential to the interests committed to his care, and effected much towards promoting a cordial and lasting unanimity among his parishioners.

With regard to himself, as he became more generally known, but one feeling seems to have prevailed, that of affectionate esteem.

In the pulpit he was efficient but not remarkable. His doctrine was what used to be termed 'High Church'—'high and dry' is the phrase now—but he would tolerate no leaven of Popery. By 'Church and King' he would stand while able to stand; and by 'Church' he understood Episcopacy and Protestantism, and by 'King' loyalty to the throne and strict Tory principles.

It was not, then, as a popular preacher, 'pleasant to sit under,' that he was beloved, still less as a party one; he published no pamphlets, presented no petitions, nor was his voice lifted up in Exeter Hall; but he was ever watchful over the welfare of his people, temporal and eternal. To the poorer portion of his brethren more especially did he commend himself by the kindness and assiduity with which he relieved their necessities and furthered their views. He would bestow as

much time and attention in conducting the cause of one of the meanest of these as though the interests of those nearest and dearest to him were involved in the result. Most fortunate, too, was he in the companionship of one who, as a Christian clergyman's wife, filled with exemplary zeal those numerous and nameless offices of charity which fall more peculiarly within the scope of woman's superintendence.

But his exertions on the behalf of others were by no means confined to the limits of his own parish. From various quarters, and from various ranks of society, came applications for assistance and advice; piles of letters, consisting of alternations of request and acknowledgment, bear ample testimony to the wide circle through which his influence extended. And herein he found his pleasure—this was his delight; never was he so completely at home, never so happy as when engaged in promoting the happiness of others. Verily he had his reward, for it has probably fallen to the lot of few in his station of life to have enjoyed so many and ample opportunities of tasting 'the luxury of doing good.'

His appointment in the Chapel Royal led to an acquaintance, which quickly ripened into a warm friendship, with the Rev. Edward Cannon, also one of the priests of the household, and who for many years previously had been on intimate terms with the family of Mrs. Barham. This singular being has been introduced to the world under the name of 'Godfrey Moss,' in Theodore Hook's celebrated novel, 'Maxwell.'

In early life, his brilliant wit, manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. But as he advanced in years his eccentricities increased, and he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm in which he indulged, deprived him betimes of his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends.

At one of the annual dinners of the members of the Chapel Royal, a gentleman had been plaguing Mr. Barham with a somewhat dry disquisition on the noble art of fencing. Wishing to relieve himself of his tormentor, the latter observed that his crippled hand had precluded him from indulging in that amusement; but pointing to Cannon, who sat opposite, he added: 'That gentleman will better appreciate you; he was an enthusiastic admirer of fencing in his youth.'

After a few minutes, the disciple of Angelo contrived to slip round the table, and commenced a similar attack upon Cannon. For some time he endured it with patience, till at length, on his friend's remarking that Sir George D—— was a great fencer, Cannon, who disliked the man, replied: 'I don't know whether Sir George D—— is a great fencer, but Sir George — is a great fool.'

A little startled, the other rejoined : ' Well, possibly he is ; but then a man may be both.'

' So I see, sir !' said Cannon, turning away.

As regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit which scorned to flatter even princes.

Possessing, in addition to the attractions of his conversation, the charm of a voice so unusually sweet as to have gained him the name of Silver-tongue Cannon, he was admitted to the more select parties of the Prince of Wales, where his great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procured him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the pianoforte. On one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the Prince inquired : ' Well, Cannon, how did I sing that ?'

Cannon continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply.

' I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer,' repeated the Prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent.

' I think, sir,' said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, ' I have heard your Royal Highness succeed better.'

' Sale* and Attwood,' observed the latter sharply,

* Mr. Sale was an excellent musician, and one of the vicars choral at St. Paul's, where his somewhat eccentric manners gave rise to occasional witticisms ; a fact recorded in the following *impromptu* by R. H. B. :—

' Our attempts to be witty no longer need fail,
We can all be facetious when jokes are on Sale.'

‘tell me I sing that as well as any man in England.’

‘They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be,’ replied Cannon.

George IV. was too well bred as well as too wise a man to manifest open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded a hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon’s hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment.

Cannon at first refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present.

‘The creature gave it me with his own hand,’ he urged; ‘if he wants it back, let him come and say so himself.’

It was represented, however, that the Prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it. The box was returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House.

He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness, and accordingly, when the trial of

Queen Caroline had excited so much popular clamour against the Sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. •Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the King was all courtesy and condescension.

‘You are not looking well, Cannon,’ he observed, at length.

‘I am not so well, sir, as I have been,’ replied Cannon, with a meaning smile.

‘Well, well! I must send Halford to prescribe for you,’ said the King. Nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be received again at the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined. On being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered:

‘I have been early taught when I want to say “no” and can say “no,” to say “no”—but never give a reason’—a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow, and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late Majesty George III.

Thus it was: he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother for the Bishopric of Durham, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he

bowed, and was about to retire without pressing his suit, when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, 'Anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is a dignity never held but by a man of high rank and family.'

'Then, sire,' returned Lord Thurlow, drawing himself up, 'I must persist in my request—I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England!'

The Chancellor was firm, and the King was compelled to yield.

'He gave me his reasons,' said the former, 'and I beat him.'

With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions.

'The *creetur*,' he said, 'has turned me out of his house once—he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again.'

Whatever version of Cannon's reply to Sir Henry Halford reached the King, and however much at first he may have been disposed to resent the rejection of his advances, the offender was nevertheless again forgiven, and without being forgotten. One circumstance certainly deserves to be mentioned as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling which have been so lavishly directed against the best abused of all earthly monarchs.

Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money

and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat pocket, giving it away to anyone who seemed to need it, was himself suffering from the effects of ill-health and improvident liberality, the King, who heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made enquiries with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in the clerical profession inexpedient, he, entirely unsolicited, sent his old favourite a cheque for a hundred pounds.

Like his friend Barham, Cannon was one of those who gave full assent to the poet's doctrine,

‘The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from night,’ etc.

And so resolutely did he carry it out in practice as at times to cause no little inconvenience to his entertainers. After a dinner, for example, given by Mr. Stephen Price of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from an incipient attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour. No notice, however, was taken of the hint, and, unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price made some excuse, and slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning he enquired of his servant :

'Pray at what time did those gentlemen go last night?'

'Go, sir!' replied John; 'they are not gone, sir: they have just rung for coffee!'

That much of the caustic spirit which Cannon latterly betrayed sprang from blighted prospects, and was nurtured by too frequent supplies of his favourite 'ginnyms and water,' there can be little doubt; his natural disposition was most amiable, and the kindness of his heart, and his complete freedom from selfishness in matters of importance, exhibited themselves in numberless instances, and never more conspicuously than in a case of self-denial which graced his declining days. He was summoned to the bedside of an old and valued friend; the lady (for a lady it was—like his 'double,' Godfrey Moss, he had been a lady-killer in his time) announced to him that believing her health to be rapidly giving way she had made her will, by which, at her demise, the whole of a considerable fortune was to be placed at his disposal. Cannon looked at her doubtfully:

'I don't believe it!' he said, at length.

The lady assured him that she was incapable of trifling on such a subject, and at such a moment; and added, that the document itself was lying in an escritoire in the room.

'I won't believe it,' persisted the other, 'unless I see it.'

Smiling at such incredulity, the lady placed the will in his hands. Cannon took it and read it.

'Well,' said he, 'if I had not seen it in your own

handwriting, I would not have believed you could have been such an unnatural brute; and he deliberately thrust the paper between the bars of the grate.

‘What,’ he continued, ‘have you no one more nearly connected with you than I am, to leave your money to? No one who has better reason to expect to be your heir, and who has a right to be provided for first and best? Pooh! you don’t know how to make a will. I must send Dance, a very respectable man in his way, red tape and parchment and all that—he shall make your will; you may leave me a legacy, there’s no harm in that. I am a poor man, and want it; but I am not a-going to be —— to please you.’

A new will was accordingly drawn up on Cannon’s suggestion, bequeathing to him merely a sum of four thousand pounds. It will scarcely be credited that advantage was afterwards taken of a technical informality (in ignorance, it is to be hoped, of previous circumstances) to resist his claim even to this. It appears that two copies of the will were executed; one of which was retained in the custody of the testatrix, while the other was handed over to the care of a trustee. After a time the lady sent for the duplicate, which was returned to her; and on her death the two documents were found in a drawer folded up together. From one every name except Cannon’s had been snipped out with a pair of scissors; the other remained intact. Upon this it was contended that by mutilating one copy the testatrix had cancelled both. It was not till after the delay of more than a

year that a decision was given in Cannon's favour, and the remainder of his life relieved from further apprehension on the score of pecuniary distress. He withdrew, shortly afterwards, to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, taking his accustomed seat on the pier, with a pertinacity that gained for him among the boatmen the sobriquet of the 'Pier Gun.' But the best play upon his name by far was devised by his friend, John Wilson Croker, at whose table he was a frequent guest. Annoyed by the constant production of a vulgar tin snuff-box, the contents of which Cannon was in the habit partly of consuming in the legitimate way, and partly of scattering over shirt, waistcoat, table, chair, and carpet, Croker threw the thing into the fire, and gave him afterwards a handsome substitute, bearing on the lid a gold cannon, with the motto : '*Non sine pulvere.*'

Want of exercise, and the slow poison he became a slave to, at length, did their work. He died forgotten, and almost alone ; and it was left for a comparative stranger to raise the simple tablet that pleads for the memory of Edward Cannon.

The acceptance of the living of St. Gregory involved the necessity of a residence within the city walls, and to this Mr. Barham reluctantly yielded. It is true that he might have claimed exemption on the ground of non-suitability of the parsonage, but he found it impossible to work the parish satisfactorily from a distance, and so, not without misgiving, he pitched upon a house in St. Paul's Churchyard ad-

joining the entrance to Doctor's Commons and the Deanery, Here, in the constant hope of effecting a change of preferment which would enable him to reside a certain number of months in the country, he spent about eighteen years of his life. Not as regards his own health had he any reason to complain, but the confinement inseparable from such a situation told injuriously upon that of his children. He had been established but a short time in his new abode when he was visited by the first of a series of domestic afflictions, which proved the only troubled passages in a course otherwise fair and uniform. Devoted to his family, he felt most keenly the chastening of that hand which withdrew from him at intervals five of his little ones. In the year 1825 he lost his eldest daughter, after a lingering disease which from the first rendered recovery not only hopeless, but almost to be deprecated. She was the first to succumb. The following lines, which appeared shortly after in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' bear reference to that event :

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—
The enfranchised spirit soars at last !

And now I gaze with tearless eye,
On what to view was agony.
That panting heart is tranquil now,
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow ;

And those pale lips, which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild,
As when it graced my living child.

Oh! I have watched with fondest care
To see my opening floweret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share,
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
And marked that tender flower decay,
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly waste away.

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
So meek a victim checked his arm,
Half gave and half withheld the blow,
As forced to strike, yet loth to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
And gazed on hopelessly ;
Till the mute suffering pictured there
Wrung from a father's lip a prayer—
O God! the prayer his child might die!
Ay, from his lip—the rebel heart
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er ;
That gentle bosom throbs no more!

The spirit's freed ;—through realms of light
Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight
To other worlds, to happier skies—
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth ;
No mortal sound the voice which cries,
'The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.'

In the course of the year 1826, Mr. Barham, in place of the miscellaneous and unconnected notes he was wont to throw together in any memorandum-book that came to hand, commenced a diary, which for some time was continued with considerable regularity; it is to be regretted that it was not carried through with equal diligence, the rather that the hiatus occur the more frequently, and are of wider extent, during that portion of his life which was spent in constant and intimate intercourse with eminent men, of whom every record is valuable. I shall avail myself of such passages in his journal as may seem to bear a general interest, without trespassing, it is to be hoped, upon that social confidence, which every man is bound in common honesty to preserve inviolate.

'*Diary, July 26, 1826.*—Dined with Lord William Lennox.

'Cannon who was present, and in most entertaining mood, told, among other things, his story of a general officer, who, having passed many years of his life in India, was taken by a friend, on his return to dine with some common relation. All parties being anxious to conciliate the nabob, who was rich, old, and a bachelor, every attention was shown him during

dinner. The General, however, either from paucity of ideas, or from his regards being riveted upon the good things before him, was invincibly taciturn.

“Pray, General,” said a female cousin on his left, “how did you like India?”

“Hot, ma’am,” said the commander, scarcely raising his eyes from his basin of mulligatawney, “Hot, very hot!”

Another pause ensued, which was broken by her brother on his right:

“General, we have heard much in England lately of the increase of Suttees in India; may I ask if the burning of a Hindoo widow ever came under your personal notice?”

“Widow!—burning!—Oh, ay, it was very hot, sir, devilish hot, never so hot in my life!”

An excellent curry had now engaged his attention, when the General was again addressed by a tall, thin, antiquarian-looking personage, from the lower end of the table:

“Pray, General, during the many years you spent in Asia, did duty or inclination ever carry you into the neighbourhood of the celebrated caves of Elephanta?”

“Elephanta! Oh, ah, Elephanta—the caves—of course. Why, sir, it was very hot, devilish hot; hot all the time I was there; never was so hot in my life; sir, it was as hot as h——!”

This climax, delivered with the only spark of energy which the worthy officer had as yet exhibited,

completely precluded any further attempt to engage him in conversation, and the observant veteran was permitted to relapse into silence ; several of the party, however, declaring the next morning that they had derived much pleasure from their relation the General's interesting description 'of the state of our Oriental empire.

'August 15.—Dined with the Girdlers' Company at their Hall, after preaching to them at St. Michael, Bassishaw. Among the professional singers on the occasion was poor old Dignum. Anecdote told of him which I first heard from Nield, the lay vicar of St. Paul's. Dignum, it seems, was complaining one morning to old Knyvett, the King's composer, that his health was much impaired, and what was very extraordinary, that so strong a degree of sympathy existed between him and his brother, that one was no sooner taken ill than the other felt symptoms of the same indisposition, whatever it might be. "We are both of us very unwell now," added Dignum, "and as our complaint is supposed to be an affection of the lungs, we are ordered to take asses milk, but unfortunately we have not been able to get any, though we have tried all over London ; can you tell us what we had better do ?"

"Do ?" answered Knyvett, "why the deuce don't you suck one another !"

'August 16.—Received a letter from Blackwood, with a copy of Nos. cxv. and cxvi. of his Magazine, thanking me for "The Ghost, a Canterbury Tale,

which appeared in the first of the two numbers, and which Mr. John Hughes (son of our Residentiary), had transmitted to him from me, informing him, at the same time, of the fact of its having appeared in sections, in three successive numbers of the "London Chronicle." Of this journal Dr. Johnson was the first editor, and I the last. The causes of its decline may be inferred. Colonel Torrens, the proprietor, sold it to Mr. C. Baldwin for £300.

'1827. May 18.—Harry Sandford (of the Treasury), Cannon, Tom Hill, Sir Andrew Barnard, and myself, went up to Twickenham by the steamboat. On the way we talked all sorts of nonsense, and laughed at everything and everybody.

'One of the company asserting that he had seen a pike caught, which weighed thirty-six pounds, and was four feet in length.

"Had it been a sole," said Harry, "it would have surprised me less, as Shakespeare tells us :

"All the *souls* that are, were *four feet* (forfeit) once."

'On Hill's remarking on the number of publicans who had put up the Duke of Wellington's head over their doors, Sandford said, "Yes, let his grace's death come when and how it may, you will never be able to say of him as King Henry does of Cardinal Beaufort :

"He dies and makes no sign!"

In consequence of the death, in 1827, of Colonel Dalton, Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester, his wife's

uncle, Mr. Barham, who was left an executor and trustee, entered upon the administration of an estate considerable in value, and so fenced about with precautions, that the provisions of the will remain up to this time (1870) unfulfilled, and the accounts unclosed. Among the matters demanding immediate attention was the home farm, which had been kept in hand under the care of a bailiff. Hence the visit to Parrock House mentioned in the following entry.

September 1. — Lord William Lennox and Mr. George Hill (of the Blues) met Dick and myself at Parrock House, where we slept last night. Went out shooting this morning, killing eleven brace and a half of partridges; dined at two, and returned at four by the steamboat. On the voyage we had our profiles taken by an artist on board for a shilling a head, which he executed in ten seconds by the help of a pair of scissors only. An old woman on board told some of her friends, who were very merry, that while she was at Margate in the course of the summer, the friend at whose house she had been staying had gone into the market for the purpose of purchasing a goose. There were but two in the whole place, offered for sale by a girl of fourteen, who refused to part with one without the other, assigning no other reason for her obstinacy than that it was her mother's order. Not wishing for two geese, the lady at first declined the purchase, but at last, finding no other was to be had, and recollecting that a neighbour might be prevailed upon to take one

off her hands, she concluded the bargain. Having paid for and secured the pair, she asked the girl at parting if she knew her mother's reason for the direction she had given. "O yes, mistress," answered the young poultry-merchant readily; "mother said that they had lived together *eleven years*, and it would be a sin and a shame to part them now!"

'September 20. — Walpole, Lord William, and Carmon dined here. Cannon repeated Luttrell's epigram on the illness of the King when Regent:

"The Regent, Sir, is taken ill,
And all depends on Halford's skill.
'Pray what,' inquired the sage physician,
'Has brought him to this sad condition?'
When Bloomfield ventured to pronounce,
'A little too much Cherry Bounce.'
The Regent hearing what was said,
Raised from the couch his aching head,
And cried 'No, Halford, 'tis not so!
Cure us, O Doctor,—Curaçoa !'"

'October 28.—Dined at Dr. Hughes's. He read, from a letter of Southey's, a humorous account of his first introduction to the Duchess of St. Albans, *ci-devant* Miss Mellon, alias Mrs. Coutts: "I begin to think with Sir William Curtis that wonders will never have done ceasing. Here have I been hooked into an acquaintance with a duchess, and partaken of potato pie of her grace's own making! I could tell you much of her bonnet, which our vicar has already compared to a banyan-tree. I could say much of her lip, which would seem to bespeak her a Nazarite from her

mother's womb," etc. ° This led the conversation to her grace's habits and manners, when it was mentioned that, while an actress, Miss Mellon was the terror of the green-room from her violence, and that on one occasion, having taken offence at something said about her by Horace Twiss, she went up to Mrs. Henry Siddons, while sitting on a sofa, and addressed her, to her no small consternation, "Madam, you may tell that rascal of a Twiss that the first time I meet him in a room I will shave his head with a poker!" °

About this time Mr. Barham found opportunities of renewing his acquaintance with one who, in many respects, was to be ranked among the most extraordinary men of his age—Theodore Hook. To say nothing of this gentleman's unequalled happiness in extemporaneous versification, conveying, as he not unfrequently did, an epigram in every stanza—a talent, by the way, which sundry rivals have affected to consider mere knack, and one of whom, Horace Twiss, long bore in his side the *lethalis arundo* of James Smith, for his bungling effort at imitation. To pass by those practical jokes with which his name is so commonly associated, and in the devising and perpetration of which he was *facile princeps*, Hook possessed depth and originality of mind little dreamed of, probably, by those who were content to bask in the sunshine of his wit, and to gaze with wonder at the superficial talents which he exhibited at table, but sufficient, nevertheless, to place him far beyond the position of a mere sayer of good things, or

'diner out of the first water.' To those, indeed, who have never been fortunate enough to witness those extraordinary displays, no description can convey even a faint idea of the brilliancy of his conversational powers, of the inexhaustible prodigality with which he showered around puns, *bon-mots*, apt quotations, and every variety of anecdote; throwing life and humour into all by the exquisite adaptation of eye, tone, and gesture to his subject. His writings, admirable as they are, fail to impress one in any way commensurate with his society.

Of the few sketches of him that have been given in works of fiction, not one can claim the merit of being more than a most shadowy resemblance. It needs a wit equalling his own to draw his portrait with any approach to correctness. Nowhere, perhaps, is failure more conspicuous than in the meagre and ill-natured attempt in 'Coningsby,' where he appears under the name of 'Mr. Lucian Gay.' As regards the great calamity—the defalcation at the Mauritius—which befell him in his youth, and which darkened the remainder of his career, shutting out hope, paralysing his best energies, and by consequence inducing much of that recklessness of living which served to embitter his privacy and hasten his end, it may almost be unnecessary to say, that one who continued to regard him with the feelings of affection which Mr. Barham entertained to the last, must have had full reason for believing him free from every imputation save that of carelessness, not wholly inexcusable in

one so young, so inexperienced, and so constitutionally light-hearted.

' *November 6.*—Passed one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent at Lord William Lennox's. The company, besides the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Cannon, Mr. C. Walpole, Mr. Hill, generally known as "Tom Hill," Theodore Hook, and myself.

' Hook took occasion to repeat part of a prologue which he once spoke as an amateur before a country audience, without one word being intelligible from the beginning to the end. He afterwards preached part of a sermon in the style of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Norwich, of whom he gave a very humorous account. Not one sentence of the harangue could be understood, and yet you could not help, all through, straining your attention to catch the meaning. He then gave us many absurd particulars of the Berners Street hoax, which he admitted was contrived by himself and Henry H——, who was formerly contemporary with me at Brasenose and whom I knew there, now a popular preacher at Poplar. He also mentioned another of a similar character, but previous in point of time, of which he had been the sole originator. The object of it was a Mr. William Griffiths, a Quaker, who lived in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Among other things brought to his house were the dresses of a Punch and nine blue devils, and the body of a man from Lambeth bone-house, who had the day before been found drowned in the Thames.

' In the evening he placed himself at the pianoforte,

and gave a most extraordinary display of his powers both as a musician and an improvisatore. His assumed object was to give a specimen of the burlettas formerly produced at Sadler's Wells, and he went through the whole of one which he composed upon the spot.'

Perhaps, had his improvising powers been restricted to this class of composition, the impromptu might have been questioned ; but he more generally took for subjects of his drollery the company present, never succeeding better than when he had been kept in ignorance of the names of those he was about to meet. But, at all times, the facility with which he wrought in what had occurred at table, and the points he made bearing upon circumstances impossible to have been foreseen, afforded sufficient proof that the whole was unpremeditated. Neither in this, nor in any other of his conversational displays, was there anything of trickery or effort.

A kindred spirit and a similarity of style have been found by critics in the writings—that is to say, in the poetical compositions of Theodore Hook and Thomas Ingoldsby. And here the latter would probably have had little to fear from a comparison. Even in point of facility he was hardly, if at all, inferior to his friend. I am not aware, indeed, that my father, with a single exception, ever attempted any extempore effusion. Once, indeed, in the company of a few intimate friends, he was induced to improvise a song which, with very little correction, was afterwards published

as 'Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation.' But, pen in hand, he would have hit off a dozen lively stanzas on a given subject, with a rapidity equal to that of any writer of the day. In conversation, dismissing all notion of equality between the powers of the two, it may be observed that, with some points of resemblance, a much greater diversity of manner separated them than when their pleasantries were expressed in rhyme. Mr. Barham uttered scarcely a dozen puns in the course of his life. He loved rather to play with a subject something after the manner of Charles Lamb; and his humour, always genial, was displayed in an agreeable irony (in the stricter and inoffensive sense of the term) which sometimes strangely perplexed matter-of-fact folks. Ready and fluent in conversation, and having at command an uncommon fund of anecdote, upon which he would draw largely, he possessed in addition one very valuable qualification—he was an excellent listener. In English literature he was well read, and, moreover, displayed just enough of that old-fashioned love of classical allusion and quotation to give a seasoning to his discourse, and a certain refinement to his wit, which, without exposing him to the charge of pedantry, bespoke the scholar and the man of taste.

It can be hardly necessary to remind the reader that the 'Tom Hill' mentioned is the 'Mr. Hulb' of 'Gilbert Gurney,' and also that this good-humoured and good-hearted, albeit somewhat inquisitive, personage furnished the subject of Mr. Poole's admir-

able comedy, 'Paul Pry.' 'Pooh, pooh! everybody must happen to know *that*.' It may not, however, be so generally known that to his spirit of enquiry was owing the discovery of the celebrated American sea serpent. Such was the fact! Hill was in the constant habit of visiting Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane, at his room in the theatre, and the latter soon found, to his surprise, that much that fell from him in conversation relating to engagements, the receipts of 'the house,' together with portions that he might have communicated of his American correspondence, appeared next day in the columns of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

'When I discovered this, sir,' said Price, 'I gave my friend a lie a day!' and accordingly the public were soon treated with the most extraordinary specimens of Transatlantic intelligence; among the rest, with the first falling in with the body of a sea monster, somewhere about the Bermudas, and the subsequent appearance of his tail, some hundred miles to the north-east.

'Well, my dear boy,' used to exclaim the credulous visitor on entering the manager's sanctum, 'any news; any fresh letters from America?'

• 'Why, sir,' would reply Price, with the utmost gravity, 'I have been just reading an extract, sent under cover, from Captain Lobcock's log; they've seen, sir, that d——d long sea-serpent again; they came upon his head, off Cape Clear, sir!'

And so the hoax continued, till the proprietors of

the journal which was made the vehicle for those interesting accounts, finding they were not received with the most implicit faith, unkindly put a stop to any further insertions on the subject.

‘*Diary.*—November 18.—Coming home in the evening from the Chapel Royal, where I had been doing duty, I overtook in the Strand two lads, having much the appearance of linendrapers’ shopmen, and endeavouring to smoke certain abominations under the semblance of cigars; both of them very tipsy. The obliquity of their motions, which resembled that sort of progress called by sailors “tack and half tack,” rendered it difficult to pass them; and while thus kept, half voluntarily, half compulsorily, following in their wake, I heard the following conundrum put by the shorter one to his friend.

“I say, Tom, do you know where that place is in the world where two friends, let them be ever so intimate—as good friends as you and me, Tom—can’t be half an hour together without quarrelling? Now, there is a *paradox* for you!”

“A what? a Paradise?”

“No, you fool, a *paradox*.”

“A paradox is it? Very well, and what’s that?”

“What, don’t you know what a *paradox* is? Why, a paradox is a—what a fool you must be not to know what’s a paradox; it’s a sort of—oh, it’s no good talking to a chap that don’t know what a paradox is!”

‘Here the speaker relapsed into an indignant silence, which he maintained till I was obliged to pass them,

and I remain to this hour as ignorant of the meaning, or rather solution (for meaning it may have none), of the conundrum, as his antiparadoxical ally.'

'1828. *Sunday, February 24.*—Went for Cannon to St. George's, Hanover Square, and preached for him. Having dined at two, with the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Carr), I was a few minutes behind my time, and service was on the point of commencing. Dr. Hodson, Dean of Carlisle, had begun to get fidgety at the non-appearance of the preacher. The Rev. John Sandford came into the vestry and asked the Dean where Cannon was. "*Omne ignotum*," was the answer; "that's all I can say."

"If that's *all* you can say," returned Sandford, "of course you know nothing of the *magnifico*."

It was, in fact, one of Cannon's habits to make little or no attempt to provide for the performance of the service either at St. George's or the Chapel Royal, if unable to undertake it himself. He would usually write to my father and beg him to arrange matters. The latter used to say that his friend reminded him of England—he expected every man to do *his* duty.

'*March 13.*—Lord W. Lennox, Sir Andrew Barnard, Theodore Hook, Mr. Price, Captain G. Smart, and Cannon dined here. The last told a story of a manager at a country theatre who, having given out the play of "Douglas," found the whole entertainment nearly put a stop to by the arrest of "Young Norval" as he was entering the theatre. In this dilemma, no other performer of the company being able to take

the part, he dressed up a tall, gawky lad who snuffed the candles, in a plaid and philabeg, and pushing him on the stage, advanced himself to the footlights with the book in his hand, and addressed the audience with, 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—

' "This young gentleman's name is Norval. On the Grampian hills

His father feeds his flock, a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son (this young gentleman) at home.
For this young gentleman had heard of battles, and he longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what—this young gentleman's—sire
denied.

The moon which rose last night, round as this gentleman's
shield,
Had not yet filled her horns," etc.

And so on through the whole of the play, much to the delectation of the audience.

' In the evening Hook went to the piano, and played and sang a long extempore song, principally levelled against Cannon, who had gone up earlier than the rest, and fallen asleep on the sofa in the drawing-room. Sir Andrew Barnard, who now met the former for the first time, expressed a wish to witness more of his talent as an improvisatore, and gave him Sir Christopher Wren as a subject, on which he immediately commenced, and sang, without a moment's hesitation, twenty or thirty stanzas to a different air, all replete with humour.'

' *March 23.*—Dined at Sir Andrew Barnard's, in the

Albany. The party consisted of Theodore Hook, Price, Cannon; Lord Graves, Lord W. Lennox, Col. Armstrong, Walpole, and myself. Sir Andrew was called away to attend the King, but returned before ten. In the meantime an unpleasant altercation took place between Cannon and Hook, owing to an allusion, somewhat ill-timed, made by the former to "treasury defaulters." This circumstance interrupted the harmony of the evening, and threw a damp upon the party. Hook made but one pun; on Walpole's remarking that, of two paintings mentioned, one was "a shade above the other in point of merit," he replied, "I presume you mean to say it was a *shade over* (*chef d'œuvre*)."

'May' 14.—Acted as one of the stewards of the Literary Fund dinner with Lord F. L. Gower, Mr. Buckingham, the traveller, Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), Hobhouse, Colonel Fitzclarence, and others, Duke of Somerset in the chair. Fitzgerald, the poet, spouted as usual, and broke down. Cannon observed "Poeta nascitur son Fitz—I beg his pardon, I am afraid I am wrong in a letter!" Supped afterwards with Blackwood, of Edinburgh, who dined with us, at his rooms at the Somerset Coffee House. Jerdan, Crofton Croker, Rev. M. Stebbing, present, with whom was passed an extremely pleasant evening, till "Ebony" fell asleep. Amusing story told of John Wilson, the Professor of Morality, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and my old college acquaintance. He had taken Mrs. Wilson, her sister, and her sister's

husband, in the summer of 1824, to the inn at Bowness, for the purpose of viewing the Lake district. On the morning after their arrival the gentlemen walked out, leaving the ladies at their breakfast. Suddenly the latter were most unceremoniously broken in upon by Lord M——, a young nobleman recently expelled from Christ Church, and three of his companions, one of whom was in orders. In spite of the interference of the landlady, they acted very rudely, insisting on saluting the ladies, and in the scuffle overturned the table. Having been with much difficulty induced to quit the room, they next proceeded to stroll by the margin of the magnificent piece of water in the immediate vicinity. On his return, Mr. Wilson was made acquainted by the landlady with what had occurred in his absence, and became, as may be supposed, violently angry. In vain did his brother-in-law and the ladies endeavour to pacify him, and as they locked the door to prevent his going in search of the intruders, he sprang through the window, and made off to the shore of the lake, where he found the party amusing themselves with throwing stones into the water. Instantly addressing them, he insisted on knowing which was Lord M——. The gentlemen at first were silent, but on his declaring, if he were not informed, he should treat the person nearest as the object of his enquiry, his lordship avowed himself, and was immediately knocked down! The other three closed on the Professor; but he being a very athletic man, as well as possessed of considerable skill in the

art of boxing, soon gave the whole four a very severe drubbing, and compelled them to apologise for their improper conduct. The next morning the clergyman, mounting a very respectable pair of black eyes, called on him, having learnt his name in the interval, and renewing his excuses, hinted that for the sake of all parties it would be better that the affair should be buried in silence. Mr. Wilson replied that he was not in the least ashamed of what *he* had done, and that if his Professor's gown had been on his back at the time he should have had no hesitation in laying it aside on such an occasion ; but that his object of inflicting a due chastisement having been accomplished, any publicity which might arise would be owing only to their own indiscretion, as he should think no more of the matter. And thus the affair terminated.'

Of the admirable institution alluded to in the foregoing memorandum, Mr. Barham remained for many years an active and influential member.

Having been instrumental on one occasion in obtaining a donation of thirty pounds for a distressed author, he resolved to make a *détour* on his way home, and inform the poor man of the succour that had been awarded him. The applicant was found in an upper room, containing scarcely an article of furniture ; there was no fire in the grate, but in one corner 'about as many coals as would fill a pint pot.' The wife was sitting on an inverted tub, nursing a dying child, and one great source of misery appeared to be the fear that the poor infant would expire without the

benefit of baptism. This anxiety was at once removed by Mr. Barham, who immediately proceeded to administer that sacrament. The child died on the day following, but the parents were restored by the Society's bounty, and subsequently enabled to regain their position in the world.

'May 29.—Dined with the Bishop of Winchester in Portland Place. Rather dull party, but chatted a good deal with my old college friend, W. Borradaile, Vicar of Wandsworth, who had just returned from Paris. He told me that the Abbé Bertin, whom I knew at Oxford endeavouring to pick up a living as a teacher of French, and whom Nugent and Rookwood Gage were so perpetually tormenting, was now reinstated in his preferment at Abbeville, and fond of receiving the English. Poor Abbé Bertin! he deserves to be commemorated as one of the few emigrés who in their subsequent prosperity did not treat their former benefactors with ingratitude.'

'September 6.—Called at Hook's on my return from the Isle of Thanet. Mr. Powell there, and Mr. Haynes Bayly. I found the latter, when I entered, busy discussing a devilled kidney. Hook introduced me, as it was the first time I had met him, by saying, "Barham, Mr. Bayly. There are several of the name; this is not Old Bailey, with whom you may some day become intimate, but the gentleman we call 'Butterfly Bayly'"—in allusion to his song "I'd be a Butterfly," then in the height of its popularity. My answer was, "A misnomer, Hook; Mr. Bayly is not yet out of the *grub*."

Hook told us an amusing story of his going down to Worcester, to see his brother the dean, with Harry Higginson (his companion in many of his frolics). They arrived separately at the coach, and taking their places in the inside, opposite to each other, pretended to be strangers. After some time they began to hoax their fellow-travellers—the one affecting to see a great many things not to be seen, the other confirming and admiring them.

“What a beautiful house that on the hill!” cried Higginson, when no house was near the spot; “it must command a most magnificent prospect from the elevation on which it stands.”

“Why, yes,” returned Hook, “the view must be extensive enough, but I cannot think these windows in good taste; to run out bay windows in a gothic front, in my opinion, ruins the effect of the whole building.”

“Ah! that is the new proprietor’s doings,” was the reply; “they were not there when the Marquess had possession.” Here one of their companions interfered; he had been stretching his neck for some time, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the mansion in question, and now asked:

“Pray, sir, what house do you mean? I don’t see any house.”

“That, sir, with the turrets and large bay windows on the hill,” said Hook, with profound gravity, pointing to a thick wood.

“Dear me!” returned the old gentleman, bobbing

about to catch the desired object, "I can't see it for those confounded trees."

'The old gentleman, luckily for them, proved an indefatigable asker of questions, and the answers he received of course added much to his stock of authentic information.

"Pray, sir, do you happen to know to whom that house belongs?" enquired he, pointing to a magnificent mansion and handsome park in the distance.

"That, sir," replied Hook, "is Womberly Hall, the seat of Sir Abraham Hume, which he won at billiards from the Bishop of Bath and Wells."

"You don't say so!" cried the old gentleman, in pious horror, and taking out his pocket-book, begged his informant to repeat the name of the seat, which he readily did, and it was entered accordingly—the old gentleman shaking his head gravely the while, and bewailing the profligacy of an age in which dignitaries of the Church practised gambling to so alarming an extent.

'The frequency of the remarks, however, made by the associates on objects which the eyesight of no one else was good enough to take in began at length to excite some suspicion, and Hook's breaking suddenly into a rapturous exclamation at "the magnificent burst of the ocean!" in the midst of an inland country—a Wiltshire farmer, who had been for some time staring alternately at them and the window, thrust out his head, and after reconnoitring for a couple of minutes, drew it in again, and looking full in the face

of the sea-gazer, exclaimed, with considerable emphasis.

"Well, now then, I'm — if I think you can see the ocean, as you call it, for all you pretends"—and continued very sulky all the rest of the way.'

November 17.—Called with Lord W. Lennox on Mr. Jerdan, at Grove House, Brompton. He showed me the suppressed book of which the whole five hundred copies were burnt in Ireland, with the exception of this, and said that he was about to send it as a present to the King, having had a hint from Mr. O'Reilly that it would be acceptable in that quarter. The book was a tolerably thick duodecimo, neatly bound, had no title-page, but on the tops of the pages was printed "Captain Rock's Letters to the King." The introductory letter commenced, "My Brother;" many of the others "Sir," "My Cousin." It was very strongly written, and, among other things, contained a list of the present Irish peers, with a history of their families, the means by which their honours were acquired, and especially the conduct of the representatives of most of the noble families during the insurrection of 1798, which it depicted with great bitterness. Jerdan also read to me a key to the characters in the "Anglo-Irish," a recently published novel, said to be by Sir J. C. Morgan. Of these I only recollect that my friend Cannon is "Mr. Gunning," the late Marquess of Londonderry, the minister; "Lord Hammer," Lord Farnham; and the Bishop, Archbishop Magee.'

' *November 20.*—Carried a letter addressed^d by Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Hughes, on the subject of a benefit for Mr. Terry the actor, lately afflicted with a paralytic stroke, to Stephen Price at Drury Lane Theatre. Price promised me to let him have a benefit at the proper season, if he wished it; Sir Walter undertaking to write a prologue or an epilogue. Mrs. H., in a conversation respecting the "*Bride of Lammermoor*," told me that she had been informed by Sir Walter, when she was last at Abbotsford, that the main incidents of that story were true; that the "*Lucy*" of the tale was a Miss Dalrymple; "*Bucklaw*," who marries her, was Dunbar of Dunbar; and her lover, Hamilton of Bungany, who, however, survived her many years. The expression used by "*Lucy*," "*So ye have taken up your bonnie bridegroom*," is historically correct; as is the whole circumstance of her stabbing her new-made husband, and her subsequent insanity. The catastrophe of "*Ravenswood's*" being overwhelmed in the sand is founded on an occurrence which took place before the eyes of Sir Walter's son, Major Scott, who saw three Irish horse-dealers disappear in the manner described. A similar accident is said to have happened to the son of the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer.

"*Meg Dodds*," described in "*St. Ronan's Well*," is a Mrs. Wilson, who keeps the inn at Fushie Bridge, the first stage from Edinburgh on the road to Abbotsford. She adores Sir Walter, and when Dr. and Mrs.

Hughes were detained for want of horses, finding out accidentally that they were friends of his, she without any scruple ordered those which were bespoken for a gentleman, then on his way to dine with Lord Melville, to be put to their carriage. Mrs. Wilson is a strict Presbyterian, and once complained to Sir Walter that "though he had done just right by being so much with Arnieston (Mr. Dundas of Arnieston), yet that the latter had grievously offended her. He had pit up," she said, "in the kirk the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and when a remonstrance was sent to him against such *idolatry*, he just answered, that if they did not let him alone he would e'en pit up a 'Belief' into the bargain!"

'December 8.—Called on Hook. In the course of conversation he gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"Those, ma'am," returned Theodore, "are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first."

"Thank you, sir; much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear! [turning to a girl about fourteen], tell Jane [about ten] those are the Barons of England, and the juniors (that's the youngest, you know) always goes

first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home."

"Dear me, ma!" said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the *youngest*? I am sure he looks very old."

'Human nature,' added Hook, 'could not stand this; anyone, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax.'

"And pray, sir," continued the lady, "what gentlemen are these?" pointing to the Bishops who came next in order in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz. the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes.

"Gentlemen, madam!" said Hook, "these are not gentlemen: these are ladies—elderly ladies—the dowager peeresses in their own right."

'The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered,

"Louisa dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies, and dowager peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that."

'All went on smoothly till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes.

"Pray, sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey!"

"No, sir," cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year!"

"No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything."

The good old gentlewoman appeared thunder-struck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp: *vox faucibus hæsit*—seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without another word from the spot.

CHAPTER III.

[1829—1831.]

Dr. Hume—The Advertisement—Letter to Dr. Hume—Dr. Hughes and his family—Correspondence with Mrs. Hughes—‘The London University’—‘King’s College’—Mr. Mathews the elder—Irish Story—Characters in the Waverley Novels—Stealing Gooseberries—Curious Dream—The Portsmouth Ghost—Fracas in the Queen’s Bench Prison—O’Connell and Lord Anglesea—Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence—The Medico-Botanico Society—The Director and the Dukes of Wellington and St. Albans—The College of Arms—The Pedigree of Cato—Epistle in verse.

ONE of the earliest and closest intimacies which Mr. Barham contracted, after his settlement in London, was with Dr. Thomas Hume, who, like Cannon, had been for many previous years a constant guest of Dr. Bond, the husband of Mrs. Barham’s sister, at Hanwell. Hume must have been naturally a man of strange temper, and time and circumstances had combined to deepen his peculiarities. Tall, upright, stern, with a cold, colourless, impassive face over which a smile rarely flitted, he was assuredly not one either to invite or to accept any hasty demonstration of friendship. There was indeed something cynical about him which had the effect of keeping people in general at a distance ; and at a distance people in general were best pleased to keep. The absence of all outward show

of geniality, and the seeming want of sympathy which he displayed, rendered it impossible for mere acquaintances to feel at ease in his company. And yet, notwithstanding his repellent manner, he was blessed with a heart warm, true, and largely generous—qualities which endeared its possessor to a chosen few, among whom may be numbered Thomas Moore and my father. Moreover, he was a perfect gentleman—an Irish gentleman—and endowed with a courteous gravity of demeanour, which lent an uncommon force to anything of a sarcastic turn to which he might be provoked into giving utterance.

One instance, in particular, of his dry humour my father used to relate. They had walked together to the office of one of the morning newspapers, and there the doctor silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such advertisements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said gruffly :

‘Seven and six!’

‘I have frequently,’ replied Hume, ‘had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings.’

‘Simple!’ repeated the clerk without looking up, ‘he’s universally beloved and deeply regretted! Seven and six.’

Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing as he did so,

with the same solemnity of tone he had used throughout :

‘Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to.’

It is not to be supposed that my father, with the large amount of work he had to get through, found much time to carry on a gossiping correspondence with his friends. His rule was to write to no one except on business—a rule waived indeed in one notable instance, that of a lady who will be presently introduced, and one to which Dr. Hume supplied another, I might perhaps say *the* other exception.

To Doctor Hume.

January 15, 1828.

‘My dear Doctor,—What has become of you? I am afraid you have been waiting in expectation of hearing from me respecting the book; but, with shame and confusion of face, I confess I have lost your note, and with it all clue to the title; only that I recollect it is of or belonging to Burke, but whether the Sublime and Beautiful man, or the little hero of the same name now figuring away at the Surrey, the mental hallucination which has succeeded renders me unable to call to mind. I searched everywhere for it the first time I saw Edwards, but in vain, and conclude it is certainly in the moon,

“Since all things lost on earth are treasured there,”
or else in the recesses of Dick’s room, a great recep-

tacle in its way, and as inaccessible as the other. Pray give me a second set of credentials and I will do your bidding forthwith.

'They came and told me that you had been fighting a duel; but it turned out that it was another Dr. Hume,* a sort of *Double-goer* of yours, as the Germans call it, who haunts one at every turn. It is a great pity he was not killed; it would have saved so much confusion. But after all, it is to be feared he was never in danger, as I find he was second and not principal in the affray, which turned out bloodless. When will you come and dine with us? Talking of that—"Why is the railroad in Dr. Hume's brick-field like a good dinner? D'ye give it up?"—"Because it's a Line of Wheel?"—Billy Curtis† for ever! Find a worse if you can, and till then

'Believe me, yours inconceivably,

'R. H. B.'

Since the publication of this memoir three-and-thirty years ago, the name of Hughes, at that time well known in literary circles, and by those conversant with the lives of modern writers, has become a household word among us. To pass by all political claims, the production of such a work as 'Tom Brown's School Days' must alone entitle its author to the

* This was Dr. Hume, the friend of the Duke of Wellington, who attended his grace in his duel with Lord Winchelsea, at Battersea Fields.

† Sir William Curtis, the alderman, to whom is attributed the celebrated toast, 'The three R's.'

thanks of his countrymen. No work has appeared, certainly in the present generation, better calculated to delight, and at the same time to purify and brace, the mind of the youthful reader. In it may be traced the fruits of a father's manly teaching who, to use his own words, desired that his sons should learn early, like the Persians of old, to ride, to shoot with bow and arrow, and to speak the truth ! It was with the grandfather of the present member for Frome, Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, that Mr. Barham became first acquainted. Of the comparative intimacy which ensued, and of the many acts of kindness, being mostly of a professional character, which he received at his hands, it is unnecessary further to speak. Not so as regards his intercourse with the son and widow of that excellent and amiable man. Between them and my father a warm and enduring friendship sprang up. Kindred tastes, identity of political opinions, mutual respect, and a regard for a knot of common associates bound them together.

Mrs. Hughes, even at the time of my father's introduction to her, was a lady well advanced in years, but possessed of a surprising activity of mind and body, an excellent memory, and a knowledge of what may be called the curiosities of county history unequalled so far as my experience goes. She is mentioned by Lockhart as the frequent correspondent of Sir Walter Scott and Southey, and for nearly a quarter of a century she kept up with unflagging vivacity a regular interchange of letters with Mr. Barham. To her he

was indebted not only for a large proportion of the legendary lore, which forms the groundwork of the 'Ingoldsby' poems, but also for the application of a stimulus that induced him to complete many papers which diffidence, or that aptitude, previously spoken of, to turn aside at the faintest suspicion of 'a lion in the way,' would have left unfinished. The distich inscribed in the copy of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' presented to the lady in question, conveys no more than the actual fact :

'To Mrs. Hughes, who *made* me do 'em,
Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'April 15th, 1828.

'My dear Madam,—Nothing has afforded me greater regret than that, though I called three times at the deanery, I missed, seeing Dr. Hughes on his visit. I had a story of an old acquaintance of his (as I believe), Bishop G. Beresford, which I think would have amused him, but it must rest *altâ mente repôstum* (I make no apology for being learned to you), till I have the pleasure of seeing him in the autumn. I have little news to tell you, except that Mrs. —, the *auctioneeress*, if there be such a word, is likely to die, and that the sorrowing widower *in posse* is said to have already made arrangements to take the beautiful (oh that I could add prudent!) Miss Foote, as her successor. He, at least ~~lays~~ green-room scandal,

wears a watch-riband she has given him, as the decoration of a military order; while others add, that though the gentleman is unquestionably anxious to become a "Knight Companion," the lady is still "Grand Cross."

'I enclose a set of rhymes, as yet in a chrysalis state; should 'John Bull' get hold of them, after they have thrown off the grub, I am afraid they are too well adapted for his purpose for him to refrain from appropriating what is now a mere embryo.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY;

OR,

STINKOMALEE TRIUMPHANS.

AN ODE TO BE PERFORMED ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW COLLEGE
OF GRAFTON STREET EAST.

'Whene'er with pitying eye I view
Each operative sot in town,
I smile to think how wondrous few
Get drunk who study at the U-
niversity we've Got in town,
niversity we've Got in town.

'What precious fools "The People" grew,
Their *Alma Mater* not in town;
The "useful classes" hardly knew
Four was composed of two and two,
Until they learned it at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

But now they're taught by JOSEPH HU
ME, by far the cleverest Scot in town,
Their *items* and their *tottles* too ;
Each may dissect his sister Sue,
From his instructions at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Then LANSDOWNE comes, like him how few
Can caper and can trot in town ;
In *pirouette* and *pas de deux*—
He beats the famed *Monsieur Giroux*,
And teaches dancing at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

And GILCHRIST, see, that great Gentoo-
Professor, has a lot in town
Of Cockney boys, who fag Hindoo,
And *larn Jem-nasties* at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

SAM ROGERS' corpse of vampire hue,
Comes from its grave to rot in town ;
For Bays the dead bard's crowned with Yew,
And chaunts The Pleasures of the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

FRANK JEFFREY, of the Scotch Review,—
Whom MOORE had nearly shot in town,—
Now with his pamphlet stitched in blue
And yellow, d—ns the other two,
But lauds the ever-glorious U-
niversity we've Got in town.

‘ Great BIRKBECK, king of chips and glue,
Who paper off^o does blot in town,
From the Mechanical Institu-
tion, comes to prate of wedge and screw,
Lever and axle at the U-
niversity we’ve Got in town.

Lord WAITHMAN, who long since withdrew
From Mansion-house to cot in town ;
Adorned with chair of ormolu,
All darkly grand, like Prince Lee Boo,
Lectures on *Free Trade* at the U-
niversity we’ve Got in town.

‘ Fat FAVELL, with his coat of blue,
Who speeches makes so hot in town,
In rhetoric spells his lectures through,
And sounds the V for W,
The *vay they speak* it at the U-
niversity we’ve Got in town.

‘ Then HURCOMBE comes, who late at New-
gate-market, sweetest spot in town !
Instead of one clerk popped in two,
To make a place for his ne-phew,^o
Seeking another at the U-
niversity we’ve Got in town.

There’s Captain ROSS, a traveller true,
Has just presented, what in town
’s an article of great *virtu*,

(The telescope he once peeped through,
And spied an Esquimaux canoe
On Croker Mountain to the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

Since MICHAEL gives no roast nor stew,
Where Whigs might eat and plot in town,
And swill his port, and mischief brew—
Poor CREEVY sips his water gruel as the beadle of the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

' There's JERRY BENTHAM and his crew,
Names ne'er to be forgot in town,
In swarms like Banquo's long is-sue—
Turk, Papist, Infidel, and Jew,
Come trooping on to join the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

To crown the whole with triple queue,—
Another such there's not in town,
Twitching his restless nose askew,
Behold tremendous HARRY BROUGH-
AM ! Law Professor at the U-
niversity we've Got in town,
niversity we've Got in town.

Grand chorus :

Huzza ! huzza ! for HARRY BROUGH-
AM ! Law Professor at the U-
niversity we've Got in town.

'I have room for no more than to say that I am most sincerely and truly yours, 'R. H. B.'

Mr. Hughes writes :

'I well recollect the success of his song,

"The U-
niversity we've Got in town."

Sir Walter Scott, who was in London when this humorous extravaganza appeared in the 'John Bull,' was most anxious to ascertain the name of the author ; and having learnt it from my father, expressed a particular desire to make his acquaintance.'

A breakfast-party was accordingly arranged at Dr. Hughes's house, where Mr. Barham had the gratification of being introduced to Sir Walter.

In 1829, Mr. Barham appears to have met for the first time at the table of their common friend, Theodore Hook, Charles Mathews the elder. Their acquaintance was of some years' duration, but never reached intimacy ; it was accompanied, nevertheless, certainly on the part of Mr. Barham, by feelings of no ordinary regard.

'*Diary* : May 5, 1829.—Dined at Hook's. Horace Twiss, Lord W. Lennox, Jerdan, Cannon, Mathews, Yates, Professor Millington, Allan Cunningham, Price Denham, brother to Colonel Denham the traveller, Milan Powell, F. Broderip, Doctors Arnott and Whimper, with myself, formed the party. Sir A. Barnard being engaged with the king, Lockhart with his wife, and Charles Kemble laid up with a bilious attack. Mathews told an excellent story of an Irish surgeon named Maseres, who kept a running horse,

and who applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

"Now, sur," commenced the gentleman, "Mr Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I'll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, sur, my horse had won the first *hate*; well, sur, and then, he'd won the second *hate*; well——"

"Why, sir," said Mathews, "if he won both the heats, he won the race."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself, but the other), came up——"

"And passed him, I suppose," said Mathews.

"Not at all, sur, not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*——"

"Won it, you mean—at least, won it, you said."

"Won it! of course, I said won it; that is, the other horse won it, and the other horse, that is, *my* horse, won the second *hate*, when another, not himself, comes up and tumbles down—but stop! I'll demonstrate the circumstance ocularly. There—you'll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well; now, you'll remember that's *my* horse—that is, I mane it's not *my* horse, it's the other, and this cork—you observe this cork—this cork's my horse, and my horse, that is this cork, had won the first *hate*——"

"Lost it, you said, sir, just now," groaned

Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

“Lost it, sur, by no manes; won it, sur, I maintain—’pon my soul, your friend there (Mr. Stephen Price) that’s grinning so, is a mighty bad specimen of an American—no, sur, *won* it, I said; and now I want your opinion about the *hate*, that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know—not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*, that would be the race when it was won.”

“Why, really, my dear sir,” replied the referee, “I don’t precisely see the point upon which——”

“God bless me, sur! do ye pretend to understand horse-racing, and can’t give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates*? Now, sur, I’ll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is the other *man’s* horse,” etc. etc.

‘And so poor Maseres went on for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate*, or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was, upon which Mr. Maseres wanted an opinion.

‘Mathews afterwards sang a very amusing song in his best manner, descriptive of a Lord Mayor’s day. Yates was no less entertaining, and on his health being drunk, returned thanks in an imitation of Young which was perfect. Hook had hung a piece of black crape over Peel’s picture, which was on one side of his room, and H. Twiss, being Under Secretary of State, thought it incumbent on him to endeavour to remove it. The piece of mourning, however,

was more strongly fastened than he had imagined, which induced Lennox to say, on seeing him bungling in his attempt : 'It's of no use, Horace ; you'll never be able to get him out of his scrape.*'

'*September*, 1829.—Mrs. Hughes told me that the person whose character was drawn by Sir Walter Scott as "Jonathan Oldbuck" was a Mr. Russell, and that the laird whom he mentions as playing cards with Andrew Gemmell (the prototype of "Edie Ochiltree") through the window, was Mr. Scott of Yarrow.

'Snivelling Stone, about two miles and a half from the cromlech known as Wayland Smith's Cave, in Berkshire, is a large stone, which it is said that Wayland, having ordered his attendant dwarf to go on an errand, and observing the boy to go reluctantly, kicked after him. It just caught his heel, and from the tears which ensued, it derived its traditionary appellation. It is singular that when Mrs. Hughes, who had this story from a servant, a native of that part of the country, first told it to Sir Walter Scott, he declared that he had never heard of Wayland's having had any attendant, but had got all the materials for his story, so far as that worthy is concerned, from Camden. His creation of "Dicky Sludge," a character so near the traditionary one of which he had never heard, is a curious coincidence.

'So also is his description of Sir Henry Lee and the dog in "Woodstock." There is a painting in the

* This refers, of course, to the indignation excited in the breasts of the *ultra* Tories by Mr. Peel's change of opinion on the question of Catholic Emancipation.

possession of Mr. Townsend, of Trevallyn, in Wales, representing, according to a tradition long preserved in his family, Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, with a large dog, the perfect resemblance of Bevis. Mr. Townsend, however, thinks he flourished about a century earlier than the Woodstock hero, and was the same with the Sir H. Lee whose verses to Queen Elizabeth, on his retiring from the tilt-yard in consequence of old age, are preserved in Walpole's "Antiquities." The strange thing is that Sir Walter knew nothing of this picture till after "Woodstock" was published.

'Told her the story of old Steady Baker, the Mayor of Folkestone, whom I well remember. A boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over "Burn's Justice," but not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles and addressed the culprit thus: "My lad, it's very lucky for you that instead of stealing gooseberries, you were not brought here for stealing a goose; there is a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all 'Burn,' so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offence."

There is another entry in the diary made in the course of this month, containing two stories of the supernatural order, the latter of which was furnished by Mrs. Hughes. For some reason the following was never incorporated with the Ingoldsby revelations, and it is given accordingly much in the way in which it fell from the lips of the original narrator.

The anecdote which serves as an introduction rests on the authority of an intimate friend, who had it from the veracious dreamer of dreams himself.

September, 1829.—A Mr. Philipps, Secretary to Mr. Abbott, Speaker of the House of Commons, stated to my friend Mr. Wood, that, about the year 1805, he woke one night in some perturbation, having dreamt that he had been sentenced to be hanged, when the agony of his situation roused him at the very moment they were in the act of pinioning his arms in the press-yard. Heartily pleased at finding it but a dream, he turned and fell asleep again, when precisely the same scene was repeated, with the addition that he now reached the foot of the gallows, and was preparing to mount, before he awoke. The crowd, the fatal tree, the hangman, the cord, all were represented to him with a frightful distinctness, and the impression on his mind was so vivid that he got out of bed and walked about the room for some minutes before he could reconcile himself to the attempt at seeking rest on his pillow again.

He was a long while before he could close his eyes, but towards morning he fell into a perturbed slumber, in which precisely the same tragedy was acted over again; he was led up to the scaffold, placed upon the drop, the rope was fitted to his neck by the executioner, whose features he distinctly recognised as those of the man whom he had seen in his former vision; the cap was drawn over his face, and he felt the trap giving way beneath his feet, when he once more

awoke as in the very act of suffocation, with a loud scream that was heard by a person sleeping in a neighbouring apartment.

‘Going to rest again was now out of the question; and Mr. Philipps described himself as rising and dressing, though it was then hardly daybreak, in a state of the greatest possible nervous excitement. Indeed, so strong a hold had this dream, so singularly repeated, taken upon his imagination, that he found it almost impossible to shake off the unpleasant feeling to which it gave rise, and had almost resolved to send an excuse to a gentleman with whom he had engaged to breakfast, when the reflection that he must by so doing defer the settlement of important business, and all on account of a dream, struck him as so very pusillanimous a transaction, that he determined to keep his appointment.

‘He might, however, as well have stayed away, for his thoughts were so abstracted from the matter they met to discuss, and his manner was altogether so *distract*, that his friend could not fail to remark it, and speedily closed the business by an abrupt enquiry if he was not unwell. The hesitation and confusion exhibited in his answer drew forth other questions, and the matter terminated in Mr. Philipps fairly confessing to his old acquaintance the unpleasant impression made upon his mind, and its origin. The latter, who possessed good nature as well as good sense, did not attempt to use any unwarrantable raillery, but endeavoured to divert his attention to

other subjects, and, their meal being concluded, proposed a walk. To this Mr. Philipps willingly acceded and, having strolled through the park, they at length reached the house of the latter, where they went in. Several letters had arrived by that morning's post, and were lying on the table, which were soon opened and read. The last which Mr. Philipps took up was addressed to him by an old friend. It commenced :

“ Dear Philipps,—You will laugh at me for my pains, but I cannot help feeling uneasy about you ; do pray write and let me know how you are going on. It is exceedingly absurd, but I really cannot shake off from my recollection an unpleasant dream I had last night, in which I thought I saw you *hanged*—”

‘ The letter fell from the reader's hand ; all his scarcely-recovered equanimity vanished ; nor was it till some weeks had elapsed that he had quite recovered his former serenity of mind.

• ‘ It is unfortunate for the lovers of the marvellous that five-and-twenty years have now elapsed, and Mr. P. has not yet come under the hands of Jack Ketch. I suppose we must take it, “ *Exceptio probat regulam.*”

‘ A story with much more of the supernatural about it was related to me by Mrs. Hughes the other day which is, I think, one of the best authenticated ghost stories in existence. It was narrated to her by Mrs. Hastings, wife of Captain Hastings, R.N., and ran to the following effect :

‘ Captain and Mrs. Hastings were driving into Portsmouth one afternoon, when a Mr. Hamilton

who had recently been appointed to a situation in the dockyard there, made a third in their chaise, being on his way to take possession of his post. As the vehicle passed the end of one of the narrow lanes which abound in the town, the latter gentleman, who had for some little time been more grave and silent than usual, broke through the reserve which had drawn a remark from the lady, and gave the following reason for his taciturnity :—

“It was,” said he, “the recollection of the lane we have just passed, and of a very singular circumstance which occurred to me at a house in it some eighteen years ago, which occupied my thoughts at the moment, and which, as we are old friends, and I know you will not laugh at me, I will repeat to you.

“At the period alluded to, I had arrived in the town for the purpose of joining a ship in which I was about to proceed abroad. On enquiry, I found that the vessel had not come round from the Downs, but was expected every hour. The most unpleasant part of the business was, that two or three King’s ships had just been paid off in the harbour, a county election was going on, and the town was filled with people waiting to occupy berths in an outward-bound fleet which a contrary wind had for some days prevented from sailing. This combination of events, of course, made Portsmouth very full and very disagreeable. After wandering half over the town without success, I at length happened to enquire at a decent-looking public-house situate in the lane alluded to

where a very civil, though a very cross-looking, landlady at length made me happy by the intelligence that she would take me in, if I did not mind sleeping in a double-bedded room. I certainly did object to a fellow-lodger, and so I told her ; but, as I coupled the objection with an offer to pay handsomely for both beds though I should occupy only one of them, our bargain was settled, and I took possession of my apartment.

“ Having retired for the night, and having, as I thought, carefully locked the door to keep out intruders, I undressed, jumped beneath the clothes, and fell fast asleep.

“ I had slept, I suppose, an hour or more, when I was awakened by a noise in the lane below. I was turning round to recompose myself, when I perceived, by the light of the moon which shone brightly into the room, that the bed opposite was occupied by a man, having the appearance of a sailor. He was only partially undressed, having his trousers on, and what appeared to be a Belcher handkerchief tied round his head by way of a nightcap. His position was half sitting, half reclining on the outside of the bed, and he seemed to be fast asleep.

“ I was, of course, very angry that the landlady should have broken her covenant with me, and at first felt half disposed to desire the intruder to withdraw ; but as the man was quiet, and I had no particular wish to spend the rest of the night in an altercation, I thought it wiser to let things alone till the morning,

when I determined to give my worthy hostess a good jobation for her want of faith. After watching him for some time, and seeing that my chum maintained the same posture, though he could not be aware that I was awake, I reclosed my eyes, and once more fell asleep.

“It was broad daylight when I awoke in the morning, and the sun was shining full in through the window. My slumbering friend apparently had never moved, and I had a fair opportunity of observing his features, which, though of a dark complexion, were not ill-favoured, and were set off by a pair of bushy black whiskers that would have done honour to a rabbi. What surprised me most, however, was that I could now plainly perceive that what I had taken in the moonlight for a red handkerchief on his forehead was in reality a white one, but quite saturated in parts with a crimson fluid, which trickled down his left cheek, and seemed to have run upon the pillow.

“At the moment the question occurred to me—how could the stranger have procured admission to the room? as I saw but one door, and that I felt confident I had locked, while I was quite positive my gentleman had not been in the chamber when I retired to bed.

“I got out and walked to the door, which was in the centre of one side of the room, nearly half-way between the two beds; and as I approached it, one of the curtains interposed for a moment so as to conceal my unknown companion from my view. I found the door

fastened, with the key in the lock, just as I had left it. Not a little surprised at the circumstance, I now walked across to the farther bed to get an explanation from my comrade, when to my astonishment he was nowhere to be seen ! Scarcely an instant before I had observed him stretched in the same position which he had all along maintained ; and it was difficult to conceive how he had managed to make his exit so instantaneously, as it were, without my having perceived or heard him. I, in consequence, commenced a close examination of the wainscot near the head of the bed, having first satisfied myself that he was concealed neither under it nor by the curtain. No door nor aperture of any kind was to be discovered.

“I was the first person up in the house ; a slipshod being, however, soon made its appearance, and began to place a few cinders, etc., in a grate not much cleaner than its own face and hands. From this individual I endeavoured to extract some information respecting my nocturnal visitor, but in vain ; it ‘knewed nothing of no sailors,’ and I was compelled to postpone my enquiries till the appearance of the mistress, who descended in due time.”

“After greeting her with all the civility I could muster, I proceeded to enquire for my bill, telling her that I certainly should not take breakfast, ‘nor do anything more for the good of the house,’ after her breach of promise respecting the privacy of my sleeping-room. The good lady met me at once with a ‘Marry come up!’ a faint flush came over her cheek,

her little grey eyes twinkled, and her whole countenance gained in animation what it lost in placidity.

“What did I mean? I had bespoke the whole room, and I had had the whole room, and, though she said it, there was not a more comfortable room in all Portsmouth; she might have let the spare bed five times over, and had refused because of my fancy. Did I think to ‘bilk’ her? and called myself a gentleman, she supposed!

“I easily stopped the torrent of her eloquence by depositing a guinea (about a fourth more than her whole demand) upon the bar, and was glad to relinquish the offensive for the defensive. It was, therefore, with a most Quaker-like mildness that I rejoined, that certainly I had not to complain of any actual inconvenience from the vicinity of my fellow-lodger, but that, having agreed to pay double for the indulgence of my whim, if such she was pleased to call it, I, of course, expected the conditions to be observed on the other side; but I was now convinced that they had been violated without her privity, and that some of her people had doubtless introduced the man into the room, in ignorance probably of our understanding.

“‘What man?’ retorted she, briskly. ‘There was nobody in your room, unless you let him in yourself; had you not the key, and did not I hear you lock the door after you?’

“That I admitted to be true. ‘Nevertheless,’ added I, taking up my portmanteau and half turning to depart, ‘there certainly was a man—a sailor—in my

room last night ; though I know no more how he got in or out than I do where he got his broken head or his unconscionable whiskers.'

"My foot was on the threshold as I ended, that I might escape the discharge of a reply which I foreboded would not be couched in the politest of terms. But it did not come, and as I threw back a parting glance at my fair foe, I could not help being struck with the very different expression of her features from that which I had anticipated.

"I hesitated, and at length a single word, uttered distinctly but lowly, and as if breathlessly spoken, fell upon my ear ; it was ' WHISKERS ! !'

" ' Ay, *whiskers*,' I replied ; ' I never saw so splendid a pair in my life.'

" ' And a broken—— For Heaven's sake, come back one moment,' said the lady. ' Let me entreat you, sir, to tell me, without disguise, who and what you saw in your bedroom last night.'

" ' No one, madam,' was my answer, ' but the sailor of whose intrusion I before complained, and who, I presume, took refuge there from some drunken fray to sleep off the effects of his liquor, as, though evidently a good deal knocked about, he did not appear to be very sensible of his condition.'

"An earnest request to describe his person followed, which I did to the best of my recollection, dwelling particularly on the wounded temple and the remarkable whiskers, which formed, as it were, a perfect fringe to his face.

“‘Then, Lord have mercy upon me!’ said the woman, in accents of mingled terror and distress; ‘it’s all true, and the house is ruined for ever!’”

“‘So singular a declaration only whetted my already excited curiosity, and the landlady, who now seemed anxious to make a friend of me, soon satisfied my enquiries in a few words.

“‘After obtaining a promise of secrecy, she informed me that, on the third evening previous to my arrival, a party of sailors were drinking in her house, when a quarrel ensued between them and some marines. The dispute at length rose to a great height. The landlady in vain endeavoured to interfere, till at length a heavy blow, struck with the edge of a pewter pot, lighting upon the temple of a stout young fellow of five-and-twenty, one of the most active of the sailors, brought him to the ground senseless and covered with blood. He never spoke again, but, although his friends immediately conveyed him upstairs and placed him on the bed, endeavouring to staunch the blood, and doing all in their power to save him, he breathed his last in a few minutes.

“‘In order to hush up the affair, the woman admitted that she had consented to the body’s being buried in the garden, where it was interred the same night by two of his comrades. The man having been just discharged, it was calculated that no enquiry after him was likely to take place.

“‘But then, sir,’ cried the landlady, wringing her hands, ‘it’s all of no use! Foul deeds will rise, and I

shall never dare to put anybody into your room again, for there it was he was carried ; they took off his jacket and waistcoat, and tied his wound up with a handkerchief, but they never could stop the bleeding, till all was over ; and, as sure as you are standing there a living man, he is come back to trouble us, for if he had been sitting to you for his picture, you could not have painted him more accurately than you have done.'

"Startling as this hypothesis of the old woman's was, I could substitute no better ; and as the prosecution of the enquiry must have necessarily operated to delay my voyage, without answering, as far as I could see, any good end, I walked quietly down to the Point ; and my ship arriving in the course of the afternoon, I went immediately on board, set sail the following morning for the Mediterranean, and have never again set foot in Portsmouth from that hour to this."

'Thus ended Mr. Hamilton's narrative.

'The next day the whole party set out to reconnoitre the present appearance of the house, but some difficulty was experienced in identifying it, the building having been converted into a greengrocer's shop about five years before. A dissenting chapel had been built on the site of the garden, but nothing was said by their informant of any skeleton having been found while digging for the foundation, nor did Mr. Hamilton think it advisable to push any enquiries on the subject.'

The following letter contains an acknowledgment of a present—annually repeated—of one of those be-

guiling Berkshire delicacies so fraught with peril to the inexperienced or unwary :

To Mrs. Hughes.

¹St. Paul's Churchyard, January 5, 1830.

‘ My dear Madam,—

“ I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
In speech and manner : never till this hour ”
Tasted I such a dainty !

‘ But young Norval never had such a “ pig’s head ” to be thankful for ; it is truly delicious—almost too much so indeed, for it tempted me last night to do what I very seldom do, and never ought to do, viz., eat a hearty supper ; the consequence was that I “ dreamt of the d—l, and awoke in a fright ” :—

‘ Methought I was seated at church,
With Wellington acting as clerk,
And there in a pew,
Was Rothschild the Jew,
Dancing a jig with Judge Park ;
Lady Morgan sat playing the organ,
While behind the vestry-door,
Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
From the lips of Hannah More.

‘ In short, I cannot tell you half the vagaries I was carried through, but I mean to put as much of it down as I can call to remembrance, and, following the example of Mr. Bottom the weaver, get some good-

natured Peter Quince to "make a ballad of it," and "it shall be called Barham's dream," not because "it hath no bottom," but because it proceeded from a pig's head, a metaphor in which Mrs. B. sometimes speaks of mine, when, more than usually persevering, I resist unto the death some measure which I consider wrong and she right, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. Let me not forget to add, however, that in the present instance she is to the full as much inclined to be pig-headed as myself, and begs me to join her thanks to my own.

'Your old friend Mr. Thomas Welsh, of the Royal *Harmonic* Institution, is again in hot water. Indeed there seems to be something of a malignant aspect in the heavenly bodies just at present with respect to musical men. Mr. (or I believe I should say Signor) B—— hath had the sanctity of his person much outraged. Certain obdurate tailors and butchers have lately given him an opportunity of sitting quietly down over the water, "The King, heaven bless him, finding him a bench." Now it so happens that my Lord G——, Captain G——, of mysterious box notoriety, and, two or three other lively lads holding the King's commission, are at this moment enjoying themselves in that *séjour*. The other evening, hot, not with the Tuscan grape, but with quite as good a thing, viz., whisky toddy, and the fumes of real havannahs, they took it into their heads to satisfy a very natural curiosity, and to ascertain, if possible, by ocular demonstration, whether Mr. B—— had actually un-

dergone the unpleasant ceremony of being stamped with a red-hot F, as so confidently alleged by his unfriends, or no. For this purpose, they proceeded in a body to his room, and commenced, not in the most polished manner, stripping him of his habiliments, in spite of remonstrances, yells, and struggles. They succeeded, I believe, so far as to ascertain that he was no Freemason, but it having escaped their recollection, in the first instance, that the shoulder is the part where the forçats are usually marked, so much time was lost from their having begun the business at the wrong end, that the marshal made his appearance *cum suis*, stopped this very interesting investigation, and placed most of the philosophical enquirers in the strong-room for the rest of the evening. The main question therefore—much to the regret of all musical savants—remains still enveloped in mystery. I know of no other private news; the public, I think, notwithstanding the cloud in the Irish horizon, is more favourable than it has been; the necessity of repressing the mob seems now to be so universally felt, that no danger exists any longer from that, the most formidable source.

‘O’Connell, I understand, waited on Lord Anglesea before he left town, and told him that, as he had received personal marks of attention from him when last in Ireland, he thought it right and fair to call and say that he was now going over with a determination to agitate the country, and that he begged Lord A. to believe that, while he felt it his duty to oppose the

Government in every possible way, yet personally he felt a great respect for his lordship.

'The peer was quite as civil and to the full as open as the commoner. He replied that he thanked Mr. O'C. for his candour ; that he, too, was uninfluenced by motives of personal opposition to that gentleman, but that he was going over with a firm determination to repress agitation, *colte qui colte* ; and that, if the boundaries laid down by law were once overstepped, he would embody a special commission instantly, and hang every agitator in his power.' My informant adds that O'Connell retired very much crestfallen, and seemed to think himself that he had taken nothing by his motion. Lord A. is quite the man to do the thing if he has the opportunity. The country people in Kent and Sussex are quite quiet and beginning to listen to reason. The addresses and Goodman's confession have done much good.

'And now, my dear madam, etc.,

'Most faithfully and truly yours,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'*Diary : January 21, 1830.*—Attended the public funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence. An immense throng, but all conducted with great order and splendour. The coffin was carried into the vaults and brought under the brass plate in the centre of the dome, after the part of the service usually performed in the choir had been gone through. The mourners formed a large outer circle, in the centre of which, close round

the plate, was an inner one composed of the members of the cathedral. Among the mourners were Sir G. Murray, Peel, Lord Aberdeen (who seemed almost frozen, while bearing the pall from the west door), C. Kemble, Horace Twiss, Derham, Gwilt, T. Campbell, John Wilson Croker, conspicuous in a black velvet cap, and old Nash, the architect, still more so in a Welsh wig. Dr. Hughes, a very old friend of the deceased, was so affected, that it was with the greatest difficulty he got through the lesson. After the ceremony the body was conveyed to a brick grave under the south aisle, where it lies thus :

SIR C. WREN		SIR T. LAWRENCE				
		BISHOP NEWTON	WEST	GEORGE DANCE, R.A.	FUSELI	DAWE, R.A.
		BARRY	SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS	OPIE		

'Mrs. Hughes mentioned to me a singular story respecting the deceased, which she had from his intimate friend, Miss Croft. This lady told her, while in the gallery during the ceremony, that the evening before his decease she had seen him. He seemed, she said, a little out of spirits, and asked her somewhat abruptly if she had ever heard a death-watch? She replied that she had; on which he requested her to

describe the noise it made, which she did. On hearing her description he replied, "Ay, that is it exactly!" and relapsed into a thoughtful silence which he scarcely broke during the rest of her visit.'

'All the papers of this date [*January*, 1830] were full of the quarrel between the Medico-Botanico Society and its Director, as he was called, and founder, Mr. John Frost, a gentleman remarkable equally for his modest assurance and the high estimate he had formed of his own pretensions, on what many persons thought singularly insufficient grounds. The Royal Society, as a body, were unquestionably of this opinion, as, on his name being submitted to the ballot, he was almost unanimously blackballed. His perseverance, however, in beating up for recruits for his favourite society was unparalleled. It was his custom to run about with a highly ornamented album to every distinguished person, British or foreign, to whom he could by any possibility introduce himself, inform them that they were elected honorary members of the Medico-Botanico Society, and give a flourishing account of its merits; and as one of the rules required that a member should write his own name in their book, Mr. F. procured by these means a valuable collection of autographs.

'The best of the joke was, that, having written to several foreign princes through the medium of their ambassadors, and under Lord Aberdeen's government franks, procured through the interest of Lord Stanhope, the President and head of the Society (for the

high-sounding office of Director was, in fact that of Secretary), he contrived to get no less than a dozen potentates of various grades to consent to their enrolment, and to acknowledge the compliment. Two indeed of them—the Emperor of the Brazils was one—went so far as to enclose the insignia of one of their minor orders, addressed to “the Director,” as they never heard of any higher officer, and these Jacky Frost, as he was commonly called, lost no time in mounting upon his coat, much to the annoyance of Lord Stanhope and the rest of the body.

‘It was determined, in consequence, to get rid of Mr. Frost, by doing away with the office of Director altogether; the orders, however, and the album he could not be induced to part with.

‘Among the cool stratagems which he occasionally made use of to procure signatures to his book, was one which he played off on the Duke of Wellington, which, had it not been vouched for by Mr. Wood, F.R.S., I should hardly have credited. Having failed in repeated attempts to get with his quarto into Apsley House, he heard by good luck that his Grace, then Commander-in-Chief, was about to hold a levee of general officers. Away posted Jacky to a masquerade warehouse, and hired a Lieut.-General’s uniform, under cover of which he succeeded in establishing himself fairly in the Duke’s anteroom, among thirteen or fourteen first-rate Directors of strategics.

‘Everybody stared at a General whom nobody

knew, and at length an aide-de-camp, addressing him, politely requested to know his name.

“What General shall I have the honour of announcing to his grace?”

“My name is Frost, sir.”

“Frost, General Frost! I beg your pardon, but I really do not recollect to have heard that name before!”

“O, sir, I am no general, I have merely put on this costume as I understood I could not obtain access to his Grace without it; I am the Director of the Medico-Botanico Society, and have come to inform his Grace that he has been elected a member, and to get his signature.”

“Then, sir, I must tell you that you have taken a most improper method and opportunity of so doing, and I insist upon your withdrawing immediately.”

‘Jacky, however, was too good a general to capitulate on the first summons, and he stoutly kept his ground, notwithstanding a council of war at once began to deliberate on the comparative eligibility of kicking him into the street, or giving him in charge to a constable. Luckily for him the aide-de-camp thought his grace had a right to a voice in the matter, as the offence was committed in his own house. On the business, however, being mentioned to him, the Hero of Waterloo, not choosing perhaps to risk the laurels he had won from Napoleon in a domestic encounter with so redoubtable a champion, said, “Let the fellow in,” cut short Jacky’s oration by writing his name

hastily in the book, and gave the sign to "show him out again." It was doubtful, however, whether any other sanctuary than the house he was in would have sheltered him from the indignation of the *militaires* in waiting, at the sight of what they considered a degradation of the national uniform.

'Quite as amusing was this gentleman's interview with the Duke of St. Alban's. The "Director" easily got his grace's consent to be elected a member, and the book was produced for his signature. The latter took up a pen, and commenced "*Du*—," when he was interrupted by his visitor,

"No, I beg pardon, it is your Grace's title we require, written by your own hand."

"Well, my title is, Duke of St. Albans, is it not?"

"Yes, your Grace, undoubtedly, but your signature merely—the way in which your Grace usually signs."—Here the Duchess interfered, and "St. Albans" was soon written, in a large German-text, school-boy hand, the "*Du*" having been previously expunged by a side wipe of his grace's forefinger. Mr. Frost bowed, pocketed the subscription, pronounced all to be *en règle*, congratulated his noble friend on having become a brother Medico - Botanico, and quitted Stratton Street in high glee.

'Not long afterwards it was his good fortune again to encounter his grace, on some public occasion. Of course he paid his respects, and equally of course the Duke inquired of "Mr. Thingumee," as he called him,

how that "medical thing" that he belonged to went on.

"Exceedingly prosperous, indeed, my Lord Duke," was the answer; "we are increasing both in numbers and respectability every day; I have got twelve Sovereigns down since the commencement of the present year."

"O, if you have only got twelve *sovereigns* in all that time, I don't think you are getting on so very fast; you know I gave you *five guineas* myself."

'This anecdote may easily be believed of a duke who soon after his wedding wrote to the editor of Debrett's "Peerage." then Mr. Townshend, Rouge Dragon, saying, "Sir, I have to inform you that I am married to Mrs. Coutts, and Mrs. Coutts desires you will put it into your next edition." This Townshend told me himself.'

On the south side of St. Paul's churchyard, a street narrow and none of the sweetest, called at the upper end Paul's Chain, and at the lower Bene't Hill, leads down by a steep descent to the river bank. Somewhere about the middle of the thoroughfare a gateway on the left admits the visitor to a respectable-looking paved court. Strange devices may catch his eye on entering, but he is probably disposed to be struck more by the lightness and cheeriness of the spot, hidden away in a huge maze of dingy lanes and dirty alleys, than by any eccentricity in the way of ornament. Round this quadrangle are ranged the buildings attached to the Herald's College, or more correctly,

the College of Arms. On the left stand the hall and library; and here are preserved, among other relics, the turquoise ring and sword taken, so say the heralds, from the body of James IV. of Scotland as he lay dead on the field of Flodden. Here are stored those dusty tomes and emblazoned parchments—records that could throw a curious light upon the history of many a noble name—so dear to the eye of the antiquarian; and here, in the company of ‘Rouge Dragon’ aforesaid, *Clarence-shoes*,* and, above all, his dear friend the late Sir Charles Young, sometime ‘Garter,’ but at the date of which I am writing, holding the office of York Herald, Mr. Barham was wont to spend hours in the patient disentanglement of some knotty point of genealogy—in the fruitless endeavour perhaps to make a square Sir Thomas fit the round hole vacant in some imperfect pedigree—a mode of relaxation of which I have spoken before. Of course there was a certain amount of gossip going on. The Herald, like the lawyers and the doctors, are pretty deep in family secrets, and can tell odd stories when they choose. Once they were a power in the realm; but the good old days are past when they could stop a man’s carriage on the king’s highway, and daub out the spurious bearings on his panels. Forty years ago, however, business was tolerably brisk at the College. One instance I have heard my father relate as having been communicated to him by his

* ‘Then the guns’ alarums, and the Kings of Arms,
All in his garters and his Clarence shoes.’

See *Mr. Maguire’s Account of the Coronation.*

friend Townshend. A well known claimant to a certain peerage came for the purpose of obtaining assistance in the getting up his case. 'Rouge Dragon' went through the papers submitted to him, and after searching and sifting, pointed out to his client the utter groundlessness of his claim.

'Look,' he said, 'this entry proves distinctly, not only that you are not the representative of the branch you assume to be, but that you come of another family altogether.'

'Well, but,' suggested the other coolly, 'that difficulty may be got over. The entry may disappear; at all events we are not bound to produce it, and it is ten to one the blot is not hit!'

The gentleman was requested to walk down stairs. He complied, but prosecuted his suit nevertheless; happily with the success which he deserved. At times people would come to the office on missions yet more hopeless. Take, for example, an

Extract from the Books of the Herald's College.

'Cato of Jamaica, but anciently of Tusculum in Latium and Rome. A search for the arms of Marcus Portius Cato, or those borne by his grandson Marcus Cato Uticensis, the famous patriot. The inquirer is a gentleman in Jamaica, and says he is their lineal heir male and descendant.

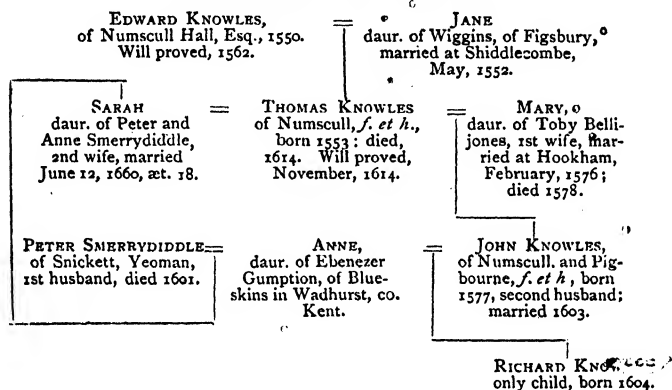
N.B.—He is to produce his pedigree and call again, as none of the posterity of these celebrated Romans ever exemplified their arms in this office.—2s. 6d.

The gravity with which the application appears to have been entertained is delightful. I will venture to add another piece of trifling with the sacred subject

of genealogy, perpetrated by my father, in the shape of a

PEDIGREE

SHOWING HOW A MAN MAY BECOME BY MARRIAGE HIS OWN
GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON.



Thomas Knowles is grandfather to the daughter of his son's wife; he is also grandfather to that daughter's husband; he is also that daughter's husband himself; therefore he is his own grandfather. He is also his daughter's son, therefore he is his own grandson.

Q. E. D.

There is nothing further under the date of 1830 worth producing, unless it be a 'familiar epistle' addressed to me, then a boy of fourteen. Some slight difference of opinion I remember to have arisen between my father and myself respecting the comparative merits of the box-seat and a place inside the coach, which was to convey me to Tunbridge. My fare paid, I was handed, under protest, into the interior of the 'machine,' and on my naturally availing myself of the opportunity offered by the first stoppage to mount the roof, in which position I accom-

plished the remainder of the journey, some mistake arose respecting my identity and the sum disbursed on my behalf. Thence ensued, to my confusion, a disclosure of the masterly movement that had been effected, and a consequent remonstrance conveyed in terms more indulgent than, I fear, I deserved :

To R. H. D. Barham.

St. Paul's, July 5, 1830.

‘ I find, Mister Dick,
That you’ve played me a trick,
For which you deserve a reproof—
Not to say a reproach ;
You got out of the coach,
And settled yourself on the roof.
‘ You knew you’d a cough,
And when you set off,
I cautioned you as to your ride,
And bade you take care
Of the damp and cold air,
And above all to keep withinside.
‘ This they tell me that you
Did not choose to do,
But exchanged with some person, they said ;
And so Easton mistook
Your name in his book,
And charged you what he should have paid.
‘ I found them quite willing
To refund every shilling,
And render to Cæsar his due ;

They gave me back three,
Which I take to be
The overplus forked out by you.

‘ Now don’t do this again ;
Indeed, to be plain,
If you mount when you come back to town,
Your namesake, the ‘ Dicky,’
I shall certainly lick ye,
And perhaps half demolish your crown.

‘ Mamma means to enclose
Two white ‘ wipes ’ for your nose ;
As your purse may be run rather hard,
I shall also attack her
To augment your exchequer
With a sovereign stuck in a card.

‘ But my note I must end it,
Or ’twill be too late to send it
To-day, which I much wish to do ;
So remember us, mind, enough
To our friends who are kind enough
To be bored with such a nuisance as you.

‘ Write as soon as you can,
That’s a good little man,
And direct your Epistle to me ;
Meanwhile I remain,
Till I see you again,
Your affectionate sire,—R. H. B.’

CHAPTER IV.

[1831—1835.]

Letter from Rev. E. Cannon—The Dulwich Fellowship—Opening of London Bridge—The borrowed Sermon—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Poetical Report of Harris v. Kemble—Establishment of the Garrick Club—Mr. Sydney Smith at St. Paul's—Sir Walter Scott—Death of Mr. Barham's second son—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Illusion—Motto—Lord Alvanley's bon mot—Mr. Samuel Arnold—Scott's Review of himself—Visit to Mrs. Hughes—Anecdotes—Dinners at the Garrick—Anecdotes—'My Cousin Nicholas'—'My Grandfather's Knocker'—Epigram—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Visit to Oxford—Appointment to the Chaplaincy of the Vintners' Company—Criticism on Macbeth—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'O no, we never mention him'—Roasted Turbot—Visit to Strand or Green—'Lines left at Hook's House'—Anecdotes—The Foreign Counts—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Mr. Smith's advice—'The two M.P.'s'—Dinner at Sydney Smith's—'Receipt for Salad.'

IN the Spring of 1831, Mr. Cannon became a candidate for a vacant fellowship at Dulwich College, and addressed a highly characteristic letter to my father on the subject. A comparison of its style with that of 'Godfrey Moss' before mentioned will show that the caricature, as it has been termed, is in no degree an exaggeration of the grotesque humour of the original :

Edward Cannon to R. H. B.

'March, 1831.

'My dear Dickums,—Dr. Moss is all for Dulwich ; the circumstances thereof suit me very well—salary

paid quarterly and nothing to do. I had thought the election was pulling papers out of a hat, and the successful boy drew out one on which "*Donum Dei*" was written. If it depends on people, get their names and I dare say we can get at them. I suppose six and eightpence is at the bottom of the thing as at the bottom of everything else in this world ; meanwhile, your zeal becomes you, although I do not see so strongly as you do the necessity of my showing my old face to the creatures. I can't run after them all over the town, but I have written—"Ah ! *written*," you'll say—stop a bit—to Linley, to ask him about it all. If introduction is necessary, he shall be the introducer. The Pope was too cool about it in his converse on Sunday. Whatever Linley thinks is right to be done, I'll awake and rise and do it. That, I think, will satisfy you. Did you send "*Intelligence*"? It came to-night. I see your claw in it—*Poetizums* and *Puffum Devilums*. Do send me "*Valpergis*" by "twopenny ;" I will repay thee.

'Yours always,

'DEANUMS.'

Mr. Barham did what he could in the way of canvassing, but his efforts were not seconded by the faintest show of activity on the part of his principal, whose indolence proved insuperable. As might be expected, Cannon was not even one of the two returned to try the curious *sortes* by which the election is determined.

'*Diary*: August 1.—The King opened London Bridge. I had read prayers to him and the Queen at the Chapel Royal the day before. Princess Mary (Duchess of Gloucester) there, the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain, and the Bishop of Chichester as Clerk of the Closet. Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, who was to have preached, neither came nor sent any notice of his intended absence. Great consternation in consequence, as neither I nor Holmes had come prepared with a sermon. Fortunately Lupton, deputy for Packe, had one in his pocket, which he preached.'

A similar defalcation occurred subsequently, when my father, for the first and last time, I believe, in his life, was compelled to preach before the King *extempore*.

On another occasion he found himself—this time by his own act and deed—in a more awkward position still. He had read prayers at the Chapel Royal, and been much struck by the excellent sermon of the Bishop of — on the subject of the day. With his own composition, which happened to be on the same text, he had from the first felt dissatisfied. It had been prepared at short notice, and was to have been preached for his friend Cannon in the evening, at St. George's, Hanover Square. It now appeared more imperfect than ever; so casting it aside, he contrived, between the morning and afternoon services, to write out from memory the one he had just heard delivered. Having again officiated at the

Chapel Royal, he went off to St. George's, where, as was not unusual for the preacher, he remained in the vestry until the termination of the prayers. On entering the pulpit, his consternation may be imagined at seeing, in a seat immediately opposite, the aforesaid eloquent Bishop of ——. No retreat was open—no time left to collect his thoughts for an extemporaneous essay. Besides, the congregation of the fashionable church was not only far more numerous, but far more critical, than that of the chapel at St. James's. There was nothing for it, but to face the difficulty; to forget the presence of the Bishop as far as possible, and to give the unfortunate discourse with what confidence he might. Happily he had some knowledge of his lordship, and was able to take an early opportunity of offering him an apology. The Bishop received it cordially enough, and said he felt thankful at having made an impression upon one at least of his hearers.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Park Cottage, Hanwell, August 8, 1831.

'My dear Madam,—I hasten, as in justice bound, to acquit Mr. Sharpe of the charge of negligence. The fact is I have been running all over Kent, while my menagerie of animals, wild and tame, have been recruiting their health here—

"Far from the world; its commerce and its cares,"
as the poet hath it. As I was wandering about on

strictly a journey of business, and had to visit Canterbury, Dover, and even that *ultima Thule* of abomination, Margate, in the course of my pilgrimage, I did not have my letters sent after me, consequently did not receive yours till I found them installed on my mantelpiece when I returned. As to that unfortunate man, C——, I hardly know what to say. It is impossible not to feel pity for the melancholy degradation of such talent as he, once at least, possessed, and if embarrassed circumstances and the anxiety and misery of mind necessarily attendant upon them be any excuse for intemperance, I fear he may plead it with too much truth. Now when we see the projectile force of—say five hundred duns—impelling on one side, and the seductive allurements of “Deady’s imperial, full proof Old Tom” sucking one down like a Charybdis on the other, both urging with united energy in the same direction, it is a matter of regret, perhaps rather than surprise, that a person originally, maybe, of a convivial temperament, should be whelmed in a vortex of gin and bitters. That there is something inexplicably soothing in these “compounds” when all the usual sources of consolation are cut off is unquestionable. *Tilburina* tells us—and truly—that “when the soul is sunk in comfortless despair it cannot taste of merriment,”—but it may of gin! while, if we are to believe Tom Moore, Lord Byron himself owed at least as much of his inspiration to Hodges as to Helicon. My own sentiments on the subject stand, or did some fifteen years

ago, recorded on the wainscot of the "worst inn's worst room," in the yillage of Nettlebed,—whither I was driven by a storm of rain for shelter,—written and composed under the immediate inspiration of "something short!"

' If torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul?

' Or can the Poet's boasted art,
To breasts that feel corroding care
The healing balm of peace impart,
And pluck the thorns engendered there?

' Ah no! in vain the verse may flow,
In vain the softest strain begin;
The only balm to soothe our woe
And hush our grief is—Deady's Gin!

' By this time, my dear madam, I dare say a lurking suspicion has crept into your mind that I am myself slightly under the influence of this favourite Hippocrene, and have been partaking somewhat too plentifully of the "great sublime I draw." At the risk, however, of confirming you in the impression, I cannot resist copying a stanza of one of our most loyal songs, which I was lucky enough to hear in passing through town, on the memorable 8th of August, while His Majesty was on his way to open

the new bridge. That it was composed under the inspiration of a "Muse of fire"—*i.e.*, gin, we cannot doubt, and I have transmitted it to Blackwood, *inter alia*, that it may find a place in his account of that august ceremony in the next "Noctes." Would I could have retained the whole, but the following lines are all I could carry away; they formed the chorus of the ballad:

"God save our great King William,
Be his name for ever blest;
He's the father of *all his people*,
And the guardian of *all the rest*!"

'As Tom Moore has left off writing verses except for the "Times," and O'Connell is incapable of perpetrating "Poethry," the credit of the authorship must remain at present in abeyance between O'Gorman Mahon and Dick Shiel, both lovers of the Muses—and of gin! Adieu, my dear Madam, and believe me to be

'Yours very faithfully,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

*A True and Particular Report of the case, Harris v. Kemble, as not heard in the House of Lords, September 5, 1831.**

Lord Mulgrave sat there,
With his fine head of hair,
While the Chancellor's look was so glum,

* The subject of this action was the validity of a lease granted by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to Mr. Charles Kemble.

That on t'other side Plunket
Appeared much to funk it,
And Lyndhurst kept biting his thumb.

In front Sir Edward,
His brief who had read hard,
Began to address these great men ;
While behind, Mr. Pepys
Sat drawing little ships
On the back of his brief with his pen.

Messrs. Pulman and Currie
Came up in a hurry,
In bag-wigs, knee-breeches, and swords,
As two gentlemen more
Set open a door,
And let in three queer-looking lords.

King Norroy, so great
In his tabard of state,
To the Chancellor then made a bow ;
In a kind of a growl, he
Says, ' Here's my Lord Cowley,
Who is come here to *promise and vow* !

Lord Brougham, for the Crown,
Says, ' My lord, pray sit down,
You're quite welcome—I never dissemble.'
So Lord C., after that,
Puts on his cocked hat,
And goes and sits down near Miss Kemble.

Then was heard a sad rout
In the lobby without,
As if twenty or more were a-talking;
And in came a summons,
'A message from the Commons!'
'Says the Chancellor, 'Pray let 'em walk in.'

Then Sir John Milley Doyle,
With a score more who toil
In committee, to wait longer scorning,
Came and said, 'We agree
Mrs. Turton to free
From her husband. We wish you good-morning.'

'Then,' says my Lord Brougham,
'It's high time to go home;
Sir Edward, pray stop your red rag!'
Then Councillor Pepys
Never opened his lips,
But popped his brief into his bag.

Then Sugden, so sly,
Gave a wink with his eye,
And shut up *his* brief without sorrow,
Saying, 'Earned with much ease,
This morning, my fees,
And hey for ten guineas to-morrow!'

Among the various departments of literature in which Mr. Barham sought relaxation, the drama occupied a very considerable portion of his attention. From the Greek tragedians to Shakespeare and the

more modern playwrights, there was scarcely an author possessed of any pretensions to merit with whose writings he was not familiar. His acquaintance, indeed, with the works of Shakespeare was such as to enable him, at one time, when his memory was in its full vigour, to supply the context to almost any quotation that could be made from them; to mention the play, the act, and generally the very scene from which it had been taken. Nor was his admiration for this species of composition confined merely to the *litera scripta*.

In early life, his own amateur performances had attracted the favourable notice of several 'regulars,' one of whom, an eminent actress, seriously assured him that with a little study he might soon arrive at a respectable position in the profession, and at all events make a very satisfactory stage villain.

In these circumstances, and firmly believing, as he did, that the stage, which afforded the most intellectual public amusement of the day, might also be made to conduce materially to moral progress, he naturally looked with great interest on the formation of the Garrick Club, which was established, mainly by the exertions of Mr. Frank Mills, with the design of constituting a society in which actors and men of education and refinement might meet on equal and independent terms. By the promoting easy intercourse between artists and patrons, by raising the tone of criticism, by the collection of a library of reference, especially of scarce and valuable works on

costume, and by the exercise of a salutary influence upon authors as well as managers and actors, it was hoped, as was expressed in the song commemorating the origin of the club :

‘ To bring back the Drama to glory again !’

How far this end was attained or kept in view, it is not necessary here to enquire, but something was certainly done to elevate the *status* of a profession which, more than any other, suffers from the effects of prejudice and misrepresentation. Of the ‘ Garrick ’ Mr. Barham was one of the original members, and the following lines, composed by him and set as a glee by Mr. Hawes, were sung at the opening dinner, in November, 1831 :

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
GARRICK CLUB.

Let poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless fame
The larceny of the Knave of Hearts,
Who spoiled his Royal Dame.

Alack ! my timid muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair QUEEN OF CLUBS !

The appointment of Mr. Sydney Smith to one of the canonries of St. Paul’s proved the means of introducing Mr. Barham to the society of that distinguished

individual, and events led afterwards to a pretty frequent correspondence between them, chiefly indeed bearing reference to matters of business, but abounding, on the part of the latter, with instances of that decided spirit and peculiar humour, inseparable from his writings and conversation. At first, I believe, Mr. Barham looked upon the introduction of the great Whig wit into the chapter with some feeling of misgiving, but the thorough honesty and kindheartedness of the new canon soon made themselves manifest. And differing, as they always did more or less, in political opinion, an appreciation of each other's worth gradually sprang up sufficient to induce a greater degree of intimacy than might, in the circumstances, have been expected.

The first appearance of Mr. Smith at the Cathedral, for the purpose of taking possession of his stall, is thus briefly noted :

' Oct. 2, 1831.—Rev. Sydney Smith read himself in as Residentiary at St. Paul's ; dined with him afterwards at Dr. Hughes's. He mentioned having once half offended Sam Rogers by recommending him, when he sat for his picture, to be drawn saying his prayers with his face in his hat.

' October.—Sir Walter Scott came to town on his way to Malta, and visited Dr. Hughes. Is much sunk in spirits, and told the doctor, on taking leave, that "he saw a broken man!"—in spirit, of course, as his circumstances are now reviving. He still, however, retains gleams of his former humour, and told

with almost his usual glee, the story of a placed minister, near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said : " Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him ? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark ; or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon ; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin——"

' Here an old woman, thinking to help the pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, " Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter !" (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast).

" Aiblins, madam, ye're 'an auld witch for taking the word o' God out of my mouth !" was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

' Mr. Lonsdale, late chaplain to the Archbishop, dined there, and, in a conversation which ensued, mentioned his having, in a late tour, fallen in with the original Dominie Sampson. This gentleman was a Mr. Thompson, the son of the placed minister of Melrose, and himself in orders, though without a manse. He had lived for many years as chaplain in Sir Walter's family, and was tutor to his children, who used to take advantage of his absence of mind to open the window while he was lecturing, get quietly out of it and go to play, a circumstance he would rarely perceive. Sir Walter had many opportunities of procuring him a benefice, but never dared avail himself of them, satisfied that his absence of mind would only

bring him into scrapes if placed in a responsible situation. Mr. T. was once very nearly summoned before the Synod for reading the "Visitation of the Sick" service from our Liturgy to a poor man confined to his bed by illness.'

July, 1832, brought with it a sudden and severe shock to Mr. Barham's domestic happiness; his second son was smitten by the cholera, then raging fearfully in London. The peculiar phenomena of this dreadful disease were developed in all their horrors in the case in question. Within the short space of four-and-twenty hours was compressed the sad succession of events, embracing health, sickness, death and burial.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Herne Bay, July 19, 1832.

'My dear Madam,—So kind a friend as you have ever proved yourself will, I am confident, rather have anticipated the occurrence of something extraordinary to account for my silence, than have accused me of ingratitude or neglect. I have, indeed, another and most melancholy call on you for that sympathy which your kind heart is so ready to extend to all. A week has now elapsed since it pleased Almighty God to visit me with a severe affliction—to take from me my poor boy George, of whom perhaps I was too fond; and that in a manner the most terrible and astounding. It was nearly two in the morning when I went into his room and kissed him, as I had always been in the habit of doing before retiring to rest. He awoke,

was in high spirits, and apparently, as I had seen him in the daytime, in the highest health. At five Mrs. Barham, who had been aroused by his calling from the adjoining room, woke me and told me he was in violent pain. Five minutes were sufficient to satisfy me that he was attacked by cholera, and, I had every reason to fear, in its most alarming form. My eldest boy flew to Mr. Burn, our apothecary, while I proceeded to Dr. Pearce's, in St. Helen's Place. He was at home, but, on being informed of the supposed nature of the complaint, declined coming "for an hour or so, as he never visited a cholera patient before he had his breakfast." Happily, as I then thought, Dr. Davies of Broad Street was less cautious, and in the kindest manner accompanied me back. His language, however, was anything but cheering, as he told me the disease had made tremendous progress in London within the last forty-eight hours, and with a character of far greater malignancy than it had exhibited on its first visit. He had himself, he said, seen eight patients in the evening previous, of not one of whom did he entertain any hopes. An hour had not elapsed from his first seizure when we reached my poor little sufferer, to whom Mr. Burn had for more than half that time been administering the most active medicines. I cannot describe to you the shock I experienced on my looking at him. The poor little fellow was so changed that none but a parent could have recognised his identity, and up to this moment I dare not recall his appearance to memory. My kind friend Dr.

O'Shaughnessy, who witnessed the ravages of this horrible pest at Warsaw, and was afterwards employed by Government, both at Paris and Sunderland, and who has perhaps more knowledge and experience of it than any man in Europe, was with us by eleven. The efforts of these gentlemen were at one time so successful that at half-past twelve we began to hope a reaction had taken place, and O'Shaughnessy, on taking leave, told me that he did hope the poor boy was one of a thousand, and that we had seen the worst. Poor George was at this moment even cheerful, and chatted, begging me to tell him stories, which I did till about four, when he fell into a gentle sleep, from which we augured the most favourable results. Poor child!—he never woke again, but dozed away, and slept out of life so gently that his mother continued rubbing his chest with a strong embrocation full twenty minutes after his gentle and affectionate spirit had quitted its tenement, without either of us being aware of the circumstance. Mr. Burn, however, who knew what had taken place, called me out, and informed me of it. I received the intelligence, not only with incredulity, but almost indignation; it was, however, too true. Of what passed afterwards, I can give you no account—it is a perfect blank in my memory—the suddenness of the blow was stunning. But a few hours before, the question was whether we should take him with us to the theatre, and now they asked me about his funeral—his *immediate* interment! God's hand pressed indeed heavily upon me, and I

fear my heart was not right towards Him, even when I said, "His will be done!" They told me to take courage and example from my wife, who had never quitted the poor child's bedside, and who now bore up with a fortitude that surprised them. But I was not to be deceived; I saw that it was not so much resignation as to the dead as alarm for the living that kept her up, and I knew from experience what the reaction would be when that fear was quieted.

'To my eldest son, I verily believe, I owe it that I am at this moment alive. He managed everything with an intelligence and sympathy far beyond his years; and two hours after they had placed my boy in the house appointed for all living, we found ourselves on the road to Parrock House. A severe attack which I had in the night caused the medical man to be sent for from Gravesend. We at first thought it was the same complaint, but it proved only a violent nervous affection, and the perfect quiet we experienced soon restored my bodily health; my mind will, I hope and pray, soon recover its tone also, although I fear this letter will give you no very favourable specimen of its present condition. I know my duty, however, and with the aid of that good God who even in His wrath thinketh upon mercy, will endeavour, and do endeavour, to perform it. In the meantime, as I had foreboded, my wife, when the necessity for exertion was over, sank into an abstraction which tells me that her grief is indeed deeply seated. From his quiet, domestic, and affectionate habits, the poor boy who is

gone had perhaps wound himself closer round our hearts than some other of our children whose bolder and more independent habits seemed less to require that constant and affectionate attention without which he was unhappy. Many a care and fear, as well as many a hope, are now buried with him in his early grave; but it is in sincerity and truth that I am now enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

'We have been now four days at this place, the retirement of which and the absence of all other society than that of our remaining children, all of whom are with us, have done much to tranquillise the minds of both of us. Twice before I have attempted to address you, but could not succeed. Ordinary occupation is, I am convinced, not only beneficial but necessary to me, and I shall endeavour to resume mine forthwith. Fortunately, there are several things which call upon me for immediate exertion. The proofs of Mr. Hughes's poem have been forwarded to me here. I return them to Moyes by this post, with directions to him to send the copies when corrected to Mr. Hogan Smith. May I trust to Mr. Hughes's kindness to make my excuses to that gentleman for my neglect of his last letter? I am sure he will forgive me when he knows how I have been situated.

'I am sorry to say, from letters received from town this morning, that this horrible plague continues its ravages in the city. Of Dr. Davies's eight patients, four died the same day with my poor boy, and the

others since ; and I learn that twelve are now lying dead in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Paul's Churchyard. In the meantime Government are using all their influence with the Press to make as light as possible of the business, in order to prevent the necessity of declaring London a foul port. God bless you, my dear madam, and preserve you and all dear to you from this and all other calamities—is the sincere prayer of your ever obliged

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

About a year and a half after the occurrence of this calamity my father, being on duty, went one Sunday to perform the evening service at the Chapel Royal. He officiated alone ; and at the conclusion of the prayers, returned to the vestry to unrobe. It was a long, irregularly shaped room, with closets at the farther end appropriated to the vestments of the clergy. Always ill-lit, it happened on this particular winter's night to be unusually gloomy. There was, however, sufficient light cast by the solitary lamp for Mr. Barham on entering to discern, as he declared he did, the figure of his deceased son. He appeared to be standing in the middle of the room ready to receive the surplice, which he was in the habit of doing whenever he accompanied his father to the chapel. Mr. Barham was not a little startled at the moment, but quickly recovering himself, advanced towards the figure, which retreated into one of the closets which was open and disappeared in the obscurity. My

father attributed the illusion mainly to his having gone many hours without food.

'November 17.—Dined with Mr. (Sydney) Smith. He told me of the motto he had proposed for Bishop Burgess's arms, in allusion to his brother, the well-known fish-sauce projector :

"*Gravi jamdudum saucia curâ !*"

'February 9, 1833.—Dined, for the first time, at the Beefsteak Club, held at the Bedford till the rebuilding of Arnold's theatre. The members present were Mr. Lewin (in the chair), Stephenson (vice), the Duke of Leinster, Lord Saltoun, Sir Andrew Barnard, Sir Roland Ferguson, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Messrs. Hallett, Peake, Linley, and Arnold. All very amusing. Jokes of Lord Alvanley mentioned. At the late fête at Hatfield House, *tableaux vivants* were among the chief amusements, and scenes from "Ivanhoe" were among the selections. All the parts were filled up but that of "Isaac of York." Lady Salisbury begged Lord Alvanley "to make the set complete by doing the Jew." "Anything in my power your ladyship may command," replied Alvanley, "but though no man in England has tried oftener, I never could *do a Jew* in my life."

'He half affronted Mr. Greville, with whom he was dining. The dining-room had been newly and splendidly furnished, whereas the dinner was but a very meagre and indifferent one. While some of the guests were flattering their host on his taste, magnifi-

cence, etc.," "For my part," said his lordship, "I had rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

'One day, boasting of the convenience of his own house, which had one door opening into the park and another into the street, he said: "When a dun knocks at the one, I have nothing to do, you see, but to walk out of the other." "Why, your creditors," observed Hook, who was present, "must think you a descendant of *Owing Two Door!*"'

Of the Mr. Samuel Arnold just mentioned, Mr. Barham observes elsewhere: 'I first met him at Hawes's, several years before the institution of the "Garrick," where he was a member of the committee at the same time with myself. I encountered him the morning after his theatre (the English Opera House, afterwards the Lyceum) was burnt down, by which he lost £60,000, and never saw a man meet misfortune with so much equanimity. Arnold was one of the leading members of the Beefsteak Club, where he was called "the Bishop."'

To authors' oaths, as well as to those of lovers, Jove, it is to be hoped, is particularly indulgent; for, assuredly, whatever amount of affirmative perjury may be incurred by the latter, it is to the full paralleled by the ample negations put forth by the former. Southey distinctly denied the authorship of 'The Doctor.' But, perhaps, a greater degree of 'nerve' was exhibited by Mr. Sydney Smith, who, positively disowning all connection with the 'Plymley Letters' in one edition, actually published them in a collection

of his acknowledged works some few months after. The mystery that hung so long around the Wizard of the North is yet more notorious ; the anecdote which follows may serve to show the anxiety of the ' Great Unknown ' to preserve his incognito :

' *February 11.*—Dined with Sir George Warrender at his house in Albemarle Street. Met Lord Saltoun, John Wilson Croker, Sir Andrew Barnard, Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty, John Murray, the publisher ; Mr. Littleton, Sir Charles Bagot, Mr. Lee, an artist ; Francis Mills, and James Smith.

' Murray told me that Sir Walter Scott, on being taxed by him as the author of " Old Mortality," not only denied having written it, but added, " In order to convince you that I am not the author, I will review the book for you in the Quarterly," which he actually did, and Murray still has the MS. in his handwriting.

' Sir George Warrender said that, returning once from Windsor with the Duke of Wellington in his cab, the Duke drove so furiously and so badly, narrowly escaping collision with several drags, etc., that he, Sir George, was much alarmed, and begged him not to drive so fast. " Pooh, pooh!" said his Grace, " where there is no fear there is no danger!" " My dear Duke," returned Sir George, " if fear is the criterion of danger, for Heaven's sake stop and let me out, for I never was in such a funk in my life!"

' *July 3, 1833.*—Visit to Mrs. Hughes at Kingston

Lisle. From letters of Sir Walter Scott, it appears that Lord Webb Somerset, brother to the Duke of Beaufort, was the author of the note to "Rokeby" containing the legend of Littlecote Hall, and that Miss Hayman furnished him with the ballad, "The spirit of the blasted tree" in "Marmion."

"Dandie Dinmont" was one Jamie Davison, who lived in Liddesdale, and died in September, 1823. When the minister, who had paid him several visits during his illness, called for the last time on the morning of his death, the good man enquired as to the state of his mind :

"Eh, minister, ye're vara gude, and Ise muckle obleeged to ye ; eh, sir, it's a great mercy that I sulde be able to look out of window the morn and get a sight o' the hounds ; it's just a mercy they sulde rin this way. 'Twad ha' bin too much for a puir sinner like me to ha' expeckit a sight o' the tod ! sae thank the Lord for a' things !"

'The circumstances attending "Tony Foster's" death, as described in "Kenilworth," are taken from a real incident recorded in the third volume of the Duc de St. Simon's memoirs. There an account is given of the death of an avaricious Master of Requests at Lyons, named Pecoil, who had contrived a recess within his cellar closed by a heavy iron door, within which he was in the habit of depositing his hoards. By some means the lock at last got hampered, and on one of his visits he was unable to let himself out again. He was eventually discovered lying on his

treasures dead, and having previously begun to gnaw one of his arms.

'Mrs. Hughes repeated several anecdotes which she had heard from the mouth of Sir Walter himself; among them one of Lady Johnson, sister to the late Earl of Buchan and Lord Erskine, and widow of Sir J. Johnson. When on her death-bed, a few hours prior to her dissolution, she had her notice attracted by the violence of a storm which was raging with great fury out of doors. Motioning with her hand to have the curtains thrown open, she looked earnestly at the window through which the lightning was flashing very vividly, and exclaimed to her attendants: "Gude faith, but it's an unco awfu' night for me to gang bleezing through the lift!"

'Another story told by Sir Walter was of a drunken old laird, who fell off his pony into the water while crossing a ford in Ettrick.

"Eh, Jock," he cried to his man, "there's some puir body fa'en into the water; I heard a splash; who is it, man?"

"Troth, laird, I canna tell; forbye it's no yersel," said John, dragging him to the bank. The laird's wig meanwhile had fallen off into the stream, and John, in putting it on again placed it inside out. This, and its being thoroughly soaked, annoyed the old gentleman who refused to wear it:

"Deil ha' my saul, it's flae my ain wig; what for do ye no get me my ain wig, ye ne'er-do-weel?"

"Eh, then, laird, ye'll no get ony ither wig the

night, sae'en pit it on again. There's nae sic a wale of wigs in the burnie, I jalouse."

"Another of his stories was of a party of Highland gentlemen who continued drinking three whole days and nights successively, without intermission :

"Hech, sirs," cried one at last, "but McKinnon looks gash !"

"What for should he no," returned his neighbour, "has na' the chiel been dead these twa hoors ?"

"Dead !" repeated his friend, "an' ye did na' tell us before !"

"Hoot, man," was the answer, "what for should I ha' spoiled good company for sic a puir bit bodie as yon ?"

'Diary.—March 24, 1834.—Dined at the "Garrick;" Mr. Williams, the banker, in the chair ; Fladgate, croupier ; Charles Mathews (the father), E. Parrott, Westmacott, the sculptor ; Mortimer Drummond, T. Clarke, Tom Hill, J. R. Durrant, W. Beloe, myself, and John Murray. We twelve were seated when Hook arrived. He looked at first very blank on finding himself the *thirteenth*, but being told that Charles Young the actor was expected immediately, took his seat, and we had a very pleasant evening. C. Mathews gave a very amusing account of poor Dicky Suett's funeral, which he had attended as a mourner. Suett lies buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the burial-ground belonging to St. Faith, nearly opposite the shop of Dollond the optician, and just within the rails. Suett had been brought up originally as a boy

in the choir. Mathews and Captain Caulfield (whom I have often seen perform, and whose personation of Suett, Matthews said, was much more perfect than his own) were in the same coach with Jack Banister and Palmer. The latter sat wrapt up in angry and indignant silence at the tricks which the two younger mourners (who, by the way, had known but little of Suett, and were invited out of compliment) were playing off; but Banister, who was much affected by the loss of his old friend nevertheless could not refrain from laughing occasionally in the midst of his grief, and while the tears were actually running from his eyes. Mr. Whittle, commonly called "Jemmy Whittle," of the firm of Laurie and Whittle, stationers in Fleet Street, was an old and intimate friend of Suett's. As the procession approached, he came and stood at his own door to look at it, when Caulfield called out to him from the mourning-coach, in Suett's voice:

"Aha! Jemmy—O la! I'm going to be buried O la! O lawk! O dear!"

'Whittle ran back into the house absolutely frightened. Similar scenes took place the whole of the way. The burial service was read, when, just as the clergyman had concluded it, an urchin seated on a tombstone close by the rails began clapping his hands. The whole company were struck by this singular conclusion to a theatrical funeral; but the boy when questioned and taken to task for the indecency said:

“La! there was only them two dogs outside as wanted to fight, and was afraid to begin, so I did it to set 'em on.”

‘Mathews also gave a very entertaining account of his having been recommended by Mr. Lowdham, a member of the club, to stop at a particular inn in Nottingham, when upon his last theatrical tour. He found it, however, quite a third-rate inn, and could get no attendance. Half-a-dozen different people successively answered the bell when he rang, stared at him, said, “Yes, sir!” and went away; nor could he get anyone to show him into a private room, though he had bespoken one. At last a great lubberly boy came blubbering into the room, when Mathews addressed him very angrily:

‘*M.*—“When am I to have my private room?”

‘*Boy.*—“We ha’n’t got none but one, and that’s bespoken for Mathews the player.”

‘*M.*—“Well, I am Mathews the player, as you call him.”

‘*Boy.*—“Oh, then you may come this way!”

‘He was ushered at length into a room with a fire just lighted, and full of smoke; still there was nothing to be got to eat, while Mathews, who had travelled between forty and fifty miles that day, was very hungry.

‘*M.*—“Send me up the master of the house! Where is the master?”

‘*Boy.*—“He’s dead, sir!”

‘*M.*—“Then send the mistress.”

'*Boy*.—"Mother's gone out!"

'*M*.—"Well, do let me have something to eat, at all events. Can you get me a mutton chop?"

'*Boy*.—"Not till mother comes home."

'*M*.—"Well, then, some cold meat—anything. Confound it, boy, have you got nothing in the house?"

'*Boy*.—"Yes, sir!"

'*M*.—"Well, what is it, then?"

'Here the poor boy burst into a flood of tears and blubbered out—"An execution, sir!"

'Late in the evening Young did come, and sang with great taste and feeling Sheridan's "When 'tis night." Hook improvised, as usual with him, on the company, but was not altogether so happy as I have sometimes heard him.'

The only event in the year 1834 of any importance of which Mr. Barham has left any note is the appearance in the pages of '*Blackwood*' of his novel, '*My Cousin Nicholas*.'

The completion and publication of this story were immediately owing to the kindly interference of Mrs. Hughes. Having read '*Baldwin*,' and having learnt that another tale was lying unfinished in Mr. Barham's desk, she prevailed upon him to lend her the manuscript. So favourable was her opinion of its merits, that without more ado she submitted it to the inspection of Mr. Blackwood, and the first intimation the author received of the circumstance was conveyed in the shape of a packet containing the proof-sheets of the opening chapters. As his zealous friend had

pledged her word for the continuation of the work, all retreat was cut off; there was nothing for it but diligently to take the matter in hand, and endeavour to surmount those obstacles that had caused him to lay his pen aside. Whatever the difficulties may have been, they were speedily overcome; 'My Cousin's' adventures were carried on monthly with spirit, and the catastrophe was worked up in a manner that certainly brought no discredit on the earlier portions of the novel.

Mr. Barham always asserted that he was singularly deficient in the faculty of invention. 'Give me a story to tell,' he would say, 'and I can tell it, in my own way; but I can't invent one!' He instanced as a solitary exception a fairy tale, 'wrung from him by his children,' entitled 'Prince Tantadlin the Fat, and the Princess Skinilina, with their strange adventures in pursuit of the Balsam of Crackiponoko, which made fat people thin and thin people fat.' It was a capital story for young folk, and old too, but unluckily was never committed to paper. 'My Cousin Nicholas,' too, might, I think, be fairly cited as a witness to the injustice of the disclaimer, although there is no doubt that the character of his hero's escapades was suggested by an event which occurred in the life of the author's father, and which the former once thought of producing under the title of 'My Grandfather's Knocker!' The circumstances, as nearly as I can recollect them, were as follows:

Somewhere about a century ago, rather more than

less, Richard Barham, of Parmstead, became by marriage the owner of some property—principally hop-gardens—lying in close vicinity to Canterbury, and also of a large red-brick house situated within the city walls. It is, I believe, still in existence, enclosed by its high garden walls, above which the tops of a few trees look down refreshingly upon the narrow streets of Burgate. But in addition to house and land, Mrs. Barham brought her husband in due time a son and heir—Richard Harris, the father of the subject of this memoir. Having reached man's estate, Richard Harris declined longer residence in the red-brick house—which was only occasionally inhabited by his father, who spent a good deal of his time at Tapton Wood—and set up a bachelor's establishment for himself. One morning the elder gentleman, who seems to have been of a peppery turn, was roused to fury by the disappearance of a magnificent brass knocker which had hitherto formed the glory of his front-door. It had clearly been wrenched off in the course of the night, by way of a 'spree,' as this lively diversion afterwards came to be called. Mr. Barham *senior* raved; Mr. Barham *junior* condoled; both were indignant. But nothing came of raving, condolence, or indignation! The offender could not be punished, for the offender could not be found, and so by degrees the offence dropped out of memory. It chanced, some time after, that on a certain day the old gentleman rode in from the country, and, not disposed to spend the evening alone in his own rather gloomy mansion, he

betook him to the lodging of his son. Richard Harris was of course delighted to see his father, and taxed his resources to the uttermost in the endeavour to entertain him. Dinner was discussed, and after dinner a liberal allowance of port wine,* and then, according to the fashion of the age, preparations were made for winding up the feast with a bowl of punch. 'The materials' were at hand and available—all save the sugar, and the sugar was in large refractory lumps that defied ordinary manipulation. The housekeeper was accordingly summoned, and desired to reduce a sufficient quantity of the 'best loaf' to powder. Quietly proceeding to a cupboard in the room, the woman provided herself with an implement which, if not expressly constructed for the purpose of trituration, was evidently well enough adapted to it, and commenced pounding away. The old gentleman raised his eyes at the noise, then sprang to his feet, then fired off expression after expression of a sort that no old gentleman ought to fire off. It must, however, be admitted that the provocation was not a slight one, for there was the solution of the mystery—there, in

* I am not speaking at haphazard here. My grandfather always drank a bottle of port wine a day. The doctors interfered at last when his bulk became enormous, and limited him to a pint. 'Well,' said he, 'if I am to have only a pint, a pint it shall be; I will not be fobbed off with one of those abominations that contain little more than a half.' And so, anticipating the imperial measure movement, he had a number of bottles made expressly for him, holding each a legitimate pint. One pint of wine, however, he found scarcely sufficient, and so he tried two, thus, in place of reducing his former allowance by half, increasing it by about a third. They argued with him, but he persisted in his opinion that two pints were equal to one bottle, and that one bottle of port could not hurt any man. He died at forty-eight!

calm complacency, was his son's cook hammering away at the loaf-sugar with the desecrated brass knocker of which he had been so heartlessly bereaved! Mr. Barham *senior* left the house immediately, would listen to no excuses, but executed a fresh will forthwith, leaving his property to be divided between his two daughters, and refused to hold any further communication with his truly penitent son. The alienation lasted for a year or two. Then at length the remonstrances of friends prevailed, and forgiveness was extended, I am exceedingly happy to say, to my too mercurial grandfather.

Of the minor characters presented in the novel, one at least was taken from the life. There are doubtless many Oxford men yet living who can remember 'Doctor Toe' (as from a peculiarity of his gait he was nicknamed), the Dean of Brasenose, and the hero of Reginald Heber's 'Whippiad.' Not only defeated in battle within his very stronghold—

'Where whiten'd Cain the wrath of Heaven defies,
And leaden slumbers close his brother's eyes,
Where o'er the porch in brazen splendour glows
The vast projection of the mystic nose,'

but—more bitter humiliation still—jilted in love, deserted by his affianced bride, who ran off with her father's footman, the unfortunate doctor was the object of a number of University squibs, and among them of an epigram worth repeating :

• Twixt Footman John and Doctor Toe
• A rivalry befell,
• Which of the two should be the beau
• To bear away the belle.

The Footman won the lady's heart,
And who can blame her? No man—
The whole prevailed against a part,
'Twas *Footman versus Toe-mdn!*

The burlesque personification of 'Doctor Toe' is said to have been actually perpetrated by an ancestor of the present Lord Lyttelton. And again, the denial of his father by Nicholas—an incident subsequently introduced by Mr. Boucicault in his popular comedy of 'London Assurance'—is no fiction, but owes its origin to a similar prank played by the well-known humourist, Bonnell Thornton. Of the first appearance of 'My Cousin Nicholas' in public Mr. Barham thus writes :—

To Mrs. Hughes.

'St. Paul's Churchyard, March 29, 1834.

'My dear Madam,—By the time this reaches you, you will, I trust, have seen in print the reason why I have not before availed myself of the permission to address you occasionally which you were kind enough to continue to me when last I had the pleasure of seeing you in London. Blackwood can be, whether you know it or not, a great "worry;" and having put all he had of "My Cousin Nicholas" into type, he has ever since been uproarious, what he calls "stirring me

up," and crying with the horse-leech's daughter "Give! Give!" though I must in all honesty avow he is quite as ready to impart on his side, as he is insatiable in demanding. All the spare time therefore that I have had in this, as you well know it to be, the busiest period of the parson's year, has been devoted to copying and re-writing for him, till I am really grown almost to hate the sight of a pen. Last night I received his number for the ensuing month, which contains "Nicholas," or at least the first four chapters of his memoirs, and the "Tale of the Rhine." The latter is a pretty literal, but of course burlesque, version of a remarkably absurd, but showy, piece brought out at the Adelphi, the success of which has induced half the theatres in London—Covent Garden, which ought to scorn such piracy, among the number—to exhibit the same thing with little more of change than that of name. The same parcel conveyed a note to me from "Ebony," in which he threatens us with a new "Noctes" next month, and asks for "some *jeux d'esprit*, if I have any by me," to help him out. But, alas, as a drysalter of this kind of commodity, I am lamentably off for stock, and find myself obliged to confess the truth of your old acquaintance L——'s observation. when he told Mr. Sydney Smith last Sunday, in animadversion on the want of general co-operation in "the body," that they "had no *jeu d'esprit* among them." His reverend host, without admitting or denying the fact, hinted that it was not

their only want, and that a French dictionary, to some of them, was at least as great a desideratum.

‘The name of Oxford reminds me that I have to communicate, what I am sure you will sympathise with me in, my great satisfaction and delight at having got Mr. Dick fairly on the books at Oriel. This I owe solely to the goodness of the Bishop, who has on this, as on every other occasion, acted towards me with a degree of kindness my sense of which I really want words to express. Not content with writing to Dr. Hawkins on the subject for me, when he found that the college was so full that, in the ordinary course of rotation, so long a period must elapse that the “exhibition from St. Paul’s School would necessarily be forfeited, he applied a second and a third time, till he not only got him on the Provost’s private list, but even at the top of that list, for the very first vacancy ; and two days after a vacancy actually took place. Within an hour after its announcement the new candidate for “Alma Mater” and myself were on the top of the Oxford coach, which deposited us in six hours safe at the “Angel.” The next day we dined in Hall at Oriel with the Bishop’s nephew, Mr. Edward Copleston, who gave Dick a good rattling examination more than an hour long, and one which would have made my hair stand on end in my best days. He got through it, however, I am happy to say, so that after breakfasting with the Provost the next morning, the hero of the “Long-tailed Coat” was enabled to say in verity, “Upon my life I am a *man*

indeed, and not a schoolboy, nor Christophero Sly." If Lavater's system be not altogether a dream—if there be any faith at all to be placed in the expression of the human face divine—then was the newly matriculate "*man* of Oriel" as high in the seventh heaven as the ennobled tinker; and I must question whether the imposition of a mitre ever imparted greater satisfaction to the wearer than did that of the trencher cap (the one which of all in the shop had the longest tassel) in this instance. "Hostess, a cup of the smallest ale!" quoth I, as the similarity of what the dramatic folks call "situation" struck me most forcibly. We drank it at the "Angel" door, while the clock of St. Mary's was striking eleven, and at six o'clock I was seated at Vivian's, in Guildford Street, at dinner with a party to which I had been for some time engaged. The absolute necessity of my being in London the following day indeed, and the suddenness of our call to the University, alone prevented my carrying into execution a plan I had very much at heart, viz., that of taking the liberty of calling at Kingston Lisle in my way home.

'I have little or no news to tell you, though we are not quite so dull here just at present as we, or at least I, have been. I have had two dinners lately, both of them amusing enough in their way, and the more so, perhaps, from the contrast they offer to each other. The one was with my Lord Mayor, whom I attended in my capacity of Chaplain to the Worshipful Company of Vintners (of which he is a member), off the

occasion of his presenting the livery of that company and the freedom of the City, in an oak box (for the precious metals are rarely now called into play on these occasions), to the redoubted Captain —, who prosed in a style decidedly hyperborean, and who, though he has found out the magnetic pole, seems, as far as I can judge, little likely to discover the longitude. The gold plate was superb, and the banquet faultless. The few speeches that were made were of the most approved fashion—"Unaccustomed as I am to speaking, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton," etc. etc. And as the "Morning Post" saith, "The evening concluded with the utmost festivity."

'The other was a small quiet party at the "Garrick," where a dozen persons sat down to a "leg of mutton and trimmings," the latter end of last week.

'Hook and Mathews, who were of the party, worried John Murray—whom the former named (from his incautiously giving his opinion of a book of which, it came out, he had only seen the back) "the Hind-Quarterly Reviewer"—in a manner that, as "Ebony" would say, "It was just a curiosity to see!" About the small hours Hook started off, as he often does when in his happiest vein, in an improvisatory gallopade, and gave every one in the room his extempore stanza, and every stanza, as usual, an epigram.

'And now, my dear Madam, let me take my leave while you have any patience left. Mr. Capel, who was of the party at the Mansion House, enquired earnestly after you, and, when I told him I was about to write,

begged me to add his kindest remembrances to those of, my dear Madam,

‘Your ever obliged servant,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

The election of Mr. Barham to the chaplaincy of the Vintners’ Company, alluded to in the foregoing letter, added not a little to his professional duties, involving as it did a weekly visit to the Company’s alms-houses at Mile End, where, besides the performance of divine service, the little and sometimes large differences incidental to a colony of twelve elderly ladies afforded ample employment for the morning. This post enabled him to appreciate the worth and charitable feeling of bodies of men whom it is too much the fashion to hold up to ridicule, if not opprobrium.

*‘Diary: May, 1834.—*William Linley, brother to the first Mrs. Sheridan, though a man of the world, and a member of the celebrated “Beefsteak Club,” the hoaxing propensities of whose members are so proverbial, was a man of great good-nature and still greater simplicity of mind. He always occupied a particular table at the “Garrick,” and, though a general favourite, was somewhat too fond of reciting long speeches from various authors, generally Shakespeare. It was one day in this month, that he had begun to spout from the opening scene in “Macbeth,” and would probably have gone through it if I had not cut him short at the third line—

“When the hurly-burly’s done,”

with, “What on earth are you talking about? Why, my dear Linley, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakespeare as yourself should adopt that nonsensical reading! What is ‘*hurly-burly*,’ pray? There is no such word in the language; you can’t find an allusion to it in Johnson.” Linley, whose veneration for Dr. Johnson was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said:

“Indeed! are you sure there is not? What can be the reason of the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakespeare.”

“No such thing,” was the reply; “it appears so, indeed, in one or two early editions, but it is evidently mistranscribed. The second folio is the best and most authentic copy, and gives the true reading, though the old nonsense is still retained upon the stage!”

“Indeed! and pray what do you call the true reading?”

“Why, of course, the same that is followed by Johnson and Steevens in the edition upstairs—

‘When the *early purl* is done;’

that is, when we have finished our ‘early purl’—*i.e.*, directly after breakfast.”

‘Linley was startled, and, after looking steadily at me to see if he could discover any indication of an intention to hoax him, became quite puzzled by the gravity of my countenance, and only gave vent in a

hesitating tone, half-doubtful, half-indignant, to the word "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense? It is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Steevens says in his note upon the passage."

'The book was accordingly sent for, but I took good care to intercept it before it reached the hands of Linley, and taking it from the servant, pretended to read from the volume—

"When the hurly-burly's done."

"Some copies have it, 'When the *early purl* is done;' and I am inclined to think this reading the true one, if the well-known distich be worthy of credit—

'Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer
Came to England all in one year.'

This would seem to fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into the country to about that period of Henry VIII.'s reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may perhaps have been intended by the poet as a delicate compliment. Purl, it is well known, was a favourite beverage at the English Court during the latter part of the sixteenth century; and from the epithet then affixed to it, 'early,' an adjunct which it still retains, was no doubt in common use for breakfast at a time when the China trade had not yet made our ancestors familiar

with the produce of the tea-plant. Theobald's objection, that, whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the Court of Elizabeth, the mention made of it at that of Macbeth would be a gross anachronism, may be at once dismissed as futile. Does not Shakespeare, in the very next scene, talk of

'Cannons overcharged with double cracks'?

and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the Court of Denmark, at a period coeval, or nearly so, with that under consideration—

'Hamlet, this purl is thine'?

"But, dear me," broke in Linley, "that is *pearl*, not purl. I remember old Packer used to hold up a pearl, and let it drop into the cup."

"Sheer misconception on the part of a very indifferent actor, my dear Linley, be assured."

'Here Beazley, who was present, observed, "'Early purl' is all very well, but my own opinion has always leaned to Warburton's conjecture that a political allusion is intended. He suggests

'When the *Earl of Burleigh's* done'?

that is, when we have 'done'—i.e., cheated or deceived, the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, in Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase among ourselves, 'you must get up very early in the morning to take in!'"

"But what had Macbeth or the witches to do with

the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff! nonsense!" said Linley, indignantly. And though Beazley made a good fight in defence of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for an instant.

"No, no," he continued, "the Earl of Burleigh is all rubbish, but there may be something in the other reading."

And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf, the unsuspecting critic went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Tom Hill, for whose acquaintance with early English literature he had a great respect, confirmed the emendation with

"'Early purl!' Pooh, pooh! to be sure it is 'early purl'; I've got it so in two of my old copies.'"

To Mrs. Hughes.

'St. Paul's Churchyard, June 26, 1834.

* * * * *

'I know your devotion to "Blackwood" too well to suppose that any of his numbers escape your notice; "Nicholas's" progress, therefore, will not be unknown to you. He begins to embarrass me cruelly. Like "Mr. Puff" in the "Critic," I have got him on the stage, and how to get him off again with decency Heaven knows. He cannot, any more than Sheridan's heroes, make his "exit praying;" and whether to break his neck out of a balloon, or blow him up in a powder-mill at Dartford, I am really, for the present, at a loss

to determine. It must be "as Fate and Fortune will, or as the Destinies decree," I suppose. We think of getting down to Hanwell for a week or two shortly, and then perhaps I may be able to pick up a little sentiment, for I really fear I must make "my cousin" fall in love, and grow as lackadaisical as Haynes Bayly. Nothing on earth, by the way, is so soothing as that gentleman's verses; but that he would be thought a plagiarist, I think "Nicholas" might do a little in that way, to the tune of *O no! we never mention him,* etc. etc.

They say that I am silent, and my silence they condemn,

For O! although they talk to me, I never talk to them!

I heed not what they think, although I know 'tis thought by some

That I am dumb or deaf, but O! I'm neither deaf nor dumb!

They say I'm looking sick and pale; and well indeed they may:

They tell me, too, that I am sad; I'm anything but gay!

They smile—but O! the more they smile, the more, alas! I sigh;

And when they strive to make me laugh, I turn me round and cry!

They bid me sing the song I sung, as I have sung before,

The song I sung no more I sing—my singing days are o'er!

They bid me play the fiddle too—my fiddle it is mute!
Nor can I, as I used to do, blow tunes upon the flute!

The feeling fain would soothe my woe, the heartless say I sham;

The ribald mock my grief, and call me—Sentimental Sam!

They cannot guess what 'tis I want—There's few indeed that can:

I want—

I want—

I want to be a butterfly, and flutter round a fan!

'But I really ought to be ashamed to take up your time with such rubbish, which I only insert for the lack of graver matter. Hook I saw yesterday; he is in high feather, and says the world is growing Tory again. He, John Murray, Hill, and your friend Mr. Lockhart, dined together the other day at a French *restaurateur's* near Regent Street on a roasted turbot. As this is a piece of epicurism which I never heard of before, I took the pains to go and ask how they managed to dress it, as it seems an unwieldy animal for the spit. A shilling to the *garçon* let me into the secret. It was put into the oven and *baked*! Nothing but villainy in this wicked world!

‘Pray give my very best regards to Mr. Hughes, who is, I hope, in excellent health, *cum suis*. God Bless you, my dear Madam; pray let me at your leisure have the pleasure of hearing that you are in good health and spirits, and believe me to remain, as ever.

‘Your obliged servant,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

During the months of June and July, 1834, Mr. Barham spent his summer holidays at Strand-on-Green, where he had engaged a snug little cottage. Hanwell was his usual retreat, his duties rarely allowing him to select one beyond the reach of the great bell of Paul's; but this year he pitched upon Strand-on-Green, with some design, I believe, of ‘getting a little fishing.’ And for the first week or two, attempts were occasionally made upon the wary gudgeons of Kew, but the expedition generally ended in some grave piscatorial disaster—the line became inextricably tangled in a worse than Gordian knot, or the hooks got foul, and had to be extracted by a surgical operation from calf or coat-tail, or the worms broke loose and buried themselves in inaccessible corners of the waistcoat-pocket; and then rods and winches would be packed up, and the pleasure of the day began in earnest. At times, but not without expression of utter distrust of my competency as a waterman, he would permit me to scull him about the river, and one afternoon, on our finding ourselves

opposite the house of Theodore Hook at Fulham, he determined to land and make a call on his friend. Hook was not at home; so, having no card with him, Mr.^o Barham asked for pen and paper, and while standing in the hall scribbled off, in as short a time as the reader would take to copy them, the following:

*LINES LEFT AT HOOK'S HOUSE,
IN JUNE, 1834.*

As Dick and I
Were a sailing by
At Fulham Bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, 'Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

'I wonder,' says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, 'if he's in—I should like to try;'
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
'Father, suppose you land and see!'

'What! land and sea,'
Says I to he;
'Together! why Dick, why how can that be?'
And my oomical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the puff.

So we rows to shore,
 And knocks at the door—
 When William, a man I'd seen often before,
 Makes answer and says,
 'Master's gone in a chaise
 Call'd a homnibus, drawn by a couple of bays.'

So I says then,
 'Just lend me a pen ;'
 'I wull, sir,' says William—politest of men,
 So having no card, these poetical brayings
 Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

The 'politest of men,' who had lived many years with Hook, at last grew rich and independent. The latter used to say of him, that for the first three years he was as good a servant as ever came into a house ; for the next two a kind and considerate friend ; and afterwards an abominably bad master,

'*Diary: August 26, 1834.*—Party at Williams's. Macready, Jerdan, etc. Abbot had just disappeared, an execution having been put into the Victoria Theatre by Randle Jackson. Talleyrand spoken of as "having a cold grey eye, and perfect impassibility of feature." He being asked if Sebastiani was not a relative of Napoleon, answered, "Yes, while he was emperor ; not now !" Meeting the Duke of Wellington on his return from his installation as Chancellor of Oxford, he (Talleyrand) told him that he was now covered with glory ; adding that no doubt they would

end by making him a bishop; "*Vous finissez oû-j'ai commencé!*"

'Williams told me the history of Counts A—— and B——, whom I had met a few days before at Strand-on-Green. The former, a Venetian Greek, had just married his second wife. His first had brought him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, of which he sold out seven thousand for the purpose of pigeoning a young man of more money than wit, residing in this neighbourhood. His associates, however, a Pole and a Frenchman, finding that he had actually got this money, thought they might make a better thing of it by turning the tables. They went therefore and let the intended victim into the secret, kept the appointment, and having won all the Count's seven thousand pounds, broke up the party. His second wife's fortune was large, but settled upon herself. He wore a profusion of diamond rings, studs, etc., and looked the very *beau idéal* of a handsome sharper. His friend too was a very handsome man. He sang beautifully, and accompanied himself with considerable skill on the guitar. He was said to be a noble Pole, exiled for political offences. He had just got into some scrape at Cheltenham, which he had been obliged to leave in consequence; and though exceedingly gentlemanly and insinuating in his manners, was, I have no doubt from what I heard, a thorough scamp. Macready told a story of George Bartley, the actor, who, it seems, is not popular in the profession, being considered a sort of time-server:

"There goes Georgius," said some one. "Not Georgium Sidus," replied Keeley; "Yes," added Power, "Georgium *Any*-sidus."

To Mrs. Hughes.

'London, November 1, 1834.

'How is it, my dear Madam, that, while we are familiar with what is going on at Brussels and Madrid, we know nothing of what is passing under our very noses? You will no doubt think it strange that the first intimation I have had of Mr. ——'s nuptials should be from Kingston Lisle! Yet so it was; and the fact confirms me fully in Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion, that no man knows anything of what is done before his face. Since you have given me a clue, however, I have followed it up, and find that a very amusing interview took place between the expectant bridegroom and Mr. (Sydney) Smith, whose consent he thought it necessary to obtain for the marriage: "Be a fool, sir, if you will be a fool!" was the gracious accordance to the enamoured swain's petition, and your vivid imagination will paint to you, in much livelier colours than I can, the mode in which Oroon dates hung his ears as he walked off with this canonical authority to be frisky.

'And now let me thank you, which I do most gratefully, for your fine moral poem, which has amused my wife and myself amazingly. I have not yet read "Ayesha," but shall do so forthwith, Inshallah! In the meanwhile, I have picked out enough of the story

from the reviews to appreciate the excellence of the principles you inculcate. I have ever been the enemy of sans-culottism in all its ramifications, and am delighted with so admirable a testimonial to the value of that fine old national appendage to Toryism which, by an odd jumble of the numbers, O'Connell would call "A Breeches." It is a noble institution, which seems always to have flourished and decayed as good or evil principles have prevailed in a state; and one of the worst features in the French Revolution was its contempt of this splendid proof of the wisdom of our ancestors. The history of "A Breeches," from the fall to the nineteenth century, would afford grave matter for reflection to the poet, the philosopher, and the statesman, and nothing but the conviction of my being incompetent to the task of worthily handling so great a subject prevents my undertaking it. What a halo of glory John Wilson would throw around the most tattered pair of "Galligaskins" that ever affected to envelop the nether end of a lowlander!

'I turn with reluctance from so interesting a theme, but the mention of Wilson naturally carries my thoughts towards Edinburgh. I have had a very excellent letter from Robert Blackwood with the last proofs of "Nicholas," which is now in type, and will appear in the December number. From Cadell's people I find with pleasure that the late Baillie's old friends have rallied well round the family, and if they can but keep the Wilsonian stream within its banks, I should not be surprised if "Maga" even

rises in circulation. There will be a double number next month.

‘I have just had a letter from Dick ; he has now been a fortnight domiciled at Oriel, close to “Sally,” an approximation which sounds rather dangerous, and at first affected his mother with a vague apprehension, not unlike that which seized upon the mamma of a Cambridge student, on being told that her son was “sticking close to Catherine Hall.” Mr. Hughes, however, will be able to inform you what sort of a belle “Sally”* is. His rooms, which, however, he will only keep this term, are confessedly the worst in college ; but he has been, and thinks himself, much too fortunate in getting in at all, to whisper the ghost of a murmur at the temporary inconvenience. That they are not *à la Louis Quatorze* you will conceive, when I tell you that I have just remitted nine pounds three shillings in payment “for all those movables whereof his predecessor stood possessed ;” and as a bed, and its concomitants, form items in the inventory, I conclude that either it is not stuffed with eider-down, or that he has got his furniture a bargain.

‘I very much regret to hear what you tell me of poor Mr. Southey’s situation. A heart like his does not the less speak because a strong sense of religious duty induces him to attempt to silence it. Let us hope he will be spared the additional affliction which you appear to anticipate.† I should be the most

* The chapel bell was so named.

† The affliction alluded to was the insanity of Mrs. Southey.

ungrateful of beings if I did not sympathise with ~~offe~~^{one} to whom I am indebted for more comfort and resignation under calamity than to any other source save one. Of news, public or private, I have little to tell you. You have, of course, heard of Tom Duncombe's absurd challenge to Fraser, for quizzing his liaison with Madame Vestris ; if not, the enclosed doggrel will make you *au fait* of the facts.

‘THE TWO M.P.’S.’

(*Magazine Publisher, and Member of Parliament.*)

BEING A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND
MILLING MATCH THAT DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.

‘Says Tom Duncombe to Fraser
T’other morning, “I say, sir,
You’ve called me a *Roué*, a Dicer, and Racer ;
Now I’d have you to know, sir,
Such names are ‘no go,’ sir ;
By Jove, sir, I never knew anything grosser.

“And then Madame Vestris
Extremely distress is
At your calling her Lais. She’s more like Thalestris,
As you’ll find, my fine joker,
If you only provoke her :
She’s a d—l if once she gets hold of a poker.

“ For myself, to be candid,
And not underhanded,
I write thus to say, I'll be hanged if I stand it.
So give up the name
Of the man or the dame
Who has made this infernal attack on my fame,
And recall what you've said of
• A man you're afraid of, [made of.
Or turn out, my Trump, and let's see what you're

“ I have 'barkers' by Nock, sir,
With percussion locks, sir,
Will give you your gruel—hang me if I box, sir,
And I've sent my old pal in,
My 'noble friend Allen,'
To give you this here, and to stop your caballing !”

‘ Then says Fraser, says he,
“ What a spoon you must be,
Tommy Duncombe, to send such a message to me :
Why, if I was to fight about
• What my friends write about,
My life I should be in continual fright about !

“ As to telling you who
Wrote that thing about you,
One word's worth a thousand—Blow me if I do !
If you *will* be so gay, sir,
The people *will* say, sir,
That you *are* a *Roué*,—and I'm

“ Yours,

“ JEMMY FRASER.”

'Hook is locking himself up and very busy' about something—what I don't know. I am afraid that *l'argent comptant* induces him to fritter himself away in the magazines when he should be flying at higher game. His autobiography of "Gurney," in the "New Monthly" is in some parts very funny, and not the less so for being little more than a literal narrative of some of his own early manœuvres. Of politics I know little and care less, for in times like these one acquires a recklessness that was once most foreign to us. But they say that the grand struggle is to be between Brougham and Lambton in the next session, and that the whole of the *soi-disant* Liberal press is to support the latter. If so, the Chancellor's nose will acquire tenfold flexibility; nor do I envy the noble coal merchant his antagonist. The "Globe" and "Chronicle," I think, already show symptoms of veering, and the "Times" has long been decidedly hostile to Brougham. Barnes, I hear, says that he put him on the woolsack, and will pull him off again. *Nous verrons* whether Macvey Napier and his "Edinburgh Review" can keep him on. They say that when a certain class of "reformers" fall out, honest men get their own. Let us hope it may so turn out. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to Mr. Hughes, and with the best and sincerest wishes towards yourself,

'Believe me to remain as ever,

'Your much obliged,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'*Diary*: November 16, 1834.—Dined with Sydney Smith. He said that his brother Robert had, in George III.'s time, translated the motto, "*Libertas sub rege pio*," "The pious King has got liberty under"; also that he had originally proposed to Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, as a motto for the "Edinburgh Review," "*Musam tenui meditamur avenâ*," "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

"If ever a religious war should arise again," he said, "I should certainly take arms against the Dissenters. Fancy me with a bayonet at the heart of an Anabaptist, with—'Your church-rate or your life!'"

'He said nothing should ever induce him to go up in a balloon, unless, indeed, it would benefit the Established Church. I recommended him to go at once, as there would at least be a chance of it.'

In a few days afterwards, Mr. Barham received the following invaluable recipe; it was forwarded from Taunton by post, without signature or comment of any kind; he, of course, had far too much respect for the modesty of the author to hazard even a conjecture as to his name. Others may be less scrupulous; under any circumstances, it is commended to the serious consideration of all housekeepers possessed of a spark of culinary enterprise, their special regards being directed to the final monition:

A RECEIPT FOR A WINTER SALAD.

(For five or six persons.)

LAST EDITION.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give ;
Of ardent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon ;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault ;
To add a double quantity of salt :
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town ;
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs ;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole ;
And lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic tea-spoon of anchovy sauce ;
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say,—
' Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day,'

N.B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is to be hoped young salad-makers will not attempt any improvements upon it.

CHAPTER V.

[1835—1836.]

Story of Yates—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—East Kent Election—‘Veritas’—The Aberdeen Degree—Gossip—A Day’s fishing with Theodore Hook—Anecdotes—Lines on the Birthday of Sir Thomas White—Mr. Trelawney—Edward Walpole—Dinner with Owen Rees—Anecdotes—Moore and O’Brien—Letter from Sydney Smith—The Literary Fund—Portrait of Sir John Soane—Correspondence—Sydney Smith—Anecdote of Sir Walter Scott—St. Paul’s—‘The Irish Fisherman’—Dinner at Sydney Smith’s—Anecdotes—Mr. Barham’s younger Son—Poetical Epistle—His Love of Cats—‘Address to Jerry’—Letter to Miss Barham—The non-officiating Minister—‘A Medley’—Mrs. Ricketts’ Ghost Story.

‘DIARY.’ *January* 1, 1835.—The following story was told me as a fact by George Raymond. Yates (the well-known actor and manager of the Adelphi Theatre) met a friend from Bristol, in the street, whom he well recollected as having been particularly civil to his wife and himself when at that town, in which the gentleman was a merchant. Yates, who at that time lived at the Adelphi Theatre, invited his friend to dinner, and made a party, among whom were Hook and Mathews, to meet him. On reaching home he told his wife what he had done, describing the gentleman, and calling to her mind how often they had been at his house near the cathedral.

"I remember him very well," said Mrs. Yates, "but I don't just now recollect his name—what is it?"

"Why, that is the very question I was going to ask you," returned Yates. "I know the man as well as I know my own father, but for the life of me I can't remember his name, and I made no attempt to ascertain it, as I made sure you would recollect it!"

'What was to be done? all that night and the next morning they tried in vain to recover it, but the name had completely escaped them. In this dilemma Yates bethought him of giving instructions to their servant which he considered would solve the difficulty, and calling him in told him to be very careful in asking every gentleman, as he arrived, his name, and to be sure to announce it very distinctly. Six o'clock came, and with it the company in succession, Hook, Mathews, and the rest—all but the anonymous "guest, whom Yates began to think, and almost to hope, would not come at all. Just, however, before the dinner was put on the table, a knock was heard, and the lad being at that moment in the kitchen, in the act of carrying up a haunch of mutton which the cook had put into his hands, a maid-servant went to the door, admitted the stranger, showed him upstairs, and opening the drawing-room door allowed him to walk in without any announcement at all. At dinner-time everybody took wine with the unknown, addressing him as "Sir,"—"A glass of wine, sir?" "Shall I have the honour, sir?" etc., but nothing transpired to let out the name,

though several roundabout attempts were made to get at it. The evening passed away, and the gentleman was highly delighted with the company, but about half-past ten o'clock he looked at his watch, and rose abruptly, saying :

"Faith, I must be off, or I shall get shut out, for I am going to sleep at a friend's, in the Tower, who starts for Bristol with me in the morning. They close the gates at eleven precisely, and I shan't get in if I am a minute after, so good-bye at once. Be sure you come and see me whenever you visit Bristol."

"Depend on me, my dear friend ; God bless you, if you must go !"

"Adieu," said the other, and Yates was congratulating himself on having got out of so awkward a scrape, when his friend popped his head back into the room, and cried hastily :

"Oh, by-the-bye, my dear Yates, I forgot to tell you that I bought a pretty French clock as I came here to-day at Hawley's, but as it needs a week's regulating, I took the liberty of giving your name, and ordering them to send it here, and said that you would forward it. It is paid for."

The door closed, and before Yates could get it open again, the gentleman was in the hall.

"Stop !" screamed Yates over the balusters, "you had better write the address yourself, for fear of a mistake."

"No, no, I can't stop, I shall be too late ;—the old house near the cathedral ; good-bye !"

'The street-door slammed behind him, and Yates went back to the company in an agony.

'Douglas repeated a story very similar of King the actor, who, meeting an old friend, whose name he could not recollect, took him home to dinner. By way of making the discovery, he addressed him in the evening, having previously made several ineffectual efforts :

"My dear sir, my friend here and myself have had a dispute as to how you spell your name ; indeed, we have laid a bottle of wine about it."

"Oh, with two P's," was the answer, which left them just as wise as before.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'St. Paul's Churchyard, February 14, 1835.

'My dear Madam,—The date of your last letter but one, the "penultimate," as our friend Packman would call it, absolutely frightens me. That circumstances had forced me into delinquency I knew, but till your kind missive of yesterday reached me, I was not aware of the full enormity of my offence. All I have to plead in mitigation is, one Chancery suit in full operation, another in prospect (both, thank God, arising out of my public situation as Rector of St. Mary Magdalene, and not from private litigation), all sorts of returns to ecclesiastical commissioners (bores of the first magnitude), the Kent election, with other matters "too numerous to mention in this advertisement,"

the whole surmounted and crowned with a most intolerable attack of *tic douloureux*, which quite prevents my sleeping o' night. Indeed, I never remember the time when I have been so fully occupied.

'I told you that we had been busy with the West Kent election ; in East Kent the Tories walked over the course. Oh, had we but *known* our strength, not only would Rider have been unseated, as he was, but "Hodges' *best*" exertions would have failed to have kept him, too, in the saddle. "Backallum ! we shall see." What amused me very much was, that on landing from the steamboat at Gravesend, where my vote was to be taken, the rain was falling pretty steadily, and every one of the passengers who boasted an umbrella of course had it in play. A strong detachment of the friends of all the candidates lined the pier, to see us come on shore, and loud cheers from either party arose as anyone mounted the steps bearing their respective colours ; with that modesty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics, I had endeavoured to decline the honour of a dead cat at my head, with which I was favoured on a previous occasion, by mounting no colours at all, but something *distinguishing* in my appearance, as self-complacency fondly whispered in my ear, made the Tory party roar out as I mounted the platform :

"Here comes von o' our side !"

"You be blowed !" said a broad-faced gentleman in sky-blue ribbons, "I say he's our'n."

"Be blowed yourself!" quoth one of my discriminating friends opposite. "Why, don't you see the gemman's got a *silk umbrella*?"

'The conclusion was irresistible—Tory I must be; and the "*I know'd it*" which responded to my "Geary for ever" was truly delicious.

'By the time you receive this the struggle about the Speakership will be approaching. The 'Radical party are in a high fever about it, because they feel they can strike no blow on any other point. If Sutton carries it, and the odds at Tattersall's, where they now bet on other animals than horses, are three to one in his favour, it will be decisive for the stability of Peel's ministry; if he fails, they are but where they were, and are determined not to go out on any question but the supplies—no, not if the Address be carried against them. The Conservatives are, of course, in high spirits, especially as, notwithstanding their attempts at consolidation, there is a great division in the enemy's camp. This you will easily perceive, when you find that such men as Burdett and Cobbett vote for Sutton. What think you of a series of Parliamentary conundrums for the session, to amuse the country gentlemen during the intolerably long and vulgar harangues they will have, not to listen to, but to sit out for the next four months? Pray ask Mr. Hughes if he can construe the one which I enclose; and perhaps, as I know he is a capital Sphinx, he will cut out a little work for a Radical Oedipus in the same way, *e.g.* :

“I can tip you my first, I can tell you my second,
For Fire and for Physic most famous I’m reckoned;
Of my name any more are you anxious to know?
You will find it consists of a word and a blow.”*

‘I am afraid you will think I am leading a sad life, and that the whole of my time is wasted in these tomfobleries. All I can plead in extenuation is, that the intent is better than the deed; and in the meanwhile; by way of a little set-off, the work, of which you chalked out the design and recommended me to attempt, has at last made its appearance under the combined auspices of Hall and myself. In appearance and size it corresponds exactly with the “Pietas,” and the name, “Veritas,” being as it is a short compendium of the Evidences, harmonises, I think, very fairly with that of its predecessor. Peacock is pleased with it, and I hope its sale will remunerate him. How can I send you down a copy?’

‘It is very rarely that I dine from home, except at the Residentiary’s table, on a Sunday; to-morrow, however, I must break a custom, as I am invited to meet your friend, Mrs. Kemble, with her husband, at Fladgate’s, near Brompton; and I cannot resist the opportunity of making her acquaintance. The whole family I understand to be in very good health, and Charles himself is looking ten years younger than when he had all the weight of Covent Garden on his brow,

* Wakley?

‘I have been a good deal grieved by the death of my Kentish neighbour, poor Lord Darnley. We have met but very little of late, but I knew him well at college, and though of different sides in political feeling, I always found him a gentlemanly and good neighbour. Handling an axe awkwardly, he let it slip, and cut off two of his toes ; still all might have gone on well, for the wound was well dressed by Beaumont, the Gravesend surgeon, till Brodie could arrive from Town ; but he was afraid it was otherwise, got alarmed, and excessive nervous agitation brought on lock-jaw, which was fatal in an inconceivably short time. Why will noblemen meddle with edge tools ? Lord Winchelsea, only about a year ago, contrived to whip a pitchfork through his own leg instead of a truss of hay, and laid himself up for half-a-year.

‘All *chez moi* are, thank God, in excellent preservation. Pray thank Mr. Hughes for his kindness. May I hope to hear from him soon ? I am very anxious that he and Hook should meet, and hope to accomplish this when he next visits Town. And now, my dear Madam, having exhausted my own paper, and, as I much fear, your patience, allow me to subscribe myself

‘Your much obliged servant,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

The residentiary dinners mentioned in the foregoing letter were given by the Dean, or Canon in

residence, to the minor canons and vicars choral of St. Paul's on Sundays. At one of these gatherings held at the Deanery, in Bishop Copleston's time, a certain Doctor of Divinity was present. He gave himself considerable airs, and at length turned in rather an impertinent way to my father, and said :

'Pray, Mr. Barham, can you tell me how it is that you gentlemen of St. Paul's wear the scarf? I was not aware that a minor canon was entitled to the distinction.'

'I leave my brethren,' replied my father, 'to answer for themselves ; for my part I wear the scarf as priest-in-ordinary to the King, an office which gives me the rank of chaplain.'

'Ah, indeed ! I beg your pardon. I was not aware——'

'No apology is necessary,' said my father ; 'but as you have set the example of putting questions, perhaps you will allow me to ask in return how you came to wear an Oxford doctor's hood, when, if I mistake not, yours is an Aberdeen degree?'

The Bishop was delighted.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'April 18, 1835.

'My dear Madam,—You have, I trust, received the "Kentish Observer" with Mr. Hughes's excellent song in it. I am not sorry to have so good an opportunity of introducing to your notice one of the best and staunchest prints of the day. It is, as I think I men-

tioned, conducted by Mudford, who edited "The Courier" in its bright and palmy days, before its wretched tergiversations had reduced it below contempt. I regret much that "Squire Bull" did not come out in his namesake, but John seems terribly afraid of being thought to repeat himself, and the general idea of the two songs is certainly similar, though unfortunately this is by far the better of the two. I shall endeavour to get Ryde to copy it into the "Bucks Gazette." We are by no means out of spirit here: though Sir Robert has given in for the present, his character and that of the Ministry is so raised by his manly and able fight, in the opinion of all classes, save and except the mere Marats and Robespierres, who are happily contemptible in point of numbers, that it is quite clear—indeed, many of his opponents admit it—that no stable Administration can be formed without him. Even my poor friend Villiers—that "delicately tinted Radical," as "The Age" not unhappily calls him—admits this, sore as he is at having been just turned out of his seat, when he was settling himself quietly down and half making up his mind to turn Conservative. After all, he is a gentleman and a good-natured one, as you will admit when I tell you he did not knock me down for the following piece of impertinence. They were roasting him at the Garrick Club, just before he was unseated, and charging him with belonging to "The Tail," which he indignantly denied. "I will appeal," said he, "to the biggest Tory in the room; Barham, what say you?"

Do I deserve, after the manner I have twice voted, to be called a part of the 'Tail'?" "Certainly not," was the reply: "you are the canister!" He did not seem so flattered by my taking his part as he ought to have been, but I escaped a broken head.

I forgot to tell you in my last that I had met your friend Mrs. Kemble, with her daughter Adelaide, at Mr. Fladgate's, and how much I was pleased with both of them. Mrs. Kemble is evidently a very clever woman, and her conversation much superior to what is generally met with. You were the link that bound us together; and to that circumstance alone can I attribute my being favoured with so much of her attention. I was scarcely less pleased with the young lady. She is very unaffected—a prime quality—and at present quite unspoiled, though the attention she excites is enough to turn an older head.

I met Hook this morning just after the formation of the new Ministry was announced. You will be glad to learn that it is quite the old Melbourne clique, without any admixture of the Radicals, properly so called. Sir Henry Parnell comes in, *vice* Ned, *alias* Bear, Ellis; and little Lord John (whom Hook has christened, since his marriage, "The Widow's Mite") is to be Home Secretary; Brougham Speaker of the House of Lords, from which the Chancery business is to be separated, and the Seals put into Commission. Of course this can't stand; without a Tory coalition they must go to the dogs in a very short time, as they

do not mean to dissolve, and if they did would hardly better themselves.

‘God bless you, my dear madam, and give you a pleasant journey. I calculate on this reaching you just before you start for Lady Greenly’s, with whom I hope you will pass your time as delightfully as ever. I should have enclosed you some lines, *à la* Hemans, the production of a Nursery Muse, to read upon your journey, but find, if I attempt it, I must lose the post. But no! I have yet, I see, five minutes good, so, if you will excuse bad and hurried hieroglyphics, I will try, In the meantime believe me to remain, as ever,

‘Your much obliged,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘*Diary: August 18, 1835.* — Took young Tom Haffenden over with me to Capt. Williams’s at Strand-on-Green, and went with him and Theodore Hook to Twickenham, fishing; caught little or nothing. Hook observed that as we often had fish without *roe*, now we must be content with *row* without fish. Gave excellent imitation of the Duke of Cumberland and Col. Quentin.

• Story of Lord Middleton, out hunting, calling to Gunter, the confectioner, to “hold hard,” and not ride over the hounds. “My horse is so hot, my lord, that I don’t know what to do with him.” “Ice him, Gunter; ice him.”

‘Dined at Williams’s afterwards. Hook in high spirits, and full of anecdote. Stories of Grattan, C.

Fox, and Marquess of Hertford. The latter said, after all his expenses were paid he had £95,000 per annum he did not know what to do with ; yet Hook said he questioned much whether, intimate as they were, and kind as he always was to him, he would lend him or any other friend a thousand pounds. At his fêtes the dinners always ordered at two guineas and a half a head, exclusive of wine. The Duke of Buccleugh, on the other hand, with a yearly income of £172,000, not a rich man ; his property consumed by his houses ; can go to Scotland by easy stages, stopping always to sleep at some place of his own.

‘ Story told of the house-steward of the Marquess, who called one day at the establishment of a Mr. W——, a well-known wine merchant, who had advertised all over the town some wonderful champagne at thirty-six shillings the dozen. The steward ordered a couple of cases for his master. Mr. W—— was delighted, and sent them off at once. Some time afterwards he again fell in with his customer and anxiously enquired about the wine.

“ Oh ! it did well enough,” said the latter, carelessly.

“ Well, but the Marquess—how did he like it ?”

“ Like it !” repeated the steward. “ What do you mean ?”

‘ Mr. W—— was nettled. “ Why, I mean,” he replied, “ that I wish to know what opinion your master formed of the wine when he drank it !”

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the steward. "You don't suppose we drank the champagne!"

"Not drink it! What the devil, then, did you do with it?"

"Oh, we only wanted it to boil the hams in!" was the satisfactory explanation.

'The house in which I used to visit F. Gosling, the banker, at Twickenham, viz. that with the octagon room once occupied by Louis Philippe, the one alluded to in "Gilbert Gurney." The wealthy citizen described as at Hill's dinner in the same, an imaginary character; the others Dubois and Mathews.

'Anecdote of Phil Stone, the property-man of Drury Lane: "Will you be so good, sir, as to stand a little backer?" said Phil to a gentleman behind the scenes, who had placed himself so forward as to be seen by the audience.

"No, my fine fellow," returned the exquisite, who quite mistook his meaning; "but here is a pinch of snuff at your service."

The 'young Tom Haffenden' who accompanied Mr. Barham on his visit to Capt. Williams was a nephew of the former. He was at that time a bright handsome lad, residing at Hanwell, where also his uncle was staying; he was, moreover, a scholar of Merchant Taylors' School. Just before the breaking-up for the Midsummer holidays he had made a dutiful call upon Mr. Barham, who asked him to dinner, and proposed to take him to the theatre in the evening. A little difficulty, however, was found to exist in the

shape of an unfinished task, a copy of verses on the subject of Sir Thomas White, the founder of the school, which was required absolutely to be shown up on the following morning. The consequences of omitting to comply with this demand were likely to prove particularly unpleasant. Would uncle afford a little help? In that case the play would be the very thing. 'By all means,' was uncle's reply; and taking up a sheet of paper he filled it in a few minutes with the requisite, or nearly the requisite number of—

*LINES ON THE BIRTHDAY OF SIR
THOMAS WHITE*

(Founder of Merchant Taylors' School).

THE ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Sir Thomas White
Was a noble knight,
Extremely desirous of doing what's right;
So he sat himself down one beautiful night,
When the moon shone so bright
That he asked for no light
Beyond that of her beams, and began to indite
His last will—so remarkably good was his sight—
And he charged and bound down his executors tight,
As soon as his soul should have taken its flight,
To erect a good school of proportionate height,
Length, and breadth—Suffolk Lane he proposed for
its site,

And its order 'what architects term Composite—
 In which all such nice little good boys who might
 At the date of their entrance have not attained quite
 Their tenth year, should be brought up to read and
 to write ;

Not to give way to spite,

Nor to quarrel nor fight,

But to show themselves always well-bred and polite,

Keep hands and face clean, and be decently dight

In clothes of a grave colour rather than bright—

At least not so light as remark to excite—

And to make Greek and Latin their chiefest delight ;

To be mild in demeanour, in morals upright ;

Not to kick, nor to bite,

Nor to pinch, nor affright

Each other by practical jokes, as at night

By aping a goblin, humgruffin, or sprite ;

And never to wrong of so much as a mite,

Or a bat, or a ball, or a hoop, or a kite,

Any poor little schoolfellow—Oh ! what a plight

I am in after all—poor unfortunate wight !

I can't make my number of verses up quite ;

For my paper's expended,

My rhymes too are ended,

And I *can* write no more, for I've no more to write ;

So if a line short, I'm in hopes Mister Bellamy

Will pity my case, and not cease to think well o' me.

What Mr. Bellamy happened to think I do not
 remember to have heard, nor indeed whether the

caermen encomiasticum in question was actually submitted to him; but Master Tom went to the play.

'*Diary: December 12, 1835.*—Dined at Charles Kemble's: a quiet dinner. In the evening Mr. Trelawney (Byron's Trelawney) came in. Radical to the extreme; talked of having "no objection to calling a man a king, with a moderate salary, when the House of Peers should be purged," etc.; said that women might induce him to commit murder, or "what was worse, petty larceny!"

'Story of Edward Walpole, who, being told one day at the "Garrick" that the confectioners had a way of discharging the ink from old parchment by a chemical process, and then making the parchment into isinglass for their jellies, said, "Then I find a man may now eat his deeds as well as his words." This has been very unfairly, like a great many other *bons mots*, attributed to James Smith.'

'*February 8, 1836.*—Dined at the "Garrick" with Hook, Lockhart, W. Broderip, Hayward, etc. A very pleasant evening. Hook in good spirits, and Lockhart in good humour. Hook gave, in an elaborate speech, "The *Blackguards* of the Press" as a toast, for which Lockhart returned thanks with equal humour.'

'*April 18, 1836.*—Dined with Owen Rees in Paternoster Row. Present, Mr. Longman, senr., Messrs. C. Longman, J. Longman, W. Longman, Tom Moore, Dr. McCulloch, Mr. Green, the host, and myself. Dr.

Hume, Sydney Smith, and Mr. Tate asked, but could not come.

‘ Moore gave an account of the King’s (George IV.) visit to Ireland. One man, whom the King took notice of and shook hands with, cried, “ There, then, the divil a drop of wather ye shall ever have to wash that shake o’ the hand off of me !” and by the colour of the said hand a year after it would seem that he had religiously kept his word. Moore told this story to Scott, together with another referring to the same occasion. He spoke of Jeffrey as an excellent judge, and remarked on the difference between his conversation and that of Scott. Scott all anecdote, without any intermediate matter—all fact ; Jeffrey with a profusion of ideas all worked up into the highest flight of fancy, but no fact. Moore preferred Scott’s conversation to Jeffrey’s : the latter he got tired of.

‘ Anecdote of the little Eton boy invited to dinner at Windsor Castle, and being asked by Queen Adelaide what he would like, replied, “ One of those twopenny tarts, if you please, ma’am.” Lord Lansdowne’s description of Sydney Smith as “ a mixture of Punch and Cato.” Moore lamented that though his son had just distinguished himself by gaining an exhibition at the Charterhouse, when his historical essays had been particularly applauded, the prize would be of no use to him, barring the honour, as he is determined to enter the army. His father consoled himself by reflecting that he had given up his original wish, which was for the navy.

J. Longman's story of the rival convents, each possessing the same (alleged) relics of St. Francis, the one having furnished its reliquary with the beard of an old goat belonging to the establishment, the other asserting its superiority *non, pour la grandeur, mais pour la fraîcheur*.

'Moore talked of O'Connell, and said that he had recently met him in a bookseller's shop ordering materials, in the shape of books, for his new Quarterly Review, and that he had inadvertently offered to lend him a small volume respecting Ireland, but added that he must manage to slip out of his promise somehow.

'Dan, he said, manœuvred evidently that they might walk away together, but he (Moore) fought shy of the companionship and outstayed him. He spoke of O'Brien, the author of the "Round Towers," and said that that person's hostility to him was occasioned by his declining a proposal for a sort of partnership in publication. O'Brien wrote to him when he undertook the History of Ireland, saying that he had a complete key to the origin and meaning of the Round Towers, and proposed to communicate his secret. If Moore used O'Brien's MS., the compensation was to be a hundred pounds; if he took the materials and worked them up in his own way, a hundred and fifty was to be the sum. This was refused, and O'Brien was deeply offended. He died of an epileptic fit at Hanwell in 1835, and lies buried in the extreme north-west corner of the churchyard, close to the rector's garden. I happened accidentally to be present at his

funeral. Mr. Mahoney, the "Father Prout" of "Fraser," was a mourner, and, as I have heard, paid the expenses.

'Conversation respecting Hook's proposed History of Hanover—all of opinion that it would not answer. Moore said that he had met Hook twice only, once at Croker's, in Paris; that he was very silent both times, and called Croker "Sir."'

It was, I believe, on this occasion that one of the Messrs. Longman present mentioned to my father the following quaint answer returned by Sydney Smith to an invitation to dinner:

'Dear Longman,—I can't accept your invitation, for my house is full of country cousins. I wish they were once removed. Yours,

'SYDNEY SMITH.'

Mr. Barham's connection with the Literary Fund, and the active part he took in its management, have already been mentioned. The general conduct of this association has ever been beyond suspicion, and nothing had occurred at the time of which I am writing seriously to disturb the harmony with which its affairs were carried on. It is, however, hardly possible that a board composed of mere mortal committee-men should altogether escape imposition from without, or an occasional tendency to something like partiality within. Besides, man being reasonable must dispute, and party feeling would now and then display itself here as elsewhere.

One trifling *fracas* which occurred during this year

may not altogether have passed out of memory. A portrait of Sir John Soane was presented to the society by Mr. Maclise; but the original, not deeming that his fair proportions had been treated with sufficient tenderness, peremptorily demanded its surrender, promising to replace it with a much handsomer, and *ergo* much more correct, representation by Sir Thomas Lawrence. During the somewhat lengthened discussion which ensued, a certain member of the council, remarkable not more for his literary talent than for his social kindness and love of peace, put an end to the contention by entering the committee-room, and cutting the caricature of Sir John (as the latter chose to term it) into pieces with his penknife. The following 'Lament' appeared a few days afterwards (May 22nd, 1836) in the 'John Bull':

(Dr. Taylor *loquitur*.)

Ochone! ochone!

For the portrait of Soane,
Jerdan! you ought to have let it alone;
Don't you see that instead of removing the bone
Of contention, the apple of discord you've thrown?

One general moan,

Like a tragedy groan,

Burst forth when the picture-side deed became known.

When the story got 'blown,'

From the Thames to the Rhone,

Folks ran, calling for ether and eau de Cologne;

All shocked at the want of discretion you've shown.

If your heart's not of stone,
You will quickly atone.

The best way to do that's to ask Mr. RONE-
Y to sew up the slits; the committee, you'll own,
When it's once stitched together, must see that it's
SOANE.*

To Mrs. Hughes.

'St. Paul's Churchyard, June 7, 1836.

'My dear Madam,—At last I am enabled to take up my pen and write to you. St. Paul's stands where it did, and as yet we have felt nothing of the anticipated changes; though the unprovided juniors are looking very blank at the hint given them some time since by Mr. Smith, that they are to expect no more livings from the Chapter. Some other mode of remuneration is, I believe, to be adopted, but of what nature or from what funds I am ignorant. Mr. Smith himself is as lively as ever, though they tell me he is losing caste with his party for turning Tory! Certain it is that the language he now holds is to the full as Conservative as anything that ever dropped from Peel or Lyndhurst. I dined in company with Tom Moore the other day, who talked to me a good deal about him, and said that Lord Lansdowne, in allusion to his severity as a man of business and levity at the dinner-table, described him as being "an odd mixture of Punch and Cato." He could hardly have hit him off

* Qy. Sewn. Print. Dev. v

better. I know you are not over-fond of Moore: I hate his politics, but he is a very amusing companion.

'I must tell you one of his stories, because, as Sir Walter Scott is the hero of it, I know it will not be unacceptable to you. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisintry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the King passed through,

"Och, now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike! an' how's that?"

"Oh! Kings never does: we lets 'em go free," was the answer.

"Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat. "It shall never be said that the King came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him."

'Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits.

"Now, Mr. Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us. There was no want of enthusiasm here: the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty, but—pay the turnpike."

'Hook goes to Hanover in July, for the purpose of collecting materials for a history of that country which he is going to write at the instance of the King, and to publish by subscription. His list already contains half the names in the Peerage; and he tells me that he calculates on making four or five thousand pounds by it. At present he is hard at work on a

couple of tales for Bentley, which will be out before he goes. I have seen part of the MSS., and think there will be as much fun as in anything he has yet done: the character of "Jack Brag" is capitally drawn, and a good likeness of a man very well known about town.

'I do not believe that it is at all in contemplation to do away with the services or anthems at St. Paul's; though if the number of the minor canons is to be reduced to six, the chanting the prayers must necessarily be abandoned. The Dean is fighting hard to retain eight; but even that number—allowing for absences from ill-health and other sufficient causes—would be too small to carry on the duty as at present conducted. The early prayers have, I believe, quite fallen into abeyance: a Dr. Rogers, it is true, attends every morning as usual, but he tells me he has no congregation, and Mr. Smith has expressed his wish to do away with the service altogether. This the body opposes, and the intention is, for the present at least, abandoned.

'Your friend Dudley has, I believe, gone to his ancestors; at all events it is long since he paid St. Paul's a visit, and the only hope that he is yet in the land of the living consists in the circumstance that none of the vergers have yet seen his ghost in the gloaming wandering about the north aisle. The charity children anniversary takes place on Thursday; I have just been lucky enough to secure a ticket for a friend of Mr. R. Twining, Professor Von Reaumur, who has

been writing a book about us, and I suppose means to write another. His last work does not seem altogether to suit John Bull's taste, as his strictures on our manners, etc., are considered rather too Trollop-y.

'Alexander Blackwood has passed through town on his way to Cheltenham. I saw him at his relative's, Mr. Hastie, the Member, in the Regent's Park. We have, I believe, settled matters for my sending "Maga" some more "Balaam," and I have already partly concocted a story: when it will see the light Heaven knows. I shall, however, give you full intimation of that event, as you are kind enough to patronize my nonsense. I have had no heart to put pen to paper of late; indeed, the only thing I have perpetrated since I saw you is the few lines in "John Bull," about three weeks ago, on Jerdan's mutilation of Sir John Soane's picture, which put us all into hot water at the Literary Fund. The anniversary of that Society takes place to-morrow: I have not missed attending it for years, but must on this occasion, as I have to preach to the "Vintners" at Stepney, and say grace over their turtle afterwards. It is to be a very Conservative sort of thing, and Lord Wynford, with a choice selection of Tories true, is to be among the company.

'Things, I think, are looking up here towards the good cause. The Whigs are sadly put out about the smallness of their majority the other night, and Whittle Harvey's defalcation. They have disappointed him, and he is turning Tory, taking his seat

on this occasion on the bench between Stanley and Peel. Of a verity politics, like misery, acquaint us with strange bed-fellows! In the meanwhile some sacrifice of feeling may well be submitted to for the purpose of detaching from the enemy by far the ablest of their partisans. Charles Pearson, too, falls off from them in the City; and Raphael, whose purse was an object, is extinguished. I believe I have just room for a ditty on that worthy: it may be called—

*'THE IRISH FISHERMAN.**

'I sat by the side of a murmuring brook,
As sad as sad mote be;
In my hand were a rod and a line and a hook,
And a newspaper on my knee.

'Of Carlow the sad and sorrowful tale
I conn'd with curious eye,
When a sunlight beam display'd in the stream
A speckled trout sailing by.

'But I laid down the rod, and I said to the fish,
"How all the world would grin
If in trying, small trout, to pull you *out*,
You should happen to pull me *in*!"

'God bless you, my dear Madam.

'Your obliged
'R. H. B.'

* This squib refers to the quarrel between Mr. Raphael and O'Connell on the subject of the Carlow election, *vide* 'Ingoldsby Legends,' Annot. edit., vol. ii. p. 433.

' *Diary: June 29, 1836.*—Mr. Rae Wilson gave me some of the water which he brought from the Dead Sea in Palestine to taste. Offensive smell, very like Harrogate water, with a bitter salt taste.'

' *July 17, 1836.*—Dined at Sydney Smith's; Dr. Wainwright, from America, and Professor Senior present. Account of Archbishop Whateley's bothering a whole company at the Lord-Lieutenant's with his elaborate description of the fecundity and parturition of rabbits. His abrupt exclamation as to the vocative case of the word "Cat," which was decided to be "O Puss." Dr. Wainwright observed that a Frenchman who had recently been endeavouring to make a dictionary of the Indian language, had put down as an Indian word "*Poo Poush—Cat.*" He had evidently mistaken it from the name originally introduced by the English "*Poor Puss.*"

'Smith mentioned that his brother Bobus, seeing Vansittart (Lord Bexley) come into the House of Commons with Joseph Hume, said, "Here come Penny Wise and Pound Foolish."'

In his intercourse with his children, but more particularly with his youngest son, Ned, my father was always playful and affectionate. He loved to have them about him, and would continue to read and write, keeping them up of an evening far beyond the canonical hours, wholly unmindful of the chattering that raged around. Our delight was at its height when he could be coaxed into laying aside pen and book, and induced to draw round to the fire and 'tell

us a story.' He had a manner of doing this, half thrilling, half comic, leaving the audience in a pleasing state of excitement, mingled with uncertainty as to the exact amount of credit to be given to the narrative, that proved strangely fascinating to us young folks, to say nothing of our elders. The pleasure second only in degree was to receive a letter from him. This would not unfrequently be written in verse, with a liveliness and easy humour specially adapted to the taste and capacity of the child.

'TO MASTER EDWARD BARHAM (ætat. 8).

'August 17, 1836.

'My dear little Ned,
 As I fear you have read
 All the books that you have, from great A down to Z,
 And your aunt, too, has said
 That you're very well bred,
 And don't scream and yell fit to waken the dead,
 I think that instead
 Of that vile gingerbread
 With which little boys, I know, like to be fed
 (Though, lying like lead
 On the stomach, the head
 Gets affected, of which most mammas have a great deal,
 I shall rather be led
 Before you to spread
 These two little volumes, one blue and one red.

As three shillings have fled
From my pocket, dear Ned
Don't dog's-ear nor dirt them, nor read them in bed !
 ' Your affectionate father,
 ' R. H. B.'

Next to his wife and children, I verily believe my father loved his cats. One or two would commonly be seen sitting on his table—sometimes on his shoulder—as he wrote ; and these animals, constantly taught and tended by his youngest daughter, attained a degree of docility and intelligence that in good King James's day might have brought their mistress into disagreeable communication with his Majesty's Witchfinder-General. The progenitor of the race was brought home by Mr. Barham, not without serious detriment to his broadcloth, one wet night soon after his arrival in London. He had rescued the poor little creature, bleeding and muddy, from a band of juvenile street Arabs, who were engaged in studying practically ' the art of ingeniously tormenting.' The progeny survived, and was ever held in high esteem. One of my father's last injunctions was ' Take care of " Chance " (an interloper) for my sake ; Jerry (the representative of the true breed) will be taken care of for his own.' On the back of an old letter there is scribbled a sort of remonstrance addressed to the latter :

TO JERRY.

Jerry, my cat,
What the deuce are you at?
What makes you so restless? You're sleek and you're
fat,

And you've everything cosy about you—now that
Soft rug you are lying on beats any mat ;

Your coat's smooth as silk,
You've plenty of milk,
You've the fish-bones for dinner, and always o' nights
For supper you know you've a penn'orth o' lights !

Jerry, my cat,
What the deuce are you at?
What is it, my Jerry, that fidgets you so?
What is it you're wanting?

(Jerry) Moll roe ! Moll roe !

Oh, don't talk to me of such nonsense as that !

You've been always a very respectable cat ;

As the Scotch would say, ' Whiles '

You've been out on the tiles ;

But you've sown your wild oats, and you very well
know

You're no longer a kitten.

(Jerry) Moll roe ! Moll roe !

Well, Jerry, I'm really concerned for your case;

I've been young, and can fancy myself in your place:

Time has been I've stood

By the edge of the wood,
And have mew'd—that is, whistled, a sound just as
good :
But we're both of us older, my cat, as you know,
And I hope are grown wiser.

(Jerry) Moll roe ! Moll roe !

To Miss Barham (ætat. 13).

'St. Paul's, August 24, 1836.

'My dear Fanny,—I have been so poorly, and so fussy, and so busy, that though I have fixed every day this week for answering your letter, every day being fixed "positively for the last time of answering," as the play-bills say, yet I really have been unable to accomplish it till "this present writing ;" and even now I am obliged to crib a few minutes while your mother, whose elaborate epistle to your aunt is on the other side, is scrambling into bed. I need not tell you that your letter gave me great pleasure, and that I am delighted to find you have been, and are, so happy. I only hope that, in return for so much kindness on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Scoones, your are a good girl, give little trouble, and don't *talk at all*.

'I have just been taking places for mamma and myself by the Norwich coach for our journey into Suffolk on Tuesday : we shall stay till towards the end of the following week ; and I do hope the change of air may be of service to me ; for, though much better, I have as yet not been able to shake off the

cough, and, what is still worse, the debility which this complaint, it seems, always leaves behind it.

'We heard from your uncle George this morning. Dear little Ned is in great force, and very happy, though I do not find that he gets any colour in his cheeks. If he continues so delicate, and goes into the Church, I suppose he will lose his old name of Howley,* and be called in future Dr. Paley. In other respects he is very well, and would eat a horseshoe for breakfast; but they do not let him, as it is considered by Mr. Sankey to be rather hard of digestion. I understand that the bellows are also prohibited, as having a tendency to produce flatulence; but everything else he feeds on without scruple. Mary Anne we have visited, and found her a regular Tom-boy, running about and kicking up a prodigious dust at Hanwell. She has some thoughts, I believe, of offering herself as a supernumerary barrow-woman at the railroad constructing in that parish, and I should think, from what I have observed of her prowess, is fairly worth fourpence-halfpenny a day. I rather think they split about the odd farthing, which is to her an object, but to them, I should conceive, of comparatively trifling importance. Dick has got a new pair of corduroy-shooting breeches, with pearl buttons at the knees, which embarrass him sorely; and I think he would not be sorry to have you at home to assist in arming him for the slaughter, as the ladies used to do the

* Cannon had nicknamed him 'Howley,' from some slight resemblance which he bore to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

knights of old. Buckling on armour is, you know, grown out of fashion ; but a young lady with a button-hook in her hand, and kneeling upon an ottoman, is still much appreciated when a modern chevalier is equipping himself for a day's sporting. As you have, I believe, few correspondents beside myself in London, you will naturally expect me to say something about the fashions. This is by no means my *forte* ; but as Jenny will probably be equally curious with yourself upon the subject, you may tell her, and recollect yourself, that the prevailing colour in ribands seems at present to be a delicate yellow with a faint dash of green, much resembling a rainbow or a black eye. *Pompons* are much worn as head-dresses, and the bell-shaped hoop is more used at Court than the more flat and elongated circumferences which prevailed in the time of George IV. Apple-green breeches with plum-coloured coats are the last importation of the beaux from Paris ; but as these relate only to gentlemen, the information is of less importance to you. Guinness's stout is much drunk on the coal-wharves in the immediate neighbourhood of Northumberland House, but in my walks to Mile End I observe "ginger-pop" in greater request with the higher orders of society : at the turnpike, indeed, they drink nothing else. The oyster season has commenced very happily : Colchester natives, as usual, bear the bell, notwithstanding the recent squabble with Mr. Whittle Harvey, late Member for that borough. If in passing through the town on our way to Suffolk I meet with any *very* fine spe-

cimens, I will save you *the shells* as the nucleus of a collection of conchology. I have little else of importance to tell you in the way of news, except that your mamma has just bought a remarkably strong Cheshire cheese, and that the cat yesterday had a dose of salad oil. He has, as you know, been poorly for some time, but I hope is now convalescent.

‘My paper is full, so God bless you, my dearest girl, and believe me to be

‘Your most affectionate Father,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

‘*Diary* : September 20, 1836.—Drove down to Harrow with the Rushes. While I was engaged in taking an impression of a brass plate in the church, I heard sounds of lamentation and woe proceeding from the vestry. It seemed the curate, a Mr. Bruce, had gone to London, forgetting there was a couple to be married that morning. No other clergyman could be procured; twelve o'clock was rapidly approaching; at length, much to their relief and the clerk's amazement, I volunteered to perform the ceremony. The service over, I left my card with that functionary, and also with the newly-married couple, but never heard one word from Mr. Bruce on the subject. Probably he thought I had been guilty of a great piece of intrusion. I wrote the following “occasional lines” on Byron's tomb (as it is called), in the churchyard :—

‘Mr. Bruce, Mr. Bruce,
When the matrimonial noose
You ought here at Harrow to be tying,
If you choose to ride away
As you know you did to-day,
No wonder bride and bridegroom should be
crying.
It’s a very great abuse,
Mr. Bruce, Mr. Bruce !
And you’re quite without excuse,
And of very little use
As a curate,
Mr. Bruce !’

It is all very well scribbling this sort of nonsense when i’ the vein ; but to be subjected to perpetual demands, in season and out of season, on the part of autograph-hunters, for ‘just an amusing stanza or two,’ was an annoyance to which Mr. Barham had to submit with the best grace he could. People of whom he knew little were the bearers of requests from people of whom he knew nothing, for just half a dozen lines to be inserted in an album ; anything would do—anything in his peculiar style—anything lively and characteristic. There were few things he disliked more than this being required to write to order. One of these few, perhaps, was a petition ‘to be funny,’ which I have myself heard preferred at a dinner-party. But as regards the epigram, or impromptu, or whatever it was to be, he was generally too good-

natured to decline ; and at times when he felt any interest in the applicant, as in the case of a young friend of Mrs. Hughes, he would set to work with a will ; witness :

A MEDLEY.

(FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.)

Here's a pretty dilemma !
 The cruel Miss Emma
 Insists upon verses, insists upon verses,
 While Apollo refuses,
 Nor one of the Muses
 Assistance disburses, assistance disburses.
 How can I escape
 From this terrible scrape ?
 What ! an album's petition, an album's petition !
 No prospect I can see,
 Unless Madam Fancy
 Vouchsafes me a vision, a vision, a vision !

Stay, methinks I see Phœbus,
 To make me a rebus,
 Has laid down his fiddle, has laid down his fiddle,
 When in comes Judge Park
 With Sir Charles Mansfield Clark,
 And runs off with the riddle, the riddle, the
 riddle !
 Up starts Mrs. Hughes
 When she hears the news,

And calling a Jarvey, and calling a Jarvey,
Drives after them straightway,
Through Lincoln's Inn gateway,
With Dan Whittle Harvey, with Dan Whittle
Harvey !

The special attorney
Stops short on the journey,
Not liking the weather, the weather, the weather ;
So quitting the coach
At Lord Melbourne's approach,
They both begin waltzing together, together !
While stout Mr. Bentley
Trips after them gently,
Assisted by Colburn, assisted by Colburn,
Till Prince Esterhazy
Runs off with his jasey,
And pawns it in Holborn, in Holborn, in Holborn !

Charles Kemble in vain
Tries to get it again,
And taps at the wicket, and taps at the wicket ;
But little John Russell
Contrives in the bustle
To purloin the ticket, the ticket, the ticket !
Colonel Evans comes up,
And invites him to sup
At the 'Carlton,' with Lockhart, and Croker, and
Croker,
Where the ghost of Horne Tooke
Blackballed Theodore Hook
For being a joker, a joker, a joker !

Then in comes^d Earl Grey,
In his dignified way,
Saying, 'Dress me some dumplings with dripping,
with dripping,'
And ends with observing
To Washington Irving,
That Harrington's whiskers want clipping, want
clipping.
Unable to read, he
Turns round to Macready,
And tells him that yawning is catching, is catching,
While the Duke of Buccleugh
Assures Rothschild the Jew
That Solomon's Temple wants thatching, wants
thatching! "

So, locking his desk, he
Roars out to Fieschi
To shoot the Lord Mayor through the body, the
body,
For Lord Alvanley's groom,
With Ducrow and^e Joe Hume,
Are quaffing gin toddy, gin toddy, gin toddy.
'Look here,' says Tom Moore;
'I've a chop on a skewer,
Which I mean to get dress'd for my dinner, my
dinner,
Since Lord Holland; says Rogers,
And I are queer codgers,
And calls Sydney Smith an^e old sinner, old
sinner!'

Then mounting his horse he
Rides off with Count d'Orsay
To call on Beau Brummel at Calais, at Calais,
Where Little Bob Keeley
And young D'Israeli
Have opened a splendid gin-palace, gin-palace !
Below stairs John Britton
Is teaching a kitten
To lap all the cream in the dairy, the dairy,
And tells Sir John Soane
That her mother is grown
A profound antiquary, profound antiquary !

But stay, Mrs. Hughes
Will fall foul of my Muse,
And call her a gipsy, and call her a gipsy ;
For says she, ' Only look
How you're spoiling the book !
Why, you're certainly tipsy, certainly tipsy !'
And the man in the moon,
Taking snuff with a spoon,
Cries, ' For shame ! Have some conscience, some
conscience, some conscience.'
So I drop my pen gaily,
And challenge Haynes Bayly
To write in eight stanzas more nonsense, more
nonsense.

The last entry in Mr. Barham's note-book for 1836
contains some extraordinary particulars relating to a

'haunted house' in Hampshire. They were furnished by Mrs. Hughes, who heard them originally from Mrs. Gwynne, an eye-, or rather ear-witness of the strange occurrences narrated. This lady's account was subsequently confirmed by many others (the late Duchess of Buckingham, a resident in the neighbourhood among the rest), all of whom were perfectly familiar with the details, and, I believe, impressed with its truth, many having had opportunities of examining the 'narrative' referred to.

The story as told by Mrs. Hughes, though substantially accurate as to incidents, contained some important errors in respect of the *dramatis personæ*. There were, I regret, reproduced in the second edition of my father's 'Life.' I have now, however, thanks to the kindness of certain members of the family much interested, the means of correcting them, and of presenting an authentic account of the 'Haunted House in Hampshire.'

'MRS. RICKETTS' GHOST STORY

'It was in the year 1771 that the distinguished Captain John Jervis, afterwards created Earl Vincent, who had recently returned from the Mediterranean, paid a visit to his youngest sister Mary, of Mr. Ricketts, a bencher of Gray's Inn. She was at that time residing, her husband being absent at his estates in Jamaica, in the old manor-house, Hinton Ampner, situated near Avesford, in Hampshire.'

fire. The mansion and estate had been for many generations in the possession of the Stewcleys, and on the death of Sir Hugh passed *jure uxoris* to Edward Lord Stawell, who sitting there in the little parlour died suddenly of apoplexy in 1755. For the next ten years the house, now become the property of the Right Honourable Henry Bilson Legge, husband of Lord Stawell's daughter, was left chiefly in the disposition of servants, Mr. Legge only visiting it for a month or so during the shooting seasons. At his death, 1764, his widow let it to Mr. Ricketts, the benchet. For some time prior to the arrival of the new tenants, the house seems to have been gradually acquiring an evil reputation; strange sounds were said to have been heard in it, and strange sights seen. In particular it was asserted that the figure of a gentleman in drab-coloured coat, standing in the moonlight with his hands behind him after the manner of the late Lord Stawell, was seen by a groom, and recognised by him as that of his deceased master. These reports, however, do not appear to have reached the ears of either Mr. or Mrs. Ricketts. But they had not been long settled at Hinton before their attention was aroused by certain noises which they themselves heard in the shape of persons opening and shutting doors with violence. Mr. Ricketts frequently went round the house in the hope of detecting the offenders. Failing this, and supposing some of the villagers to possess the keys, he had all the locks changed, but with no other result. The noises continued to be repeated at

intervals, but apparently without causing any great annoyance to the family. At all events when Mr. Ricketts, at the close of the year 1769, was called away to Jamaica, his wife, who was a woman of remarkable vigour both physical* and mental, and whose good sense had acquired additional strength under the wise training of the learned Nicholas Tindal, determined to remain at home with her three infant children. There were also in the house eight servants, all of whom, it is to be observed, left it from various causes in the course of the following year. Soon after the departure of Mr. Ricketts the disturbances became more serious. The servants got frightened; Mrs. Ricketts herself, among other inexplicable sounds, frequently heard the rustling of silk clothes and the steps of some one walking in the adjoining room or lobby. On one occasion she plainly distinguished the tread of a man walking heavily towards the foot of her bed. The appearances, too, of the drab-coloured gentleman became more frequent; and the figure of a lady in a stiff silk was more than once seen to rush past by the domestics. But it was not till about midsummer, 1771, that the residence in the house began to grow intolerable, so much so that the health of Mrs. Ricketts became at length affected. She declared that she could frequently distinguish articulate sounds; that usually a shrill female voice would begin, and then two others with deeper and man-like tone would join in the discourse, and that

* She reached the age of ninety-one.

Yet, though the conversation sounded as if close to her, she could never catch the words.

'It was at this time that Mrs. Gwynne came to visit her old and dear friend, and being a woman of strong nerve she remained longer than she had originally intended, although not a day or night passed without their being disturbed. Mrs. Gwynne described the sounds as most frequently resembling the ripping and rending of boards, and on more than one occasion she herself distinctly heard the whisperings of the three voices, seemingly so close to her that by putting out her hand she fancied she could have touched the persons uttering them. One night she was aroused by Mrs. Ricketts' cries (who slept in the next chamber to her), and on running to her assistance, was informed that just before she, Mrs. Ricketts, had been alarmed by "a most deep, tremendous noise, as of something falling with great velocity and force on the lobby floor adjoining her room. This was succeeded by a shriek—a dreadful shriek, which was repeated three or four times, growing fainter and fainter as it seemed to descend, till it sank into the earth."

'Various were the causes assigned in the neighbourhood for these supernatural visitations. Among other things, it was said that the late Lord Stawell had been a notorious evil liver; that he had in his employ as bailiff one Isaac Makrel, a man with a remarkably hoarse, guttural voice, who was well known as a pander to his master's vices, and who, although he had been detected in robbing the latter, had been

still retained in his service ; that there had been also resident in the house with my lord a younger sister of his deceased wife. It was further hinted that a guilty intrigue had been carried on between the two, and, that though no child was positively *known* to have been born, strong suspicions had been entertained on that score by the village gossips. This lady died at Hinton in 1754. In the year following Lord Stawell, as has been said, expired under a fit of apoplexy, and some time after the steward was killed by the fall of a fagot-stack.

‘Mrs. Ricketts and her friends endeavoured to follow up these rumours, but without much success. One day, indeed, an old man living in the poor-house at West Meon, came to her and said that his wife had often related to him that in her younger days a carpenter had told her that he was once sent for by Sir Hugh Stewkeley, and directed by him to take up some boards in the lobby, and that Sir Hugh had concealed something which he (the carpenter) conceived was treasure. Some investigation appears to have been made in consequence of this communication, but nothing came of it.

‘Matters were in this state when Captain. Jervis, made his appearance at Hinton. But notwithstanding the torture she was enduring, it was not without considerable reluctance that Mrs. Ricketts brought herself to confide the history of her troubles to her brother. Captain Jervis listened with surprise and wonder ; and their friend, Captain Luttrell, chancing

to call at the time, the two determined to unite their endeavours in investigating the mystery. With this view it was agreed that the latter should come late in the evening, and that they should divide the night-watch between them. Having taken the precaution of going into every apartment, and examining every possible place of concealment, and seen every door fastened, Captain Jervis retired to bed, leaving Captain Luttrell, armed with pistols, sitting up in the adjoining room. After awhile they were both simultaneously aroused by the sound of dreadful groans, and other inexplicable noises. Captain Jervis immediately sprang forth to join his friend, declaring that something flitted past him as he did so. The gentlemen, after a parley, cut short by the renewal of the sounds, which to all seeming were immediately above their heads, rushed upstairs, aroused their servants, and commenced a vigorous search throughout the whole premises. Nothing was to be discovered ! The doors were all found locked as they had been left, and the investigation proved, as heretofore, altogether fruitless. In the morning Captain Jervis and Captain Luttrell agreed that the house was an unfit residence for any human being ; and by the advice of her brother Mrs. Ricketts removed to Wolvesey, the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, with whom she was connected.

‘ A Mr. Lawrence was the next tenant of Hinton. He brought his family, remained in the house about a year, then suddenly quitted it. After this the mansion was never occupied. In 1797 it was pulled down,

when under the floor of the lobby there was found, together with a number of old papers, a box containing bones, and what was said to be the skull of a monkey; but no regular enquiry was set on foot, and no professional opinion ever taken as to the real character of the relic.

‘The only person who might possibly have thrown some light upon the mystery was an old woman who had been housekeeper in Lord Stawell’s time, and who on her death-bed expressed a desire to make a confession to a member of the Jervis family, but who unfortunately died before the lady summoned could arrive. It remains to be added that Mrs. Ricketts drew up a minute “narrative” of the foregoing events, of which two copies only were to be taken and retained for the benefit of her two granddaughters. One of these, if not both, still exists. As for Lord St. Vincent, the subject was a very sore one with him to the day of his death, and any allusion to it commonly brought down a rebuke upon whomsoever ventured to make it. Such is the authentic history of these strange occurrences with which Mrs. Hughes became acquainted in the following way: Mrs. Gwynne, who was staying with Mrs. Hughes’s mother, was about to relate the story, when she was checked by her hostess, who requested her to wait till Mary Anne (Mrs. Hughes), at that time a child, was gone to bed. This so excited the girl’s curiosity that she contrived to slip behind the curtains of the room and hide herself till the “ghost story” was told.’

CHAPTER VI.

[1837—1839.]

Appearance of 'Bentley's Miscellany'—'The Ingoldsby Legends'—'Jarvis Matchan'—'The Old Woman in Grey'—'Dr. Harris'—Criticism—Epigram—Object of certain of the Legends—The Ingoldsby Family—Letters to Mr. Bentley—'Face the Freshman'—Hook's Superstition—Anecdotes—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Sydney Smith's Letter to Archdeacon Singleton—Epigram—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'Grey Dolphin'—Pickled Cockles—Game Feathers—Kentish Superstition—Dr. Fly—Poetical Epistle to Mr. Ryde—The 'Globe and Traveller'—'A Friendly Remonstrance'—Power of 'Print'—Letter to Miss Barham—'Birthday Ode'—The Queen's Visit to the City—Invitation to Dr. Hume—Female Swindlers—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Epigram—Scandalous Memoirs attributed to Ladies Charlotte Bury and Hamilton—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Darrell of Littlecote—'My Grandmother's Tale'—Skits on the Coronation—'A Song of Sixpence'—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Proposed Novel, 'The Modern Rake's Progress'—'Tom Brown'—Illustrations by Leech.

AT the commencement of the year 1837 Mr. Bentley published the first number of his 'Miscellany.' Having engaged the services of Mr. Charles Dickens, then rising rapidly in public estimation, and an ample staff of regular collaborateurs, he sought to secure any occasional auxiliaries whose assistance might be of value; among others he applied to Mr. Barham, who entered at once and very warmly into the design, promising such aid as more important avocations might allow.

Up to this time he had been an anonymous and comparatively unknown writer. The popularity, however, of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' which now appeared in rapid succession in the pages of the new periodical, rendered the pseudonym he had for obvious reasons assumed a very insufficient disguise, and, though he never entirely abandoned it, he was soon pretty generally known to be their author. As has been before intimated, for the groundwork of many of these effusions he was indebted to the inexhaustible stores of Mrs. Hughes and her son, the latter himself a proficient in the higher range of poetry.

'Hamilton Tighe' was the first subject derived from the source in question. 'The original ghost story,' writes Mr. Hughes, 'was said to have occurred in the family of the late Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureate, a neighbour and brother magistrate of my maternal grandfather, and the date of it was supposed to be connected with the taking of Vigo. 'Patty Morgan, the Milkmaid's Story,' and the 'Dead Drummer' were transmitted also through the same medium, the former having been recounted to us by Lady Eleanor Butler* as a whimsical Welsh legend, the latter by Sir Walter Scott, who, having better means than most men of ascertaining facts and names, believed in their authenticity.'

As regards the latter story, the main incidents are

* This lady, one of the celebrated ladies of Llangollen, said it occurred during her residence at Llangollen and in its immediate neighbourhood. The story as told by her will be found in 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' annotated edition, vol. i. p. 62.

fully attested by a contemporary pamphlet, purporting to be 'A Narrative of the Life, Confession, and Dying Speech of Jarvis Matchan,' signed by the Rev. J. Nicholson, who attended him as minister, and another witness. The murder, however, was committed, not on Salisbury Plain, but near Buckden, in Huntingdonshire; and the culprit was accordingly, 'on Wednesday, the 2nd of August, 1786, executed at Huntingdon, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of Benjamin Jones, a drummer-boy in the 48th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August, 1780.' Matchan's escape to sea, and the subsequent vision on Salisbury Plain, which wrung from him his confession, and proved unquestionably the means of his conviction, are given with great minuteness, and, though differing a little in detail, are to the full as marvellous as anything recorded in the poem.

At the time of writing the legend the author had never met with this pamphlet, of which probably not half a dozen copies are in existence, and hence his mistake as to the scene of the murder. The 'Narrative' was given to me a year or two after the publication of the Ingoldsby version, by Mr. William Ivitt, a fine old farmer residing at Lolworth, in Cambridge-shire. He had been a great singer in his day, and had frequently in early life assisted at the musical parties given by the celebrated Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbroke, of whose doings, by the way, he clearly knew more than he cared to tell. He had seen and

remembered Miss Ray, and perfectly recollected the trial of Matchan, whom I think he said he had actually seen hanging in chains on or near Alconbury Hill. °

The 'Hand of Glory' also, owes its origin to a conversation at the house of Mr. Hughes on the subject of county superstitions. 'Nell Cook,' 'Grey Dolphin,' 'The Ghost,' and possibly the 'Smuggler's Leap,' are veritable Kentish legends, a little renovated perhaps as regards 'dresses and decorations,' but without doubt sufficiently genuine for the purpose. Greater liberties have been taken with the 'Old Woman Clothed in Grey,' who, for anything that appeared to the contrary, was a well-disposed ghost enough, haunting the old parsonage of Boxworth, within a few miles of Cambridge. It is represented to have been her custom to wander about the house at dead of night with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations : no one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. The principal improbability of the tale manifestly consists in the fact that no one was found sufficiently enterprising to meet her wishes. So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question, that when it was taken down, and the materials were sold on the erection of the present rectory, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered, and he actually received, to

my knowledge, three battered halfpence in fulfilment of the agreement.

The 'Singular Passage in the Life of the late Dr. Harris,' though drawing not a little on the reader's faith, certainly so far originated in fact that the strange details were communicated to Mr. Barham by a young lady on her sick-bed, who herself was so impressed with a conviction of their truth as to urge most strongly the apprehension of the young man of whose horrible arts she believed herself to be the victim. The delusion only terminated with her life. It is worthy of remark that the very gentleman to whom she referred, and who was also well known to Mr. Barham, was shortly afterwards taken into custody on the charge of perpetrating a robbery at one of the theatres. His identity was sworn to most positively by the prosecutor, but an *alibi* was so irrefragably established as to place his innocence beyond suspicion. This story, though printed in the first series of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' appeared originally in 'Blackwood,' and has indeed little in common with the productions with which it is at present associated.

As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from various languages are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases

and convulses the reader at every turn ; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every sort of stanza, however complicated or exacting ; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced ; syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates. A harmony pervades the whole, a modulation of numbers never perhaps surpassed, and rarely equalled in compositions of this class. This was the *forte* of Thomas Ingoldsby ; a harsh line or untrue rhyme grated painfully upon his ear ; no inviting point or alluring pun would induce him to entertain either for an instant ; sacrifice or circumlocution were the only alternatives. At the same time no vehicle could be better adapted for the development of his peculiar powers than that unshackled metre which admits of no laws save those of rhyme and melody, but which also, from the very want of definite regulations, presents no landmark to guide the poet, and demands a thorough and intuitive knowledge of rhythm to prevent his becoming lost among a succession of confused and unconnected stanzas.

Of the unflagging spirit of fun which animates these productions there can be but one opinion ; Mr. Barham was, unquestionably, an adept in all the mysteries of mirth, happy in his use of anachronism, and all the means and appliances of burlesque ;

skilled, moreover, to relieve his humour, however broad, from any imputation of vulgarity, by a judicious admixture of pathos and antiquarian lore. There are, indeed, passages in his writings—in the ‘Execution,’ for example, the ‘Black Mousquetaire,’ and the ‘Dead Drummer’—standing out in strong contrast from the ludicrous imagery which surrounds them, and affording evidence of powers of a very opposite, and far higher order.

The materials of most of the tales referring to Popish superstitions were derived from a variety of monkish chronicles and writings—the ‘Legenda Aurea’ among the rest—with which the library of Sion College abounds, and with which Mr. Barham was tolerably familiar ; and it was, as his friend, Mr. Hughes suggests :

‘The incautious use of these materials which drew down the animadversions of a respectable joint-stock book, displaying ability in some of its articles, impertinence in others, and certainly most wilful unfairness in that devoted to “The Ingoldsby Legends.” That naughty Gaul, Eustache de Beaujolois, your whifome correspondent, in the magazine of your founding, would perhaps say, “*J’y trouve beaucoup plus de l’esprit du bonhomme Jobard que de l’esprit du siècle,*” and I am sorry to recount similar contumacy on the part of the ~~author~~ ^{author} vanished. On being first apprised of the admonition, the following inexcusably whimsical sortie escaped from our friend :

“For turning grave things to farce, Prior asserts
That a ladle once stuck in an old woman’s skirts,
My Muse then may surely esteem it a boon,
If in hers there sticks only—a bit of a spoon.”

Al! Barham’s care and forethought were employed on more

sacredness of which the author was bound to be foremost in observing. Whether either of these perils has been escaped altogether may fairly be questioned. But when it is remembered that, at that day, the cry incessantly sent up from Oxford was, in so many words, 'Let us un-Protestantise England,' it can hardly be wondered at that men of keen feelings, and who were sincere in their attachment to the Church of their birth and their convictions, should be found to speak warmly, even unadvisedly, in reply.

Without pursuing the subject further, it may be sufficient to mention that penance, pardons, purgatory, the celebration of masses for the repose of souls, and the worshipping of saints and images, are among the 'fond things vainly invented' against which particular legends are directed; to these may be added those mediæval miracles and ritualistic vanities upon which many are brought to bear in common. That in the treatment of these matters some instances of inadvertence may be pointed out, where the least must be conspicuous, is quite possible. Indeed, there are one or two passages, together with a few expressions, in these poems which, had the author lived to revise them, would, I am certain, have met with modification at his hands. Moreover, had his original design been fully carried out, the separate parts would have been fitted together in a more compact and systematic form; the admixture of compositions charged with a deeper purpose with others of a merely superficial

character was assuredly not judicious, and seems to have led to some misconstruction of the intent of the writer, and the purport of his work.

It need hardly be said that the history of the Ingoldsby family is almost, if not entirely, fictitious. The name I remember to have seen blended with that of Barham in some genealogical record: thence I presume its adoption for the hero of the ‘Spectre of Tappington.’ How it became connected with the stories that followed appears in a communication to Mr. Bentley:

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘1837.

‘My dear Bentley,—I think the etching will do capitally. I have corrected and returned the two first proofs, which seem to run smooth enough. “Brag” goes on admirably; the playhouse scene is in Hook’s best manner. Why the deuce does he give the actor such a name as Teeardeyell, which nobody can pronounce? Does it mean anything? I ask this, for I have seen nothing of him, nor indeed of anybody else for this last week; but I am so far set to rights that I mean to be at the Club to-morrow, about the middle of the day. A scheme has come into my head, which I will mention to you when we meet; in the meantime I have been writing to Hume on other business, and took the opportunity of asking him to try whether Moore could not be induced to send something for the

"Miscellany."* I have also been trying to enlist Mr. Hughes for you, who, if he serves at all, will be a volunteer. I hope you will come out strong this time, as in my mind all depends on it; but I do not know of a single article but my own, which, to whatever other faults it may possess, will, I fear, add that of being too long. Indeed, I was afraid of that before, and did cut it as much as I could to leave it intelligible. If it tells, I have a plan for the rest, by means of making Tom Ingoldsby, your correspondent, and some of the other characters, actors in the bye-play, serve as pegs on which to hang the stories. If it is a miss, I shall drop the whole party. I am the more doubtful, as it is my *coup d'essai* in this style, but they tell me it will pass muster.

'Yours,

'R. H. B.'

Moore was induced to send something for the 'Miscellany,' and received twenty pounds for about as many lines in the form of a poetical epistle.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'My dear Bentley,—I just write a line to say that I think you had better put Cruikshank upon something else. The story I am upon I shall hardly be able to get done this week, and besides, I shall want the wooden block with the anagram for it, which will be itself an illustration.

"Face the Freshman" will come next time, and on

that perhaps he might work with advantage. I am glad you like the "Jackdaw." It was struck off at a heat and almost in despair, when I found it impossible to finish the other article in time.

'Yours very truly,

'R. H. B.'

The story of 'Face the Freshman' was, in substance, to have been as follows: Thomas Ingoldsby, a gentleman commoner of Brazenose, receives a letter from an elderly lady in the country, stating that her son, an exceedingly amiable, but equally diffident youth, who has been educated entirely at home, is about to come up as a freshman, and begging Mr. Ingoldsby to take him in hand and introduce him, etc. The young gentleman follows the letter. Tom thinks the business a bore, but good-naturedly determines to do his best. His young friend, however, soon gets over his shyness, and appears to be not only rather vulgar, but exceedingly impudent into the bargain. He plays all sorts of abominable tricks, each one more disreputable than the preceding; wins a great deal of money at cards; runs up bills, especially for jewellery, with astonishing rapidity—all this to Ingoldsby's increasing astonishment and disgust—and finally, on the eve of expulsion, disappears. It turns out that the man is an impostor; that the real 'Face' has been laid up with a broken leg from a coach accident, and that a plausible fellow-passenger has got possession of his trunks and papers, and has

personated him at the university. The story promised well, but my father, finding that something very like it had been told of Duval, the highwayman, abandoned it at once.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘Friday, 6 o’clock. 1837.

‘My dear Bentley,—I send you the whole of the “Tappington Spectre,” the last page or two in the rough, for I am really too unwell to make a fair copy, and, as the month is running out, it is better to let you have it so than to wait another day. It is all right in essentials, though a sentence or two may be better turned in the proofs. Let me have them as soon as you can.

‘I have got a very good link to keep the stories together, and, as you will see, throw out a hint there-
anent in the close of the narrative. The severity of the attack has gone off, but I am as weak as a seven months’ baby.

‘R. H. B.’

‘*Diary*: February 16, 1837.—Frank Mills showed us how — marked the cards, and managed to cut, *sauter le coup*, etc. He mentioned that Lord —, while he always received his winnings in cash, gave a cheque for £2,500, his losings, to the Bonds at their gaming-house, and sent immediately and stopped payment of it at his banker’s. He had previously done a similar thing at Crockford’s, and both the houses were obliged to submit, as he would otherwise

have taken away his own custom, and that of all his
liques.

‘Hook assured me with the greatest seriousness that on his return from the Mauritius he and six or seven more on board had seen the “Flying Dutchman;” that is, that at a time when they could scarce keep up a rag of canvas for the hurricane, a large ship bore down on the opposite tack, seemingly in the wind’s eye, with all her sails set, and apparently at the distance of not more than half a mile. He told a story of a gentleman driving his Irish servant in his cab, and saying to him, half jocularly, half in anger :

“If the gallows had its due, you rascal, where would you be now?”

“Faith, then, your honour, it’s riding in this cab I’d be, all alone by myself may be!”

‘He also mentioned that last week an old Irish-woman came to St. George’s Hospital to fetch away the body of her husband, who had recently died. Not expecting it to be claimed, the surgeons had been to work and had cut off the head, as well as those of half a dozen more, for phrenological investigation. Some confusion was occasioned by the old woman’s demand, as they did not know precisely which head belonged to any specific corpse.

“Had your husband any mark you would know him by?” was asked.

“Oh! then sure he had; he had a scar on his right arm.”

'The body of course, was identified at once; but to find the right head was not so easy, especially as most of them had been a good deal disfigured. At last one was found that seemed to fit better than the others, and it was carefully sewn on. When the woman was admitted she at once recognised the scar, which was rather a remarkable one; but when she looked at the face, "Oh! murder," she cried, "and it's death that alters one entirely, it is! My poor Dennis had curly hair, and now the head of him is as black as a tom-cat!" This Hook said he had from Keate the surgeon, who declared it to be true.

'Showed him young Leech's proofs of the illustrations to "Jack Brag." He thought them well-conceived and executed, but said the figure of Jack was not at all what he meant; he intended him to be a smart, dapper little fellow, and, though impudent and vulgar, not bad-looking.'

To Mrs. Hughes..

St. P. C. Y., March 1, 1857.

'My dear Madam,—Enclosed you have the "Spectre of Tappington," the pictorial illustration to which I think I told you was Dick's. You will say, perhaps, he might have been better employed. You will also recognise Hampden Pye, transformed, for the nonce, into "Hamilton Tighe," which rhymes as well, and prevents all unpleasant feelings, or the chance of them. You will see also that other liberties have been taken

with his story which may, after all perhaps, be only supplying omissions ; for if poor Hampden *was* shot, somebody must have shot him, and why not "Hairy-faced Dick" as well as anybody else? The inference is most illogical, and, I think, conclusive.

"I have this moment sent Bentley a real Kentish legend, or rather the amalgamation of two into one, for his next number. I should much like to have your opinion of the "Miscellany." At present it does not bear out Hook's prophecy ; he said the title, was ominous—"Miss-sell-any ;" but, so far from this being the case, Bentley assures me he has sold six thousand of the last number, and that he considers the speculation now as safe. He has just given Charles Mathews five hundred pounds for his father's MSS., to form materials for a life of him, which Hook is to execute, and have five hundred more for the job. The book will be in three vols. with portraits, etc., and, as the editor is heart and soul in the affair, will, I have no doubt, be a most amusing one.

"Jack Brag" is not yet out, but I have seen the proofs of all that is printed of it. It is not so good, certainly, as "Gilbert Gurney," but is, nevertheless full of fun, with some palpable hits in it. I heard yesterday that your old "friend," the Rev. Mr. — has got into a scrape at the University Club, from which certain books and papers have been missed ; and there is, I understand, a notice stuck up over the mantelpiece summoning a general meeting of the members to take into consideration the conduct of an

individual "concerned in the abstraction" as the swell mob now dignify their little adventures.

'I have not yet seen the Rev. Sydn^y, though, as his month commences to-day, I presume I soon shall. Perhaps I ought to have called, as he sent me his pamphlet. He did not take in the Bishop [of Llandaff], who hit upon the forgery at first sight. The name of Vorstius alone fixed the chronology and detected the imposition, which, after all, is the funniest I have seen.* I am told the pamphlet has had a great effect upon the Commissioners, and that he will carry his point as to the patronage. To-morrow night's debate will let us into the secret.

'What do you think of my Lord de Roos and Mr. Cumming? I enclose you the following epigram, which is an impromptu of Hook's:

"Cease your humming;
The matter's done:
Defendant's *Cumming*;
Plaintiff's Gone!"

'By the way, the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield are said to have intimated their intention of supporting his Lordship, and the following hit at

* The allusion here is to the story of the Synod of Dort, told by Sydney Smith in his letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Church Commission. It was to the effect that, the clergy being assembled in two chambers, the populace beset the house of meeting and demanded food, upon which the prelates descended to the tower room and threw forth from the window the dinner which had been prepared for their inferior brethren, thus obtaining great glory for their liberality. This was at first received by the majority of people as a piece of genuine history. One bishop was fairly caught, and wrote to Mr. Smith for a more exact reference to the passage. He received in reply the number of a page which turned out to be one more than the volume contained.

his Grace is going the round of the clubs. Somebody was saying that the Duke had already left his card with De Roos. "Did he mark it?" was asked. "Of course not," was the answer. "Oh, then," said Poole, "it's clear he did not consider it an honour." I wish Mr. Hughes could be prevailed upon to give "Bentley" a lift! Has he seen the book? My paper warns me to conclude, but I have just room to tell you that Mr. Tate has taken the living of Hutton, now vacant, and that Hawes has entered a *caveat* against him, claiming the presentation himself in his capacity of almoner. I don't think he has a chance of establishing his claim. Believe me to remain, as ever, etc.

'R. H. BARIAM.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'April 29, 1837.

'My dear Madam,—If I did not immediately reply to your last kind letter, it was that franks have been scarce with me. Many thanks for your hint respecting the "Miscellany," which, as I sincerely wish Bentley success, I lost no time in transferring to him. To Boz himself, I could say nothing, never having as yet seen that very funny fellow, to whom I am only known as a veritable Mr. Ingoldsby. My stipulations with Bentley are that what I send to the "Miscellany" goes at once from me to the printer, and is returned in proofs by him without any intermediate channel ;

and as Bentley thinks it his interest to accede to these terms, I have no doubt he will preserve an *incognito* which, if destroyed, will lose him his correspondent. I am glad you like "Grey Dolphin," and the more so because Dick tells me it is a palpable, and not over good (*bad* the fellow would say, but that he thinks it may cost him a five-pound note out of his next quarterage) imitation of the "Abbess of Andouilletts." Certainly I never had Sterne less in my thoughts than at the time of incubation; but "Faded ideas," says Sheridan, "float in the imagination like half-forgotten dreams, till Fancy becomes suspicious of her offspring, and doubts whether she has created or adopted." I do not know that I have quoted him correctly, but it is near enough for my purpose; and at all events the next time I am "cluck" I will take care and see whose eggs I have under me. I have no time to do more for this number than scratch off a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor "Jackdaw" will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time, I meant to have engrafted-on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance.'

As the story is told at greater length in Mr. Barham's Diary than in the letter, the former version is here substituted for that which was forwarded to Mrs. Hughes.

'A certain notable housewife—he [Cannon] used to say—had observed that her stock of pickled cockles

was running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook had noticed the same serious deficiency: "she couldn't tell how, but they certainly *had* disappeared much too fast!" A degree of coolness, approaching to estrangement, ensued between these worthy individuals, which the rapid consumption of the pickled cockles by no means contributed to remove. The lady became more distant than ever, spoke pointedly and before company of "some people's unaccountable partiality to pickled cockles," etc. The cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation upon her self-denial, not to say honesty, she, nevertheless, felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end.

'One day, the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping his beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected! Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation:

"Oh, d—— me, *you've* been at the pickled cockles have ye?"

‘Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a whole year.

‘At length, when he had pretty well recovered and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance: his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman’s skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of the astounded visitor:

““Oh, d—— me, *you’ve* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?””

In the same letter the writer goes on to say:

‘I cannot sufficiently thank you for your story of the “Virgin Unmasked:” it is a most amusing one, and highly characteristic of the standard of morality too commonly found in “Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.” As to the communication of the gallivanting propensities of her husband to the dying woman, it is only to be paralleled by what Mr. Wood, the conchologist, once told me, and which I think carries friendly consolation and good offices *in extremis* to even a higher pitch.

‘He was once a surgeon at Wingham, in Kent, and said that, in the course of his practice, he had to pay

what he considered would be his last visit to an elderly labouring man on Adisham Downs. He had left him in the last stage of illness the day before, and was not surprised on calling again to find him dead, but did experience a little astonishment at seeing the bed on which he had been lying now withdrawn from under the body, and placed in the middle of the floor. To his remarks, the answer given by her who had officiated as nurse (?) was :

“Dearee me, sir, you see there was partridge-feathers in the bed, and folks can’t die upon *geame* feathers nohow, and we thought as how he never *would* go, so we pulled the bed away, and then I just pinched his poor nose tight with one hand, and shut his mouth close with t’other, and, poor dear ! he went off like a lamb !”

- ‘I agree with you fully about the new poor-law system. It works exceedingly well in Kent, and I have no doubt generally through the country, but I am very apprehensive it will not do for London. Our paupers are of a different class altogether. Many, not to say most (I speak, of course, of those only in the City) are broken tradesmen and others, who once knew better days, who have many of them friends who would gladly give them a little occasional assistance to ensure them additional comforts. All this cannot be, as the practice goes here—or rather, *is* to go, for we are fighting hard against it as yet, though I fear with small hope of ultimate success. They must be strictly confined to the workhouse allowance,

and no distinction made. The very bread heretofore given away every Sunday at church is, we are told, to be stopped, and the moneys and bequests left to purchase it carried into the common workhouse fund. Under proper modifications I have no doubt it would be most desirable to adopt the new plan, but some discretionary power must be given in some quarter or another. By the way, there is a sort of Radicalish tone about "Oliver Twist" which I don't altogether like. I think it will not be long before it is remedied, for Bentley is loyal to the backbone himself.

'Mr. Cooke will, I dare say, have told you before this that I had the pleasure of seeing him at Vaughan's concert, which, by the way, was a very good one. Pray get him to tell you, if he has not done so already, Mr. Sydney Smith's account of the *real* circumstances which lost Colonel—I beg his pardon—General Evans the battle of Hernani : it is very funny, and I should think very likely to be the true "history of that wonderful mystery." Mrs. Wood [Miss Paton], made her first appearance as a concert-singer, since her return from America, that evening. She looked what might be called well, but is grown fatter ; her voice is as powerful as ever, but her style of singing I think much deteriorated—vulgarized ; and her manner, too, was anything but improved. I could not look at her without pain, and shall not, I think, be tempted by any consideration to see her again. You are good enough to inquire after us all. I have the best account, I am happy to say, from Oxford. Little Ned, my

youngest cocksparrow, is just entered at St. Paul's School, where he seems going on very comfortably. My wife is in good health and spirits, and begs to send her best thanks for your kind remembrance of her. I would give much to be able to avail myself of your kindness, and to run down if only for a day, but I fear it will be impossible. "Woe is me that I am compelled to dwell with Mesech!" (now don't suppose I meant to say——), and to have my habitation among such cross-grained bodies as I sometimes have to deal with here. Honest Pistol, however, was no bad philosopher, and among all the petty feuds which are constantly distracting our commonwealth I am every day leaning more to his maxim, "Basta! let the world slide!" Live, however, where I may, I shall never cease to remember your kindness, or to subscribe myself very truly

'Yours most faithfully.

R. H. BARHAM.'

The story of the *geame* feathers may perhaps be allowed to pass as a tolerable joke, and there are probably few readers who will be disposed to accept it as anything of greater weight; but yet, incredible as it may appear to those who are accustomed to treat the slightest ailment with tenderness, to watch with unwearied patience over the sick-bed of the sufferer, it is nevertheless perfectly true, that in many of our neglected districts, a helping hand was, and doubtless is, not infrequently lent by the attendants of

those who seem disposed to 'die hard;' and this not more from the desire to relieve themselves of a heavy, and, as they think, unnecessary burden, than from a sincere conviction that the act is one of kindness and charity to the dying person. For the truth of the following illustration the writer can vouch: it occurred between twenty and thirty years ago, in the neighbourhood of a considerable town in East Kent. A woman who had tended with exemplary devotion a sick child, who lingered on long after the case had been pronounced hopeless by the medical man, being questioned as to the particulars of its disease, replied to the lady who was interrogating:—

'Ah, poor little dear! he lived on, and on, and on; at last he got so terrible, bad surely nothing would ease him, so that we was forced to *squidge* him under the blankets.'

On the death of the King in the month of June, 1837, all the churches in the country were, according to custom, dressed with black drapery and mourning devices, which fittings, after having hung the proper time, became the property of the incumbent. In the case of the rich City districts the cloth employed was of considerable value, and on a previous occasion had proved the source of a little disagreement between one of Mr. Barham's predecessors at St. Faith's and his curate.

'After the death of George III. the Church of St. Faith was hung with black cloth. The rector, Dr. Fly, not having made any arrangement with the pa-

rish, previously to the "mourning" being put up, as to its final appropriation, the churchwardens, after it had hung the usual period, took it down, and directed that two-thirds of it should be the property of the rector, and that one-third should be the perquisite of the curate. The Doctor disputed their right to make any such arrangement, claiming, and eventually appropriating, the whole to his own use. Mr. Hayes, the curate, meeting him shortly after with a friend, enquired after his health and how things were going on in the country, from which the Doctor had just returned.

"Why, sir," says he, "pretty well, considering the season, but the weather has been so mild and so wet that the vermin have played the deuce in my garden."

"Not unlikely," returned Hayes; "indeed I have understood that the *Fly* has lately been very active among the *Cabbage!*"

No such delicate question could arise at St. Gregory's on the death of King William, and the whole paraphernalia were, as a matter of course, handed over to Mr. Barham. A portion of the cloth was afterwards despatched by him as a present to a literary friend named Ryde, with the following note:—

My dear Mr. Ryde,
The cloth I confide
To your messenger tried,
Safe sealed up and tied.

It can't be denied
That though rough it's well dyed,
And sufficiently wide
(Or my tailor has lied)
To cover your hide
From ankle to side.

'If you're going to ride,
Or this winter decide
Upon learning to slide
On the Thames or the Clyde—
A thing I always shied,
And could never "abide,"
From motives allied
To a feeling of pride,
As too undignified—
On the ice ere you glide
Such smallclothes provide
As fit well in the stride.

'The cloth, says my bride,
Ere the needle is plied,
Should be damped and then dried ;
And when thus purified
They'll be jet black, not pied ;
In this I coincide.

'Adieu, my dear Ryde,
All good fortune, betide
Yourself my good friend, and your breeches
beside.'

Mr. Barham's connection with the 'Globe and Tra-

veller' has been already alluded to. Slight as it was, it endured from the time of his settling in London till his decease. It took rise in an intimacy with Mr. Walter Coulson, of the Chancery Bar, who was the original editor ; which office he continued to hold till a change of opinions leading the proprietors to take a more Radical turn than suited his principles, and to abuse his friend Lord Brougham, he resigned. My father, however, who had never meddled with the politics of the paper, so completely at variance with his own, but had been in the habit of supplying occasional articles on theatrical and literary subjects, remained a contributor to the last. Many, indeed, of the most amusing of his skits appeared in its columns, in acknowledgment of which, by the way, he received a handsome present of plate. The letter which follows, referring to some advocacy of the Temperance movement then in progress, was not, of course, intended for publication. The names introduced are those of the proprietors themselves and the various members of their staff.

A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS, ETC., OF 'THE GLOBE.'

June 24, 1837.

My dear Mr. Moran,
 Although in the Koran,
 Mohammed, prohibiting wine,
 Says people should get
 Lemonade and sherbet,
 Such talking is all very fine ;

And the system may work
Very well with a Turk,
A Moor, a Mogul, or a Persian ;
But John Bull, you must own,
For spring water alone,
Entertains an especial aversion.

What the deuce are you at ?
Does the *Globe* mean to rat
From its principles—Port and October ?
It had better turn Tory
At once, like ' old Glory,'
Than grow so confoundedly sober.

Who cares for the potter
Of Lettsom and Trotter ?
Astley Cooper's grown blinder than Cupid.
As to Bacher, I guess
He's an ass, and U. S.
I suppose means ' uncommonly stupid !'

I've heard Colonel Torrens
Express his abhorrence
Of milksops, and often upon 'em he
Things severer has said
Than ever I read
In political tracts of economy.

And surely the Captain
Won't think of adapting
His taste to these teetotal fancies,

Or say the pure element
Is for the belly meant,
Unless when it mixed with right Nantz is.

If once your good Editor
Turns to a bread-eater,
Moistening his crust with cool waters,
All the fire in his leaders
Is quench'd, and his readers
Will swear they're a Dairyman's Daughter's.

If you make Mr. Chapman
A gruel and pap-man,
At once you destroy all the pleasure he
Now takes in beholding
The silver and gold in
The iron safe forming your treasury.

Methinks Mr. Eaves,
As he locks up and leaves,
For his skinful of grog stoutly stickles ;
And I hear honest Joe
Exclaim, ' This is no go !'
As he bolts to his friend Colonel Nichols.

Mr. Barnard won't stay,
Without wetting his clay
Now and then with a taste of cool 'swipes,'
And I am sure Mr. Harvey
Will send for a jarvey
And 'brush' with his galleys and types.

I admit drinking gin
Is a shame and a sin ;
It bemuddles and don't make one frisky ;
But think of the scorn
Which an Irishman born
Deserves who talks scandal of whisky !

Then pray, Mr. Moran,
Don't think of encoring
Such paragraphs : prithee stand neuter !
Or if drams you cut short,
Speak civil of port,
And allow us a pull at the pewter.

Wonderful indeed is the power of the Press ! as the following anecdote, relating to the aforesaid 'Globe,' will help to show. My father had been to St. James's Palace, where he chanced to fall in with Mr. Marrable, of the Board of Green Cloth. The latter mentioned as a piece of the latest news the name of the person who was, he said, to be appointed to the Deanery of the Chapels Royal, then vacant. Passing the 'Globe' office on his return eastwards, my father stepped in and wrote a short paragraph announcing the expected preferment. Before he reached St. Paul's he met the Bishop of Llandaff, who assured him that Mr. Marrable was in error, as a different man had been actually appointed, and that he (the bishop) had that morning seen the appointment. A glance at the clock showed that it was too late to correct the mistake, which was allowed to appear.

That evening at a dinner-party one of the guests quoted from the 'Globe' the supposed bit of 'ecclesiastical intelligence.' Upon this Mr. Barham observed :

'Yes, I know the "Globe" says so, but it is an error; the new dean is——'

'I beg your pardon,' replied the gentleman, 'the "Globe" is always well informed, and with all due deference to your authority, I should rather believe the statement to be correct.'

'You are quite right, sir, as to the paper's general accuracy,' replied my father; 'but this article I wrote myself, and I find I have been misinformed.'

The gentleman smiled, shook his head, and murmured, 'Well, but, my dear sir, there it is, actually in print—in the "Globe," you know; Government paper!'

'I know it,' returned my father, provoked; 'but for once the paper has made a blunder, for which I am wholly responsible.'

The gentleman smiled again quite complacently, bowed, said something about an 'announcement of that importance—in print—large type—in the 'Globe' too! etc., etc.,' and remained evidently as firmly convinced of the truth of the statement as ever.

To Miss Barham.

1837.

'My dearest Fan,—Till this moment I have not had five minutes' leisure to answer your letter, the receipt

of which, however, delighted me not a little, as its style convinced me that the "green and yellow melancholy" which for the last fortnight I had seen creeping over your elongated visage must already have in a great measure disappeared, and that the kindness of your friends will ere long send you back a mightily improved specimen of Tonbridge ware. Your account of Mrs. Scoones is not less gratifying; pray tell her how much we both rejoice in her amended health, and hope for still better news in your next of the same description.

'And so, Fanny, you are running about all over the county. Well, I hope all this will not turn your head, nor induce you to make half as much noise in your progress as Ned and Mary Anne make in running about the house. It is what they are doing all day, with the exception of an occasional pause to mourn over a defunct silkworm, and a somewhat graver step in attending its obsequies in the dust-hole. But then many of their progeny are already spinning; indeed, the greater part, I believe, of their menagerie are at this moment thus industriously occupied, if I except certain "grubs," who, having done their duty already, are, by way of reward I suppose, pensioned off into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for decayed veterans, revelling in sawdust or bran, or whatever it is, within the safe asylum of an old pill-box. "Ned has distinguished himself immortally as a carder and winder, and I can't tell you how many skeins he has already "got off," or how completely his mind is occupied by fairy visions

of certain silk waistcoats and hose of his own and his sisters' manufacture. Your bird enjoys her health exceedingly well, but I cannot say she is in high feather just at present, being, according to her own account and that of your mother, in that interesting state of a transition of plumage which "fanciers" call "*moulting*." The fact is, she is something in Willy's predicament—shedding her old coat, and I have no doubt will be out in all the glories of her new "long-tailed" one by the time you get back. In the meantime, Ellen looks after her very tenderly, as I hope you do after her prototype at Tonbridge, for the moulting season is a very delicate and interesting period both for birds and bipeds.

'On Thursday I go down to the East Kent election, and your mother will probably accompany me. On the Monday following, we go to spend a few days at Hanwell; after which I have a swan-hopping expedition with the Vintner's Company, and then I fear I have more work cut out for me in East Kent about the Tithe Commutation Bill, of the nature of which, as well as of all other Acts of Parliament, you are in a state of blessed ignorance; and as Gray (not the Lord, but the Poet) says, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." If this be so, I shall pack your mother up in my carpet-bag and take her with me, putting Edward and Mary Anne one into each pocket, with a good supply of gingerbread, barley-sugar, and perhaps a brandy-ball or two, as we may not meet with so civil a coachman as Mr. Mole. God bless you

my dear girl! your mother will write to you in a day or two, but I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can spare time. What on earth is your "*Indiana dress*"? Have you cowrie-bangles, a nose-ring, and peacock's feathers, or what? Surely William's coat must hide its diminished tail before such finery. God bless you once more, and believe me your fond father,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To the Mrs. Scoones alluded to, who was a connection of our family, my father, about this time, addressed the following Birthday Ode :

To Mrs. Scoones.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

‘When I was young,
Full oft I’ve sung
Gay birthday odes to birthday tunes,
Nor shall my muse
E’en now refuse
One little stave to Mrs. Scoones.

‘No! though time runs,
And fifty suns
(Of course thirteen times fifty moons)
Have made me grey,
This latest lay
I’ll venture yet for Mrs. Scoones.

‘In days of yore
Folks rose by Four,
Our mornings were *their* afternoons ;
’Tis Twelve at best
Ere I am drest,
For which I’m blamed by Mrs. Scoones.

‘Up with the sun
They dined at One,
While we, alas ! far lazier loons,
Can hardly fix
To dine at six ;—
(The hour, I think, of Mrs. Scoones.)

‘Thus Seven was past
Ere our repast,
With cloth and knives and forks and spoons,
Was cleared away
And I could say—
“One bumper now to Mrs. Scoones !”

‘The toast went round—
“May joys abound,
Long life and health—that best of boons !”
Ned, Mary Anne,
And chattering Fan
All joined in—“God bless Mrs. Scoones !”

‘The postman’s bell,
That horrid knell
That frights one into fits and swoons,

Had passed our door
An hour before—
Too late to write to Mrs. Scoones !

‘ And Time’s rude knife
In middle life
Fair Fancy’s wings so closely prunes,
One can’t essay
To write a lay
In half an hour to Mrs. Scoones.

‘ Would wishes bear
Us through the air—
Ah ! wishes are not air-balloons—
Beyond all doubt,
We had set out
To whisper thus to Mrs. Scoones :

‘ “ May years of joy
Without alloy
Roll on—the months all Mays and Junes ;
While Halbar, Phil,
Jane, Frank, and Will
Spring up like flowers round Mrs. Scoones ! ” ’

On the 9th November of this year, the Queen came in state to dine with the Lord Mayor at the annual banquet at Guildhall. Preparations on the most magnificent scale were made to receive her ; throughout the whole line of march scaffoldings were erected, windows fitted up, balconies thrown out, the most

conspicuous positions being occupied by ladies in rich and varied raiment, all glorious to behold. Seats commanding a view of the procession were sold at extravagant prices, and were with difficulty to be procured on any terms. Mr. Barham's house in St. Paul's Church Yard was of course thronged with visitors, and an invitation was conveyed in the following terms to his old friend Dr. Hume :

To Doctor Hume.

'St. P. C. Y., November 4, 1837.

' Doctor dear ! the Queen's a coming !

All this antient city round,

Scarce a place to squeeze one's thumb in,

High or low, can now be found !

' So my spouse—you'll hardly thank her—

Thus in substance bids me say—

" Bring your sweet self to an anchor,

Doctor dear, with us that day !"

" If no haunch your palate tickles,

If no turtle greet your eye,

There'll be cold roast beef and pickles,

Ox-tail soup, and pigeon-pie.

' Fear not then the knaves who fleece men—

Johnny Raws, and country muffs !

There'll be lots of new policemen

To control the rogues and roughs.

' Doctor, darling ! think how grand is
Such a sight ! the great Lord May'r
Heading all the city dandies
There on horseback takes the air !

' Chains and maces all attend, he
Rides all glorious to be seen ;
" Lad o' wax !" great heaven forfend he
Don't get spilt before the Queen !

' Blue-coat boys with classic speeches—
From our windows you shall view
Their yellow stockings, yellow breeches,
And " long togs " of deepest blue.

' Here the cutlers—there the nailers—
Here the barber-surgeons stand—
Goldsmiths here—there merchant tailors,
And in front the Coldstream Band !

' Gas-lights, links, and flambeaux blazing,
These will shame the noontide ray ;
" Night !—pooh !—stuff ! 'tis quite amazing !
Why, 'tis brighter far than day !"

' But a scene so brilliant mocks all
Power its beauties to declare ;
Once beheld, poor Gye of Vauxhall
Hangs himself in deep despair !

‘Come then, Doctor, quit your shrubbery,
Cock your castor o’er y^our ear ;
Come and gaze, and taste the grubbery,
Ah, now join us, Doctor dear !

‘ R. H. B.’

Among those present was Mr. Poole. At the dinner which followed the spectacle one of the guests, moved by enthusiasm and loyalty, to say nothing of champagne, rose to propose the health of the Queen. ‘We have heard to-day,’ he commenced, ‘many hurrahs—’ ‘Yes,’ interrupted Poole, ‘and we have seen to-day many *hussars* !’

As a clergyman, Mr. Barham was, of course, looked upon as an easy and natural prey by the many bands of industrious chevaliers who make London their happy hunting-ground. He has noted several encounters with these gentry. On one occasion, by the detection of an accomplished pair of swindlers, he was the means of relieving a friend from a burden borne cheerfully for some years. He (my father) received a note one morning from the Bishop of Llandaff begging him to call as soon as possible, the writer being about to leave town in a few hours. The Bishop was found immersed in business, and he hastily explained the cause of the summons he had sent.

‘I have been in the habit,’ he said, ‘of paying quarterly a small sum to the relict of a deceased clergyman. He was a worthless fellow enough, and

on his death his widow and daughter were left without a farthing and without a friend. They called upon me, and I was much struck by their ladylike and refined manners, by their grief, and by their poverty, evidences of which were painfully conspicuous. I promised some periodical assistance, and I have never failed to send it punctually till now, when I find to my horror that I have permitted the lapse of nearly a week. Now I want you to call and explain to these poor people the cause of my neglect, which is illness, and express my sorrow at any inconvenience it may have caused them. At the same time you can hand them my usual contribution, and should their circumstances seem to require it, you may increase it according to your discretion.'

In the course of that afternoon, Mr. Barham called at a house in Salisbury Street, Strand. Was Mrs. — at home? It appeared, after a prolonged and audible discussion carried on above, that Mrs. — was at home; would the gentleman 'leave his business'? The gentleman would with pleasure leave his business with the person whom it concerned. Well, he could walk upstairs—'first floor, front.' And upstairs accordingly he walked. On entering the drawing-room, he found it very showily, if not handsomely, furnished; as much or more might be said of the two ladies who occupied it. One, the elder, was reclining in an arm-chair, and comforting herself in her bereavement with a tumbler of what smelt suspiciously like grog—hot! The younger, somewhat more *décolletée* than was quite

suitable to the time of day, or indeed to any time of day, was dressed in great splendour, and was warbling her woes to a pianoforte accompaniment. The entrance of the intruder, for such he at once perceived himself to be, produced a decided effect upon both. The younger swung gracefully round upon her music-stool and faced him; the elder rose, and in an angry tone demanded whom he was and what he wanted. He was a friend of the Bishop of Llandaff, and what he wanted, was to apologise for mistaking the ladies before him for Mrs. and Miss——

‘That’s my name, and that’s my daughter,’ was the reply.

‘Indeed!’ observed Mr. Barham, ‘then, Madam, the mistake is the Bishop’s and not mine.’

Upon this the lady, who was a trifle thick of speech, and had seemingly required a good deal of stimulating to raise her spirits, began to use language which would rather have astonished his lordship if he could have heard and comprehended it. But the daughter interposed and begged politely to know the object of the visit.

‘My object, Madam, was to convey to your mother a communication from the Bishop of Llandaff, but it is one which I now feel to be so completely out of place that I must ask you to apply for it to his lordship in person, on his return from the country—*if you think fit.*’

So saying, Mr. Barham retreated as speedily as possible from the house, and no more was ever heard, so

far as I am aware, of the distressing case he had left there unrelieved.

To Mrs. Hughes.

St. Paul's Church-Yard, March 7, 1838.

‘My dear Madam,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter and its most welcome contents, which I should have acknowledged before, but thought I would have the verses fairly in type first, and send down a proof. They are capital fun, and Bentley is as pleased with them as I am; but I leave him to make his own acknowledgments, which he will of course do when he has the pleasure of sending down the April number. In that for the present month, which is just out, you have, I hope, recognised your own narrative; for though I have somewhat added to, I have not ventured to alter, the leading points of the tradition, and “The Hand of Glory,” with poor little Hughie’s “open eyes,” remains in the same state, as nearly as I can charge my memory, as when you were kind enough to furnish me with the story. And now, my dear Madam, will you think me “too bad,” as poor dear Lord Liverpool used to call it, if I venture to petition, with both hands held up, for another legend from your inexhaustible storehouse of traditionary lore? Everybody is delighted with your histories, and I am told I do not succeed half so well in anything else—that, in fact, when I have to *invent* I am, to use a favourite phrase of my son’s, “completely

stumped." Apropos to that worthy, he made his maiden address to the Muse in a "Tale of Grammarye" in last month's "Bentley," under one of his Christian names, viz. "Dalton,"—that of "Dick" being on the whole considered too unpoetical; but I have strongly deprecated any further attempt, at least till after he has taken his degree. In the meanwhile it is quite enough for one in the family to perpetrate nonsense. The joke about Rogers is a genuine one; he certainly made the speech alluded to, which has been thus versified:—

"You've heard what a lady in Italy did—

How to vex a cross husband she buried a kid!

Sam swears she'd have managed things better by
half

If instead of the kid she had buried the calf!"*

'As to Lady Charlotte [Bury], her denial always went for nothing; Jove is supposed to laugh at authors' perjuries as well, and as heartily, as at those of lovers; and besides, everybody at all in the secret knew that it could be written by no one else. There is, however, bad as this book is, another of even worse description afloat, which has been for some time in print, but is now privately circulating with a new title—

* The circumstance alluded to was an imposition practised by a lady in consequence of a quarrel with her husband. Sending her only child away, she pretended that the boy had died, gave orders for his funeral, and contrived to place the body of a kid in the coffin, which was buried in due form.

page, and which is said to be from the pen of Lady Ann Hamilton. Lord Essex, I know, has been for some time in possession of a copy, and John Murray had one brought into his shop about a fortnight since, which he bought for a guinea. I have not yet seen it, but understand that one of the little stories it contains gives an account of the poisoning of the late Princess of Wales by —, for a certain sum of money in hand well and truly paid, and the subsequent suicide of that gentleman from remorse for the deed. This was mentioned to me as a sample of its precious contents. I cannot think, however, that such a production can be that of the old Scotch lady above mentioned. If I can get a sight of it, I will give you my opinion thereanent; it may, I think, be easily decided even from internal evidence.

‘I dined the other day in company with your old friend, Lord Oxford, who enquired with much interest after you, and seemed gratified to know that you had set the late inclement weather at defiance. “Weather” brings one naturally to “Murphy.” Poor man, he has gone up like a rocket, and is coming down like the stick. Do not, however, believe all that you may have heard of the “millions” of copies sold. The truth is, that up to last Wednesday fortnight he had disposed of fifty-three thousand, for which I have Whitaker’s authority, who said that his profit was tenpence on each copy; so that fifty-three thousand francs is the amount of his winnings in French money. The worthy publisher added that the copyright had

been offered to himself, and rejected, at the price of a hundred and fifty pounds; on which declaration a graceless individual observed, "Then never call yourself Witty *cur* any more; your folly is full grown, and you are henceforth Silly *dog*!" And with this vilest of all possible puns, as I know it will make you too sick to read any further, I conclude, merely adding that I am, as ever,

'Yours much obliged,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'Tuesday Afternoon.

'My dear Bentley,—I return you the most impudent forgery that I ever saw.* It is impossible to read any ten pages of this infamous book without seeing that Lady Ann Hamilton had no more to do with it than Lady Godiva. There is very little in it that has not been printed in the cheap Radical filth years ago. The only exception, perhaps, is the direct charge about the Princess Charlotte's death. It is avowedly (see vol. i. p. 156) the composition of [the author of]

* The work in question is entitled, 'Secret History of the Court of England, 1760 to the death of George IV., including full particulars of the mysterious death of the Princess Charlotte.' By Lady Ann Hamilton. London, 1832, 8vo. 2 vols. It was suppressed. Some years afterwards certain MSS. belonging to the author were advertised for sale by auction, but were hastily bought up on behalf of a royal personage, and, it is believed, destroyed. The other work alluded to in the preceding letter to Mrs. Hughes is, 'Diary of the times of George IV., interspersed with original letters of Queen Caroline and other distinguished persons.' By Lady Charlotte Bury. London, 1838. 8vo. 4 vols.

"Authentic Records," a tissue of lies, for which a fellow of the name of Phillips was prosecuted in 1832, but which was pretty well known to have been written by the notorious Jack Mitford. The portion not to be found in that farrago is made up from Princess Olive of Cumberland and Barry O'Meara; but I do not hesitate to say that, though it is generally understood that Lady Ann did write something in the shape of a diary which was suppressed some years ago, yet it is quite clear that the vulgar ruffian who penned these pages can never have seen that book, and that of a great part of it even Princess Olive—offensive as she was both in ideas and expression—was utterly incapable. It is evidently the work of a man. That the letters are forgeries is also perfectly clear. Is it possible that Queen Caroline could address the prince as "My Lord," and that three times, in one letter (vol. i. p. 114); or that an address of the House should style him "George, *called* Prince of Wales," an error into which the ignoramus who wrote it has been betrayed by the official language used towards peers by courtesy, but never towards peers *de facto*, which the Prince of Wales always is? In page 183, same volume, the writer talks of a conversation "we" had with Place, the tailor. Lady Ann Hamilton would have as soon worn a pair of breeches of his making as have admitted any such person into her confidence. See also page 195 for the date of another interview with the same worthy Abrahamides. For coarseness of allu-

sion and expression which no woman could write, see pages 199—242, and the ruffianism about the Cato Street "martrys," 338, all in vol. i. I could furnish you with an endless list of gross and palpable lies, such as Sir H. Bate Dudley, whom he calls "Rev. Mr. Bates," being created a baronet for his abuse of Queen Caroline during her trial, as editor of the "Herald," when it is notorious that his baronetcy was given him in 1813, and that he had long ceased to have any connection with that paper before the time alluded to. But it is useless to go on; the title-page is a gross lie, and appears to me to have been purposely printed and foisted in upon a book which had originally some other. As Mrs. Woodward, a name which I will lay my life is a false one, seems to offer this to you for publication, I have gone more into the thing than it would otherwise deserve. Any man who could dream of such a thing would at once put himself out of all decent society; nor, were a man unprincipled enough to do it for the chance of profit, could the speculation succeed, for the humbug is too gross to impose even upon the *savants* of Gower Street.

'Yours truly,

'R. H. B.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Sunday Night or Monday Morning.

My dear Madam,—*Misericorde!* I throw myself without reserve upon your mercy. At the moment I

am writing, a bird of ill omen is shrieking something that sounds like "Past three" under my windows. And now, before I even reply to your questions, pray let me thank you most gratefully for your "Grandmother's Story." It is one of the most affecting narratives I ever read, and has laid so strong a hold upon me that I cannot shake it off.

'A thousand ways might be found of accounting, for the leading incident, were one inclined to reduce all to a natural standard. A door left open—the intrusion of a child or servant—fifty ways occur on the instant of what is called "accounting for" the supposed warning; but I own I love to revel in the straightforward mysticism of the story, and to solve all with Hamlet's maxim :

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

'I dare not venture to tamper with a narrative so affectingly told, and yet I am strangely urged by something within to put it at least upon record, even though only in so perishable an embalmment as that afforded by the "Miscellany." Any attempt at an introduction of the ludicrous would, as you justly say, be fatal, even though only brought in by way of relief, and attached to subordinate characters. The simplicity of the story is one of its greatest charms, and must not be violated with any extraneous matter.

'With the legend of Littlecote House I have long been familiar; but my knowledge ceases with the fact

that "Wild Darrell" was tried and acquitted through the supposed influence of the judge who tried him, Sir John Popham, who, by some means or other, became afterwards possessed of the property; but there all my information ends. Of Darrell's death or any further legend, I know nothing, and I beseech you, of all love, to send it me; for indeed the story as it stood so interested me that I took a good deal of pains, some years since, to ascertain how far it might be founded on fact. From the pedigrees of the two families, still preserved in the Herald's College, I established thus much—that of a long line of Darrells of Littlecote (so called in the parchment), William Darrell, the last so styled, died without issue about the end of Elizabeth's reign, leaving, however, a younger brother who had children, but who is called Thomas Darrell of *some other* "*ilk*," and from whom the Darrells of to-day descend; but the description "of Littlecote" occurs no more in the family tree. On referring to the Popham pedigree, I find Sir John, who was Lord Chief Justice at the very period when William Darrell disappears, is styled "of Littlecote" in the very commencement of James's reign. That the estate did therefore pass from the prisoner to the judge in some way is unquestionable. I am the more anxious for the finale because neither in an old novel called "*Schedoni in England*" (published about the close of the last century), in which I first read the story while a boy at school, in the note you allude to, nor the subsequent ballad of "Wild Darrell," is there

any allusion to what it seems was after all the catastrophe. I have searched the prerogative office here for Darrell's will, but in vain ; it was probably proved at Salisbury, and if ever I chance to visit New Sarum, I will rummage it out.

‘ With respect to your queries, there is no doubt that Hook will print eventually his continuation of “ Gilbert Gurney ” in a separate work ; but not yet, as I apprehend, for it is the great plum in Colburn's pudding. He has, however, a novel now in the press entitled “ Births, Marriages, and Deaths.” I have read all he has done of it, viz. to about the middle of the second volume, and think it not only a better novel, but one of a better class, than his last ; his actors are of a higher grade, and the story is one of greater interest. How “ Oliver Twist ” is to end I know not, nor does the author ; at least he tells me so. I presume he will not be long in making up his mind, as I fancy the book will be published early in the summer. Should it be so, Bentley means to keep his faith with the public by continuing it also in the “ Miscellany,” which I find rose a hundred last month, and pays him well.

‘ My poor little “ Oliver ” returned home from Hanwell, where we had sent him for the Easter holidays, to-day ; he goes to school again to-morrow. He is certainly much better for his trip, but he is still very delicate. There is too much action of the heart not to make me uneasy, but both Dr. Roberts and Sir Charles Clarke, who are good enough to look very

closely to him, assure me it is no organic derangement, but proceeds from debility. I look forward with great anxiety to the Midsummer holidays, when we think of sending him to the sea-side.

I had turned my thoughts to "Black Ormond," but I fear his story approximates so closely to the popular song of "The Cork Leg," that it will be difficult to steer clear of that facetious ditty; I have not, however, given him up quite. The coronation is, they say, to be put off, several difficulties having arisen respecting the ceremonial. The peers kissing the Queen is a sad stumbling-block. It is supposed that it will be got over by their merely saluting her hand. But she is herself decidedly to kiss the bishops, which they tell you good Queen Anne did with great unction. Charles Mathews has actually married Vestris, though it is denied by his friends; and Kitty Stephens now, by an arrangement with the post-office, franks her lord's letters as Countess of Essex. The croaking policeman has just come round again, and unites with my failing paper in reminding me that it is high time to bring my letter to a close; so for the present, my dear Madam, adieu, and believe me to remain as ever,

'Your much obliged,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

The publication in a periodical of the day of 'My Grandmother's Tale,' to which reference is here made by Mr. Barham, prevented him from giving any version

of his own to the public. The particulars of the story are briefly as follows :

A surgeon residing at Newbury, of great local reputation, and possessing a young wife of remarkable beauty, to whom he was devotedly attached, received into his house a gentleman suffering from incipient consumption, who had been recommended to his care by a London physician. The patient, a man of polished manners and of great abilities, but thoroughly tainted with infidel opinions, was caught by the attractions of his hostess, and being thrown necessarily much into her society, employed his time and opportunity, first, in undermining her religious faith, next in corrupting her virtue. But meanwhile his disease was making rapid progress, and he became at length so weak as to be unable to leave his room. The lady, whose guilty passion continued wholly unsuspected by her husband, nursed the dying man tenderly to the last ; and it was his custom, when he needed her assistance, to summon her by giving three distinct knocks on the floor with a cane placed for the purpose by his bed side. Finding his end to be speedily approaching, he appears to have been seized with misgivings as to the truth of the philosophy he had held himself and had instilled into the mind of his victim, and on the evening before his death he said to her :

‘ If I have been mistaken, and if I have misled you —if after all there is a God and there is a future state, so surely shall my spirit communicate with yours when all is over in this world.’

After the funeral, on the return of the mourners to the house, the surgeon found his wife lying senseless on the ground. As soon as she was recovered she demanded to speak with her husband alone, and at once made full confession of her sin. She then related in what a terrible way the existence of a future state, and of the judgment involved in it, had been made known to her. She was sitting, she said, in the room commonly occupied by the family, no one being in the house beside herself, when she was startled by a distinct knock on the floor above! It was repeated twice. Mastering her terror, she rushed immediately to the chamber; it was empty, and remained just as it had been left on the removal of the body, with one exception—the stick habitually used by the invalid to summon her to his aid was no longer in the corner to which it had been removed, but was resting as usual by the side of the bed, as though ready to the hand of its former occupant! The conscience-stricken and penitent woman met with Christian forgiveness at the hands of her husband, but despite his care and affection she died soon afterwards of the disorder which had proved fatal to her lover.

With Mr. Barney Maguire's account of the coronation of Queen Victoria, on the 28th of June, 1838, the public is sufficiently familiar. The author was always exceedingly proud of the subjoined testimony to the purity of his Hibernicisms, accorded by no less an authority than the bard of 'the Emerald Isle of the Ocean' himself.

To Doctor Hume.

‘September 30, 1838.

‘My dear Hume,—Your friend Barham’s skit is, some of it, very comical. How does he come to be so Irish? Was he ever on the sod? He smacks of it sometimes most richly.

‘The Lady Bess returns your love with interest

‘Yours ever,

‘T. MOORE.’

Another version of the same ceremony was forwarded to Mr. Joseph Gwilt, the architect, who was employed in conducting some of the musical arrangements in the Abbey :

(Private and Confidential.)

June 28, 1838.

I sat within the Abbey walls—I went to wake and weep!

But O, I can’t tell how it was, I somehow fell asleep;
A sort of *day-mare* seized me then, if so aright I deem,

And a vision wild came o’er my mind ‘which was not all a dream.’

I looked, and lo! it seemed as though the scene I might espy

Through a Dolland’s patent telescope with the wrong end at my eye,

And thus, as though a fairy hand there all things did
compress,
'Fine by degrees' each object seemed and 'beautifully
less.'

In front I saw a little Queen was sitting all alone,
And little Dukes and Duchesses knelt round her little
throne,
And a little Lord Archbishop came, and a little prayer
he said,
And then he popped a little crown upon her little
head.

And near her stood a little man I had somewhere seen
before,
In a little mulberry-coloured coat, or rather pompa-
dour ;
A little sword was by his side, all glorious to be seen,
And little inexpressibles all of the apple-green.

And a pretty little snow-white flag he held all in his
hand,
Which he waved a little to and fro as ensign of com-
mand ;
And there was a little robing-room and he stood just
by the door,
And he watched all going on within in his coat of
pompadour.

Within this little robing-room this little Queen had
got
A little cup and saucer and a little coffee-pot,

And when the little Queen was heard, her little nose
to blow,

He waved and all the little fiddlers played all on a
row.

The little fiddlers played so loud at last that I awoke,
And all the vision wild at once it vanished into smoke,
So let us sing long live the Queen, and the flagman
long live he,

And when he next doth wave his flag, may I be there
to see!

Diary: October, 1838.—The following is a doggerel versification of a correspondence between Mr. Michael Blood, the celebrated singer and surgeon, and the committee of the Garrick Club. The question arose about the charge of "sixpence for the table" always added to the bill when refreshments are ordered between the hours of four and nine. Mr. Blood angrily insisted on this sum being deducted, as at a quarter before eight he had ordered *supper*, and not dinner. The stanzas are almost literal versions of the original letters put into rhyme.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

No. I.

'Mr. B—— sends his bill back—won't pay it—and
begs

To inform the Committee they're regular "legs,"

And have charged him too much for his ham and his
eggs!

No. II.

‘Dear Sir,—The Committee direct me to say
That the bill’s quite correct which was sent you to-
day ;

It was ~~not~~ eight o’clock when you sat down to dine,
And we charge from the table from four until nine.
They have not the least wish your remonstrance to
stifle,

But you’re wrong—and they’ll thank you to pay that
ere trifle !

I am further desired to inform Mr. B.

That in calling them “legs,” he makes rather too free.

‘J. W.’

No. III.

‘You may tell that banditti, the —— Committee,
Not a chop-house would charge me so much in the
City.

’Twas no dinner at all ; I meant only to sup ;

If you say that I *dined* you’re a lying old pup !

You may tell the Committee again—and I say it,

They *are* “legs”—and sixpence !—I’m hanged if I
pay it.

‘M. B.’

No. IV.

‘Sir,—Once more the Committee direct me to state,
When you sat down to dinner it had not struck eight ;
When you come to consider what “table” means
here—

~~Cloth, napkin, wax, vinegar, mustard, oil, beer,~~

Pepper, pickles, and bread at discretion—it's clear
 The additional sixpence can never be dear !
 So you'd better fork out, sir, at once ; if you won't
 They must really enforce it—and blessed if they don't !
J. W.'

No. V.

'Take the sixpence, you thieves ! I say still it's a
 chouse ;
 Your threat to "enforce" I don't value one —
 And hang me if I ever set foot in your house !
'M. B.'

No. VI.

'Sir,—Since writing my last I have asked the advice
 Of my friends Mr. Bacon and Governor Price,
 And the governor says "he'll be ——, sir," if I'm
 Not a jackass for writing what I thought sublime ;
 "It's just what the —— fellows wanted ; you'd better,
 Get somebody else, sir, to write you a letter
 Withdrawing your own." So I have, and I'll thank
 The Committee to mark that this comes by a frank.'

No. VII.

'Mr. Winston presents his best compliments—begs
 To inform Mr. B—— he is somewhat mistaken
 If, having got into his scrape by his eggs,
 He thinks to get out of it now by his *Bacon* !'

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'Nov. 20, 1838.

'My dear Bentley,—My mind is relieved of its
 anxiety—

I was awakened this morning at half after six,
By a step on the stairs which I knew to be Dick's—
All's right! and so now I can scribble "like bricks."

I shall be happy to join your party on Thursday, on which day Dick will be again in Oxford, taking his degree of B.A. I have written to John Hughes about "The Rake," and have talked the matter over with my son. I think I see my way very clear for four, or perhaps half-a-dozen, opening chapters; but this we will talk about when we meet. Moore, whom I met this morning at Longman's, told me Lord Essex was reading "Barney Maguire," and knew my name as the author. Sydney Smith, whom I dined with yesterday, told me the same before, adding that his lordship (whose name, by the way, as the "crass Lord E." occurs in it) was tickled by the thing. I am getting on with the "Bagman" and "Loubet," but don't depend on me for next month; I will finish if I can, but you know I can only write by fits and starts.

'Yours most truly,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

In speaking of 'The Rake,' Mr. Barham here alludes to a whimsical plan he had conceived, and even persuaded Mr. Bentley to adopt, of producing a sort of joint-stock novel for the new magazine. It was to be called the 'Modern Rake's Progress,' and the story, like that of its prototype, was to enforce a moral by

showing the phases through which a young man who enters upon a career of profligacy rapidly descends from affluence and position to utter ruin and degradation. 'The story was to be rigorously tragic; vice was to be exhibited of hideous mien; and the hero, having finally passed through the stage of cab-driving, or, lower still, the having come to sell, as Sydney Smith put it, cards upon a race-course—and *those not the correct ones!*—was to die miserably in a hospital. Such was the outline which was to be filled up by various hands. Mr. Barham was to furnish the opening chapters, in which the birth and earliest days of the young heir were to be described. Mr. Hughes was to describe his life at a public school. It was to be my task to carry him through a few terms at Oxford; and to Lord William Lennox was to be entrusted his introduction to the Guards and Crockford's. The writers would certainly have possessed the advantage of having seen what they described, and the 'evolution from internal consciousness,' so much practised by fashionable novelists, would have been pretty well dispensed with. But how such an utterly 'unmanageable design could have found favour with a really practical man like my father, I am at a loss to imagine. It was just one of his oddities; he accordingly took it up very warmly at first, and wrote a lively chapter or two by way of introduction. Mr. Hughes went more steadily to work, and the portion of MS. forwarded by him, and supplied, I believe, by one of his sons, then at Rugby, was of remarkable

quality, and produced a most favourable impression upon those to whom it was submitted. How far these school sketches may have contained the germ of one of the manliest, best books produced by the present generation of authors, namely, the history of 'Tom Brown,' I cannot take upon me to say; but unless my memory plays me false, the material then prepared was happily not altogether wasted. So with the illustrations, many of which were actually drawn by Leech, at that time no more than a boy. When the scheme was finally abandoned, as it was, of course, certain sooner or later to be, Leech finished the series, and published it on his own account in 'Bell's Life.' The prints are the rudest woodcuts, but disclose indications of that talent in depicting ladies and gentlemen for which the artist became afterwards famous. The story itself was eventually handed over, to be dealt with as might seem best to him, to Mr. Cockton, and is preserved—so far as it is preserved at all—in a novel called 'Stanley Thorn,' originally published in 'Bentley's Miscellany.'

CHAPTER VII.

[1839—1842.]

Letter to Mrs. Hughes—The modern 'Watts'—Letters to Miss Barham—To Mr. Bentley—A Day's Fishing with Theodore Hook—Anecdotes—Sydney Smith—Letter to Mfs. Hughes.—Removal to the Residentiary House—Interview with the Queen of the Belgians—Dr. Reid—Mr. Moncrief—Phrenology—Death of Mr. Barham's youngest Son—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—Visit to Great Burstead—Accident to Mrs. Barham—'The Black Mousquetaire'—'Bloudie Jack of Shrewsberrie'—Letter to Mr. Bentley—'The Golden Legend'—Illustrations to the Legends—Letter to Miss Barham—Visit to Hook—Anecdotes—Visit to Margate—Poetical Epistle—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Death of Theodore Hook—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—Mr. Barham's last Interview with Theodore Hook—Juvenile Sentiment—Letter from Sydney Smith—Poetical Letter to Mr. Bentley—Lines by Sir George Rose.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'March 30, 1839.

'MY DEAR MADAM,—“Wars and rumours of wars”—nothing else seems to be thought or talked of, which to quiet steady people like you and me is a very great nuisance. But what is to be done? a rat will fight when pinned in a corner. If you have seen the *Times* at all, you have probably fallen in with some part of a correspondence in which your humble servant figures, with very good company for his allies, and against an anonymous pamphleteer, in the first instance, who, galled by some sharpish but very true remarks, falls,

buzzard-like, into the trap set for him, and avows himself at length as Mr. —. The pamphlet itself is a most atrocious one, being full of all sorts of Jesuitical equivocations and misrepresentations of the Dean and Chapter, with not above three or four good, sound redeeming lies to palliate the paltry evasions which constitute the body of the work. I am so much of a Sir Robert Walpole that a plain, downright, honest *lie* I can respect; there is a hardihood about it, especially when a thorough plumper, that raises its character highly in comparison with a paltry sneaking insinuation; but Loyola himself would have been ashamed of the twistings and turnings of this precious farrago. But a new edition is threatened *cum notis variorum*, and if I get hold of a copy I will send you one down with a few annotations of my own. I need scarcely add that your old friend, "the omnibus proprietor," is the martyr put forth, and the leading champion of the cause. Vivian and myself have contradicted the thing, as strongly as terms will do it, and the question is for the present in abeyance. I am sorry to say Hall has gone over to the enemy; why I cannot imagine. He has, as I believe you know, lately published a very profitable collection of hymns, embodying our old friend Watts's collection; I must certainly send him a few hints for his next edition. What do you think of—

"'Tis the voice of the Subdean! I hear him complain,
You've not given me enough! you must give me
again;

or, still impersonating the same discontented worthy :

‘ Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many *rich* I see !
There’s A—— and B—— and C. and ~~D.~~
All better off than me ! ‘

winding up with that more admonitory canticle :

‘ Let Barham delight to bark and bite,
For heaven has made him so :
Let S—— and B—— growl and fight,
For ’tis their nature too !

‘ But —— ! you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little mouth was never made
To *bless* the Subdean’s eyes !

I think, on the whole, if well got up, with an illustration by Cruikshank of Knapp in the character of “ Oliver asking for more ” (*vide* “ Bentley’s Miscellany ”), some six or seven hundred copies would run off like lightning. But enough of a subject which it sickens one to think on.

‘ We have nothing in “ Bentley ” this month, but I think you will be pleased with “ Jack,” who is now making his appearance in his own character, viz. that of the most accomplished prison-breaker the world ever saw. Of the other contents of the “ Miscellany ” I know nothing as yet. Hook’s book is out, and has met a most favourable reception. I saw him to-day,

and he was in high spirits, which were not at all lowered by his making a very good bargain with Bentley for another novel, and touching a hundred and fifty pounds earnest-money. Lady Bulwer's book, too made its appearance this morning; it is called "Chevely, or the Man of Fashion," and shows up the new baronet "considerable," as well as most of his friends. I have not yet been able to get hold of it, but it has already "created a sensation." Haden has got the living of Hutton, resigned by Mr. Tate. The Dean was kind enough to ask me whether I would like to exchange mine for it, and then he would have had St. Gregory's; but, though a better one than that I hold, it would break up all my old habits and associations; so, with most sincere thanks, I declined moving for the nonce. And now, my dear Madam, I take my leave for the present, meaning to go to work forthwith, these annoying squabbles being so far disposed of, at the "Lady and the Ghost of the Walking Stick." As for the Bagman and his cock-tailed dog, they are at present quite at a stand-still; but "patience and shuffle the cards," says the Spanish proverb. I have found a most capital pendant for "Gengulphus," but unluckily it is not, I fear, in the wit of man to make it tellable. But my paper is at end, and so once more adieu, and believe me to be, as ever,

‘Your much obliged

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

To Miss Barham.

'St. Paul's, July 17, 1839.

'My, dearest Fan,—Oh, the wonderful works of nature! Here have you been gone from home somewhat less than a fortnight, and only see what perturbations and permutations and transmogrifications (look in your pocket Johnson for these hard words) have either taken place, or are "progressing slick," as the Americans say! Here have your mother and I been growing for the last fifteen years—no small portion of your life, Fan—like two antiquated cabbages running to seed, in St. Paul's Churchyard, when all at once comes a good-natured gardener and offers to transplant us into a better position. Your mother, a fine full-grown Battersea, or rather Drumhead, which has the advantage over the other in point of circumference, is to be moved to-morrow, taking care to preserve as much of the earth about her roots as possible, across the Churchyard into Amen Corner, under a hot wall, with a southern aspect. If she finds the soil congenial, I am to be put alongside, while Ned and Mary Anne, as an Early York and a broccoli sprout, are to be dibbled in as soon as possible. What do you think of Mr. Sydney Smith having offered me his residentiary house to live in, together with a garden at the back, which, if not altogether so large as the one you have no doubt been running about all day in, is yet magnificent for London; containing three polyanthus roots, a real tree, a brown box border, a muff-

coloured jessamine, a shrub which is either a dwarf acacia or an overgrown gooseberry bush, eight broken bottles, and a tortoiseshell tom-cat asleep in the sunniest corner ; "the whole," as George Robins would say, capable of the greatest improvement ; with a varied and extensive prospect of the back of the Oxford Arms, and a fine Hanging Wood (the New Drop at Newgate) in the distance ; all being situate in the midst of a delightful neighbourhood, and well worth the attention of any capitalist wishing to make an investment ! Seriously, your mamma is to make her report as to the eligibility of the exchange to-morrow, and as she has already made up her mind fully on the subject, there can be little doubt but that she will eventually decide in favour of the measure. You may, therefore, expect to have your hands pretty full of employment on your return, in preparing for what the Scotch call "our flitting." So enjoy yourself while you may, for there is work enough cut out for you, I promise you, when you get back : eighteen jars of onions to pickle, as many double-damson cheeses to press, some dozen of niggers to boil into black-currant jelly, and jams and marmalades to make without end ; for, unfortunately for you and all other females connected with the family, the new house is provided with that domestic curse, a roomy store-closet. So, my dear old Fan, make hay or dirt-pies, which is the same thing, while you can in comfort. One thing you may tell Mrs. Scoones from me, in announcing to her this metamorphosis (Johnson again, Fan), viz. that we shall

now have a comfortable room to put her into without being obliged to squeeze her and the governor into a narrow cot, like a couple of ham sandwiches set up on end. Ned and Mary Anne send their loves; they have bought bows and arrows and a target, which they have already hit three times at a yard and a half distance; so there is every prospect of their becoming accomplished archers in time, and perhaps winning a silver bugle. I have nearly finished my paper, and crossed letters you know I neither give nor take. So God bless you, my dear Fan, keep your feet warm and your head cool, don't twist your mouth about, and believe me to be,

‘Your affectionate father,

‘R. H. B.’

To Mr. Bentley.

‘July’ 22, 1839.

‘My dear Bentley,—If I have not written to thank you for your kind invitation before, it has been solely because I had hoped to be able to avail myself of it, and so have fixed a day for running down; but a circumstance has occurred which will necessarily keep me from leaving town for at least a month to come. The fact is, Mr. Sydney Smith has made me an offer of his residentiary house; it is a capital one, twice as good as the one I am in, and the same occupied a few years ago first by the Bishop of Bangor, afterwards by Dr. Wellesley, and then by the present Bishop of

Worcester. The situation is most convenient for me, being only one door out of my parish, and though it will cost something to get into, I must manage to make you pay for that.

Hook is coming round about the portrait ; I think we shall get over that difficulty. I have sent Mr. Wilson titles to the first volume of Morris, but am by no means pleased with them, or, to say the truth, with the volume itself. I never saw such an unequal writer as Morris. Some of his songs, especially his earlier ones, are beautiful ; others the arrantest twaddle, and, read in succession, a series of constant repetitions of his having a bad voice, and being eighty-six ; while from his total want of plan, it is very difficult to find separate titles, the subject being always the same. Unlike Moore, who always writes to make a point at last, Morris, I am satisfied, when he put pen to paper thought no more of the end of his song than of the end of his life.

‘ Yours,

‘ R. H. B.’

To Miss Barham.

‘ Wandsworth, August, 1839.

‘ My dearest Fanny,—Your brother has got a black coat, and your cat a black kitten, and it’s dead—not the coat, nor the cat, but the kitten ; there were seven, and one was preserved, and so were seven pots of raspberry jam ; and Ned has got a donkey, and he

is quite plump and fat—not the donkey, but Ned; and I am going a fishing, and they are fiddling outside the window, and we caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons, last Wednesday, and the Chartist have been to St. Paul's, and Dick preached yesterday at St. Gregory's, and Mary Anne has got the oil cruet to dress her doll's wig with; and they are making such a noise that I can't hear myself write, so your mamma must tell you the rest of the news, and God bless you, and Mr. Mole, that is the coachman, and bid him take care of you, and believe me,

‘Your most affectionate father,

‘R. H. B.’

‘*Diary : Wednesday, August 2^d, 1839.*—Hook drove me down to Thames Ditton, from his house at Fulham. Fished all day, and dined *tête-à-tête* at the Swan. He felt but poorly, and complained much of a cough which he said they told him proceeded from the deranged state of his liver, and drank only a tumbler of sherry and water, our dinner consisting of a dish of eels and a duck. Though not in health, his spirits were as good as ever. We caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons, and he repeated to me almost as many anecdotes. Among the rest, one of a trick he played when a boy behind the scenes of the Haymarket. He was there one evening, during the heat of the Westminster election, at the representation of the “Wood Demon,” and observing the prompter with the large speaking trumpet in his hand, used to

produce the supernatural voices incidental to the piece, he watched him for some time, and saw him go through the business more than once. As the effect was to be repeated, he requested of the man to be allowed to make the noise for him; the prompter incautiously trusted him with the instrument, when, just at the moment the "Fiend" rose from the trap, and the usual roar was to accompany his appearance, "SHERIDAN FOR EVER!!!" was bawled out in the deepest tones that could be produced—not more to the astonishment of the audience, than to the confusion of the involuntary partisan himself, from whom they seemed to proceed.

'He mentioned also a reply that he made to the Duke of Rutland, who, observing him looking about the hall, as they were leaving the Marquess of Hertford's, asked him what he had lost?

"My hat; if I had as good a beaver (Belvoir), as your Grace, I should have taken better care of it."

'Close to the Swan, the house at which we had dined, is Boyle Farm, the residence of Sir Edward Sugden, whose father was a hairdresser. The place is splendidly fitted up, and in the hall is a beautiful vase of very rich workmanship. Hook said that when he and Croker went to dine there one day by invitation from Sir Edward, their host happened to meet them in the hall, and on their stopping for a moment to admire this fine specimen of art, he told them that it was a fac-simile of the celebrated one known as the Warwick vase. "Aye," returned Croker, "it is very

handsome; but don't you think a copy of the Barberini one would be more appropriate?"—a question the wit of which will hardly atone for its ill-nature.

'The Chartists had visited St. Paul's on the preceding Sunday in a body, to show "a strong demonstration of physical force;" I had mentioned that the Marquess of Westminster was present, on which Hook said that nobleman had recently received an invitation from a particular friend, couched in the following terms:

"Dear Westminster,—Come and dine with me tomorrow. You will meet London, Chelsea, and the two Parks.

"Yours, etc."

Whether Theodore Hook and his great rival, Mr. Sydney Smith, ever met in society, I do not know; if they did, it must have been towards the close of their career, when the habitual caution of acknowledged wits in the presence of one another, would probably have prevented any unusual display on either side. An arrangement was made for the purpose of bringing them together at the table of a common friend; but, alas! a tailor,—

'What dire mishaps from trivial causes spring!'

one to whom Hook owed a considerable sum, having failed in the interval, the latter was unable, or indisposed, to keep the appointment. The circumstance

served to elicit one of those happy strokes of sarcasm which the Canon dealt so adroitly.

Mr. H——, the host, not aware of the cause of his expected guest's detention, delayed dinner for some time, observing that 'he was sure Hook would come, as he had seen him' in the course of the afternoon, at the Athenæum, evidently winding himself up for the encounter with tumblers of cold brandy and water.'

'That's hardly fair,' said Smith, 'I can't be expected to be a match for him, unless wound up too, so when your servant ushers in Mr. Hook, let Mr. H——'s *Punch* be announced at the same time.'

It was, I believe at the breaking-up of the same party, that one of the company having said he was about to 'drop in' at Lady Blessington's, a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to him, said, with the most 'gallant modesty':

'Oh! then you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me.'

While the other was standing aghast at the impudence of the proposal, and muttering something about being 'but a slight acquaintance himself,' and 'not knowing very well how he could take such a liberty,' etc., Sydney Smith observed:

'Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you the *cool* of the evening.'

The following letter refers principally to the change of abode which, by the kindness of Mr. Smith, Mr.

Barham was enabled to make. The residentiary house, coeval with the cathedral itself, having remained for a considerable time unoccupied, or tenanted only by rats and cats, 'and such small deer,' its condition will readily be understood by those conversant with such matters; to the uninitiated, the description here given will suffice :

To Mrs. Hughes.

'September 17, 1839.

'My dear Madam,—Delightful as it always is to hear from you, I do not hesitate to say that your last is the most agreeable letter I have yet been favoured with from Kingston Lisle, and that from its announcing your determination to quit those delicious "green fields" which Falstaff babbled of, and take his anti-type, Morris, to take up again with "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." Not that I have any objection to the country in summer, or even in autumn—quite the reverse; but then I manage my enjoyment of it, as Lady Grace says, "*soberly*." "When through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind," I confess I like London as well as Lady Townley herself.

'As to ourselves, we are literally "moving," and moving we shall be for this month to come. Never before did I fully comprehend the bitterness of David's curse "Make them like unto a wheel;" he had certainly a "flitting" in his eye at the time he uttered it. By the way, the Scotch, who are usually very happy in

their terms, are singularly infelicitous in this. To flit gives one the idea of light and airy locomotion, such as befits a ghost or a gossamer, it speaks of light clouds, thistledown, and shadows by moonlight; not chests of drawers, warming pans, and crockery, with all the ten thousand nondescripts of domestic economy. *Flit!*—a bat may flit, or perhaps a bachelor, but not a middle-aged gentleman of fourteen stone six; his “desert is too heavy to mount.” Then, as to the invasion and its consequences, I protest I can scarcely think of it at times without compunction; it almost seems like Cortez and his ruffians “wading through slaughter to a throne,” and shutting the gates of mercy on ten thousand unoffending aborigines, who have grown old in the peace and tranquillity of half a century. Do you suppose that the Sturges are the only animals who will bewail our avatar. “What millions did that Cæsar may be great!” My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale massacre—this sacrifice to Moloch, for I grieve to say, that, denied the tender mercies of the thumb and finger, wives, husbands, fathers, and “all, all their pretty ones” perished, like so many Suttees, in the flames. As I heard the one exterminating crackle, I could not help feeling for the moment that a Thug was a respectable member of society in comparison with myself. That their progeny, if not their ghosts, will “murder sleep” hereafter I cannot but fear.

• ‘To turn from so painful a subject—as extremes always meet, I jump at once from the lowest to the

highest in the scale of created beings, from the meanest retainer of the Crown to the Crown itself. What think you of a visit from, and confabulation with, the Queen of the Belgians? On Saturday, I was in the library at St. Paul's, my "custom always in an afternoon," with a bookbinder's 'prentice and a printer's devil, looking out fifty dilapidated folios for re-binding; I had on a coat which, from a foolish prejudice in the multitude against patched elbows, I wear nowhere else, my hands and face encrusted with the dust of years, and wanting only the shovel—I had the brush—to sit for the portrait of a respectable master chimney-sweeper, when the door opened, and in walked the Cap of Maintenance, bearing the sword of, and followed by the Lord Mayor in full fig, with the prettiest and liveliest little French woman leaning upon his arm. Nobody could get at the "Lions" but myself; I was fairly in for it, and was thus presented in the most *recherché*, if not the most expensive, court dress that I will venture to say the eyes of royalty were ever greeted withal. *Heureusement pour moi*, she spoke excellent English, however, and rattled on with a succession of questions, which I answered as best I might. They were sensible, however, showed some acquaintance with literature, and a very good knowledge of dates.

'My *gaucherie* afforded her one opportunity of displaying her acquaintance with chronology which she did not miss. The date of a MS. was the question; I unthinkingly referred to that of the Battle of Agin-

court, an allusion which a courtier would have shunned as a rock ahead, considering the figure an Orleans cut in that fight. It was not quite so bad certainly as the gentleman telling Prince Eugene that "a certain event took place in the year the Countess of Soissons [his mother] poisoned her husband," but it was enough to have made poor Colonel Dalton faint. She relieved me, however, in an instant by saying, "Ah! 1415," while George C——, who was with her, coolly asked, "when it was *printed*?" She turned to him briskly and said at once, "You see it is a manuscript," which satisfied the gentleman of the bed-chamber and saved my reply. More of this when we meet, but my paper, like Macheath's courage, "is out," so for the present believe me as ever,

Yours, most faithfully,

R. H. B.

In the diary the Queen is described as 'a very pretty, lively, affable woman, not wanting by any means in dignity, though not above the middle size; by far the most pleasing specimen of Royalty it was ever my lot to forgather with. Yet I have been presented to, and in the service of, two other Queens (Adelaide and Victoria), presented to another, Maria da Gloria of Portugal, also to George IV., William IV., the King of Prussia, Don Miguel, the Archduke Michael, the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, and the Princesses Mary (of Gloucester) and Augusta; to say nothing of Tamehama and Pomare (King and Queen

of the Sandwich Islands), whom I saw at the play ; and Leopold, King of the Belgians ; the Grand Duke of Saxe-Gotha, father to Prince Albert, who was with both his sons at the Queen's wedding ; the Duke of York (who snored fearfully at chapel), and "the rest of the Royal Family." What a crowd of Royal Reminiscences !

Mr. Smith nominally retained the library at the residentiary house for his own use, but I never knew him enter it save once. On that occasion my father was from home, and I was asked to assist in clearing out the table-drawers. In the course of his rummaging Mr. Smith came upon a card of steel pens, three or four of which, together with the holder which belonged to the set, were gone. The remaining eight or nine he handed to me, 'to be preserved as an heirloom in the house of Barham for ever.' 'Thank you, sir,' I said ; 'you may depend upon it, I shall preserve Mr. Sydney Smith's pens as long as I live, but I fear they will prove of little use without the holder !' He laughed, and afterwards told my father, with reference, I suppose, to this speech, 'I like your son. I see he means to be a bishop.'

Diary : October 14th, 1839.—Called on the Bishop of London, in St. James's Square, on Knott's business. He took me with him afterwards to the House of Lords, where I was introduced to Dr. Reid, then employed in warming the Houses of Parliament. Saw the process. The walls of the rooms were of thick gauze, painted to represent oak panelling, and were

perfectly porous. Below, in Guy Fawkes's cellar, was an hydraulic apparatus, which being put in motion, all the air introduced was forced to pass through the purifying medium of a very heavy shower of artificial rain. This detached all the dusty and sooty particles. The air was subsequently warmed by furnaces above. I requested Dr. Reid to come and look at our ovens at St. Paul's. This he did on the following day, when he expressed his readiness to undertake the warming of the Cathedral on the terms of "no cure, no pay," but nothing came of it.

October 17th.—Went with W. Harrison Ainsworth to call on Mr. Moncrief, author of the forthcoming version of "Jack Sheppard" for the Victoria Theatre. Moncrief was quite blind, but remarkably cheerful. He gave us in detail the outline of the plot as he had arranged it, all except the conclusion which had not as yet been published in the novel, but which Ainsworth promised to send him. Moncrief, in a very extraordinary manner, went through what he had done, without having occasion to refer to any book or person, singing the songs introduced, and reciting all the material points of the dialogue. He adverted to his literary controversy with Charles Dickens, respecting the dramatic version of "Nicholas Nickleby," which he declared he would never have written, had Dickens sent him a note saying it would be disagreeable to him. [Moncrief is now (1843) a pensioner at the Charterhouse.]

December 5th.—Met my old friend, Charles Dix,

who appears to have become quite a convert to phrenology. Went with him to Deville to have his head felt. Scribbled the following lines during the manipulation :

‘O, my head ! my head ! my head !
Alack ! for my poor unfortunate head !
Mister Deville
Has been to feel,
And what do you think he said ?
He felt it up, and he felt it down,
Behind the ears and across the crown,
Sinciput, occiput, great and small,
Bumps and organs, he tickled ’em all ;
And he shook his own, as he gravely said,
“ Sir, you really have got a most singular head !

“ Why here’s a bump—
Only feel what a lump ;
Why the organ of ‘ Sound ’ is an absolute hump !
And only feel here,
Why, behind each ear,
There’s a bump for a butcher or a bombardier ;
Such organs of slaughter
Would spill blood like water ;
Such ‘ lopping and topping ’ of heads and of tails—
Why, “ you’ll cut up a jackass with Alderman Scales.
Such destructiveness, surely, never I
Saw, save in Thurtell or little Frank Jeff-e-ry !”

It will do, it will do

For a slashing review—

cetera desunt.

Within the period of a year from his removal, Mr. Barham's new abode was changed into a house of mourning. This, as it was the last, so it was the heaviest affliction with which it pleased God to visit him, leaving traces upon body and mind never to be obliterated. The loss which wrought this permanent depression of spirit was that of his youngest son, who had just attained his thirteenth year; a boy of a peculiarly amiable and thoughtful disposition, and possessed of an intelligence beyond his age. As was usual with him in trials of this kind, my father wrote unreservedly to Mrs. Hughes, and in opening his heart to her evidently found such comfort as a sensitive nature derives from communion with an attached and thoroughly sympathetic friend. But when he spoke of 'the elasticity of spirit which, in spite of nature herself, will rebound under pressure,' he had not learned to estimate the full effects of the blow he had sustained. The spring and play of his mind were in a measure cramped. He had received an injury from which he never entirely recovered. From this period an alternation of indifference and irritability was observable in him, and a failure of energy and interest in favourite pursuits, foreign from his disposition, and which seemed to give evidence of the extinction of some powerful motive principle.

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Amen Corner, May 28, 1840.

‘I write to you, my dear friend, once again in deep affliction. My poor little Ned’s hours are numbered; he is lying by me past all hope of recovery. This will be the severest blow I have had yet, though my trials in this way have been neither light nor few. It falls the heavier because we had hoped the crisis of his danger was passed, and even so late as Thursday I was reading to him, and he was enjoying some nonsense I had written for Bentley. But it is all over! There is a decided effusion of water on the chest, and he cannot survive many hours. We have just succeeded, not without difficulty, in bringing him home from Hanwell to die; and when he is gone, a purer, gentler spirit will not stand before the throne of Him who has, I fear in His wrath, decreed his removal from me.—But His will be done!—“And now, Lord, what is my hope?”

‘God bless you,

‘R. H. B.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘30, Bedford Square, Brighton, June 21, 1840.

‘How is it, my kind and excellent friend, that, while I have been compelled to write to more than a dozen individuals since my deprivation, I have been unable to address a single line to yourself? The inclination—nay more, a strong desire to do so has not been

wanting, yet when I made, as I did more than once, the attempt, I found it impossible to go on. I fear to confess the reason even to myself; I fear to think that it may be because having ever been accustomed to send you the open and undisguised sentiments of my heart, I find it impossible now to adopt any other course, yet at the same time shrink from laying bare to you its present deficiency in all that is right and befitting a creature that is a worm and no man. Yet if I write at all, this must be done; I must tell you that I am not—that I fear—I *fear* I never shall be, prepared to receive this dispensation with due submission. Every day seems to throw me farther back from the state of mind in which I ought to be. I cannot—I can *not* reconcile myself to my loss, and to say otherwise were sheer hypocrisy. All this is very wrong, indefensible, sinful! I know it, I feel it to be so; yet I cannot help it! God soften my heart! at present I fear He is hardening it like Pharaoh's; I *can* not let my children go; and what farther plagues and judgments are in store for me I know not, but I dread the worst. In all my former troubles I have bent to the storm, and kissed the hand that chastised me. Now a dogged sullenness, as foreign to my nature as I know it to be to every right and proper feeling, has seized me wholly, and I cannot subdue it. With all this I have shed scarcely a tear, till now that I am writing to you, when, thank God! they are flowing pretty freely; and those about me are pleased and surprised to see me bear the blow with what they think so much forti-

tude! Severe and incessant occupation is my only resource, and this I have adopted during the day; but it is at night, or rather morning, for I rarely go to bed till daylight, that all the past comes upon me as if of yesterday; and if I sleep, my dear boy is in all my dreams. My poor wife too is worn out, both in body and mind. Here, too, what a loss I have sustained! She has a strong and well-regulated mind, much better, I fear, than my own, and as her health improves will, I doubt not, find consolation in an even stricter attention to her duties. I shall still find in her the same affectionate wife and mother, the same disregard of self, and the same devoted attachment to the welfare of her family; but the cheerful, good-humoured creature who lightened all my annoyances, laughed me out of my irritability, and made my home lively and comfortable, whatever vexation I might encounter elsewhere—she is gone for ever. I cannot conceal from myself that this has been to her, too, the heaviest affliction she has ever met with, and that a part of her very self is no more.

I spend almost all my time here on the sea-beach working at Bentley's proofs, which gives me occupation without any demands upon my mental energies. Our excellent Dean, too, has been here for the last week. He wrote to me to get him lodgings, which I was lucky enough to do to his satisfaction. I walk with him, and have dined with him, and I think had sufficient control over myself to prevent his even guessing at what was going on beneath the surface. He is

all kindness, but I could not unbosom myself to him as I have done to you. You will sympathise while you must condemn me ; and I shall have your prayers as well as your feelings in my behalf. God bless you, my dear friend ; your letters are always a great comfort to me, and are among the few things in which I now take an interest. I have not deserved that you should write, but it will be a great satisfaction to know that this confession has not entirely estranged me from your sympathies. We remain here till the first of July. Once more, God bless you !

‘Yours as ever,

‘R. H. BARIHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘Vicarage, Great Burstead, August 24, 1840.

‘My dear Friend,—Your very kind and sympathising letter has reached me here at a place which, as its name has never, I believe, found its way into our vocabulary, will naturally surprise you as that of our domicile. Yet here we have been now nearly a fortnight in a most delightful part of the country, with every convenience about us, and as quiet and sequestered as Kingston Lisle itself. The fact is my friend Thomas, the vicar, was anxious to take his family to the sea-side, my church is shut up and under repair, and as the somewhat questionable advantage of a railroad within five miles of us affords me that ready access to town which my engagements render neces-

sary every week, I thought I could not do better than take his parish off his hands for the few weeks during which he wishes to be absent. I have called the advantage of the railroad a questionable one, because though it carries me up to town in half an hour, if it carries me there *at all*, yet the frightful accident which occurred on it last week, and which has perhaps met your eye in the papers, has half induced me to decline availing myself of its facilities, at least till the embankment shall have become more settled. The impression made on my mind is the stronger, inasmuch as I had been in the previous train and passed over the very spot an hour before it gave way and so many were killed and mutilated. I sincerely thank God for my escape. My poor wife too has had another and a narrow one. She is delighted with Burstead, and the change had already begun to produce a most manifest improvement in her spirits when one of those accidents so common in a strange house has thrown her back again. Opening a wrong door, instead of stepping into a store-closet, as she intended, she fell down the cellar-stairs—a flight of ten brick steps—down to the very bottom. Providentially she struck against the side wall at the outset, so that no bones were broken, but she is terribly bruised and shaken. I had some apprehension as to her head (which was not struck, but only jarred) at first, but I am happy to say that there does not now seem to be any injury but what time and opodeldoc may set to rights. For my own part, though still suffering from

rheumatism, I am better both in mind and body. The former has received much comfort from Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' the sixth volume of which (the first five I had read before, but was interrupted before I could finish the work) fell into my hands here. His feelings with regard to poor little Johnnie seems to have been so exact a transcript of my own during the close of my dear boy's existence; the characters of the two children—their intellect and amiability—seem to have been so similar, that the recorded feelings and sentiments of that great and good man in circumstances when, in addition to calamities such as mine, he had heavy ones of his own, from which it has pleased God to keep me free, called up a burning sensation of shame amidst the comfort which I could not help deriving from the perusal. It has done me good every way. What a perfect anatomist he was of the human heart! It is astonishing how close my feelings have come in many respects to his own, especially where he describes the occasional, and not unfrequent intrusion of light, and even ludicrous images amidst all his sorrows. This elasticity of spirit which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure is one, and not the least, of God's blessings.

'That I do not encourage, but fight up against gloomy thoughts, you will see in the "Mousquetaire," a legend I am finishing for Bentley. The fact is, I find work my best solace, and I do work incessantly, though I fear not to the same purpose as I think I

could have done had my poor boy lived for me to have worked for. But God's will be done! You shall be troubled with no more murmurings; indeed, I hope I have to a great extent subdued the wrong and indefensible feeling which prompted them, and now look forward, without reverting more than I possibly can help, to the past. Still, "I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me." I go to town to-morrow, and if I can get a proof of the first canto, which ought to be in type by this time, I will send it down, as I wish for your opinion much; but pray show it to nobody till the number is out, which it will be on Monday next. I believe you know the story; and, if I am not mistaken, I once repeated it to you. It is that of the double ghost, and I think I shall have less difficulty in coaxing a decent moral from it than I had from some of its predecessors. I quite agree with you about "Jack."* I never liked the story, which is so very nursery a one, and was all but forced upon me. I thought the only chance to make it effective was to strike out something new^{ish} in the stanza, to make people stare; and to a certain extent, I am told, it has succeeded, but it is the offspring, of all others, for which I feel the least parental affection.

God bless you, my dear friend, and like a Hebrew book,† which ends at the beginning, I subscribe myself, as ever, most truly yours,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

* ‘Blondie Jack of Shrewsburie.’

† The concluding lines were written, for want of room, at the top of the first page of the sheet.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'Vicarage, Great Burstead, September 4, 1840.

'My dear Bentley,—Our uncertainty as to whether you would land and remain at Dover or Ramsgate has spoiled the snuggest little arrangement in the world. Had I known how to direct to you, I should have written to say that I should arrive at Canterbury last Monday ; and I had contemplated laying hold of you for Tuesday and Wednesday, and kidnapping you up to Barhamstead, where I spent three days knocking the birds about ; and there, if you had not chosen to shoot, you might at all events have done the looking-on part, and helped to carry the game. I returned to this place last night, and found your letter, for which, as well as for the two cheques enclosed, I thank you. I am glad too, to find that you like the "Mousquetaire," and the rather because he is a greater favourite of my own than poor "Jack" ever was. This morning's post has brought me a very friendly letter from Mrs. Hughes, whose critical opinion I have great reliance upon, and I am pleased to find that she expresses herself very well satisfied too. It is the more gratifying as I was particularly anxious not to make a failure this time. As to the "Golden Legend,"* the

A particular series of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' then in the course of publication, was connected by the common heading of *The Golden Legend*, a title suggested by the 'Legenda Aurea,' from which some of the stories were taken. The opportunity for a pun offered by this name induced Mr. Thomas Hood to adopt it for his poem on the subject of the lady with the golden leg. Authors are apt to be touchy on these matters ; but evidently no sort of plagiarism or opposition was intended by the latter gentleman.

assumption of the name will do more good than harm. Three literary men have already spoken to me strongly on the subject. I mean to take up the gauntlet at all events, and as I shall at least have the advantage of being able to put "Golden Legend, No. VII." on the title, I think it will be sufficient to show which is the real Simon Pure.

'I could give a capital idea, I think, to Leech, or Cruikshank for an illustration to the "Mousquetaire." A very strong effect might, in my opinion, be produced by a clever artist from the contrast afforded by the presence of the real and the sham ghost in the room together; also by the expression upon the countenances of those who are in the plot, and who only see the spectre of their own contriving, and that of the guilty and horror-struck individual who sees *both*! I wish to goodness I could put it upon paper myself. Believe me to be

'Most sincerely and truly yours,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

This suggestion was carried out with great exactness by Mr. Leech, but the plate was afterwards, for some reason or another, altered, and the spectators removed. The subject, with all details, for many other illustrations of the Legend, was also supplied by Mr. Barham; such, for example, as the appearance of the ghost in the 'Dead Drummer.'

'Scene: Salisbury Plain, bare and without trees; a cross road with a direction-post, one index marked

"To Lavington," the other "To Devizes;" beneath it the ghost of a drummer-boy beating his drum, with pointed cap, etc., in the costume of the drummer in Hogarth's "March to Finchley." In the foreground two sailors, in Guernsey shirts and large pig-tails, looking at him. One tall and thin, aged about fifty, is pointing at the drummer, with terror in his countenance, his hair standing on end, his hat having fallen off. The other, short and squab-made, bull-headed, etc., is stooping in an attitude of curiosity, with one arm a-kimbo, the other raised, and his hand shading his eyes, so as to get a better view of the apparition. Horror the expression of the taller one's countenance—curiosity that of the shorter. The drummer's may be grotesque. A storm, lightning. No house, shrub, tree, nor anything else in sight. Lettered

'THE DEAD DRUMMER.'

To Miss Barham.

'Amen Corner, Tuesday, October 20, 1840.

'My tender Lambkin,—You ask for a long letter, but how am I to comply with so preposterous a request, when I have not only nothing to say, but moreover have no time to say it in. Your mother, however, happily comes to my aid, and, just as I had resolved to make up for brevity by elegance, informs me that she has, in accordance with your especial request, opened a battery upon Miss Ogg, respecting

the malformation of your garments. The Princess of Bashan was very penitent, and pledges the honour of a mantua-maker that she will reform matters altogether the moment you come back to town. This will, I fear, be somewhat of the latest, and something like offering a gentleman turtle after he has done dinner; still you have the old proverb in your favour, "Better late than never." I only regret that the taste of our London belles should suffer so much in the estimation of your Kentish *élégantes*, as it must necessarily do in the interim, from the contemplation of your distorted costume. Happily, I have been spared the affliction which the sight of it might have occasioned me by the abruptness of your departure, which saved me from being horror-struck at the sight of Miss Ogg's enormities, and has left me in a happy ignorance up to this moment whether her crime consists in the undue curtailment of flounce or redundancy of bustle; if the former, you must feel it the more from the contrast exhibited by the recent addition to my friend Frank's dignity, which must make your own lopping but the more conspicuous and annoying; if the latter, he at least will, I doubt not, consider it a pardonable offence, the consequences of which may be borne by the victim with reasonable philosophy. Congratulate him, by the way, most cordially, on my part, upon this accession to his influence in society, which I look forward to witnessing personally with eager anticipation, as also to a serenade. Corelli or Viotti, I presume, I must not as

yet expect, but I must certainly put in a claim for "Jolly Nose," "Nix my dolly," and "Jim Crow"; if he can manage the jumping accompaniment to the latter, the more agreeable; but Rome was not built in a day, nor did Nero fiddle while it was burning, without previous and severe application.

'We heard from the illustrious Dick this morning; his house is "progressing slick," as the Americans say, and he is tolerably well, save and except a cold, not of sufficient consequence, however, to prevent his going out shooting. He has transmitted me a new subject for a legend, which he has picked up somewhere in the fens. I shall be glad to do anything I can for your amiable friend, but that "anything" will, I fear, be very trifling. Bentley is a man who will see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, and thinks the former piercing enough, and the latter sufficiently long to enable him to judge for himself in all matters of literary taste. All I can do is to transmit the MS.* with a recommendation to him to read, mark, and inwardly digest it, as you insinuate the fair authoress does little children.

'Your mother sends her best love, in which she is joined by Mary Anne, at this moment supremely happy with both the cats in her lap; "Jerry" equipped in a doll's long-clothes and straw bonnet, looking like a young nigger, and purring like Patience on a monument. But the bell is tolling for St. Paul's,

* This was the manuscript of Miss Acton's 'Cookery Book,' published eventually by Messrs. Longman.

and I am on duty this week ; so God bless you, and believe me, as ever,

‘ Your most affectionate father,

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

‘ *Diary: November 21, 1840.*—The Queen was this day brought to bed of the Princess Royal, and I carried the news down to Fulham, where I dined with Hook, Francis Broderip, and Major Shadwell Clarke. The latter expressed himself much annoyed at the infant’s being a girl, as there would be no brevet.

‘ Hook mentioned several anecdotes of his early life ; among others he said that the day on which he was first sent down to Harrow school, Lord Byron, who was there at the time, took him into the square, showed him a window at which Mrs. Drury was undressing, gave him a stone, and bid him “ knock her eye out with it.” Hook threw the stone, and broke the window. The next morning there was a great “ row ” about it, and Byron, coming up to him, said :

“ Well, my fine fellow, you’ve done it ! She had but one eye (the truth), and it’s gone.” Hook’s *fiask* was indescribable.

‘ He said that my old friend Cecil Tattersall, whom I knew at Canterbury and at Christ Church, was at that time there ; he was very intimate with Byron, and had the *sobriquet* of “ Punch Tattersall.”

‘ He spoke in the course of the evening of his two eldest daughters, of whom Mary, the senior, had just turned twenty-one ; the name of the second was

Louisa, and he designated them accordingly as "Vingt-un" and "Loo!" He read us a letter, also, from his eldest son in India, who had just got his commission there, at the age of seventeen. It was full of fun, and showed much of his father's talent, together with a great deal of good feeling.

'Another of his stories was of Sir George Warrender, who was once obliged to put off a dinner-party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. Whilst eating, he said to his butler :

"John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir George, if you leave off *now*!"'

The following entry is without date. The dinner, however, which it commemorates must have been given in the course of the year 1840. Its main object was to make known Hook and Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick,' to each other.

'Dined at Bentley's. There were present, Hook, Haliburton, Jerdan, Moran, and my son.

'In the course of the evening, Hook, looking at my son, said to me, "How old these young fellows make us feel. It was but the other day that chap was standing at my knee, listening to my stories with ears, eyes, and mouth wide open, and now he is a man, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he is three or four-and-twenty."

"Ah, I see—*Vingt-un* overdrawn."

'*Diary: February 6, 1841.*—Judge Littledale took leave on his retirement. Sir John Campbell, the

Attorney-General, addressed him in the name of the bar, and both appeared much affected during his speech. In his account of it at the Garrick, Murphy remarked that "Sir John cried a little *dale*, and that Littledale cried a great *dale*."

'May 5.—Dinner-party here: Lord Nugent, Fitzroy Stanhope, Serjeant Talfourd, John Adolphus, Theodore Hook, Dr. White, Frank Fladgate, George Raymond, and Dick. Anecdote told of the marriage of the Hon. Mr. D——, son of Lord G——. "As the happy pair were starting on their wedding tour, the lady's-maid was for putting a huge bandbox into the carriage. Mr. D—— was about to make room for it, at some little inconvenience, when an old French valet, who had long lived in the family, touched his young master's elbow, and said softly, 'No, no, sare! turn him out;—bandbox to-day, bandbox all your life!'"'

This was the last time that Theodore Hook dined at Amen Corner; he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance. Mr. Barham apologised for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite given him up, and had supposed 'that the weather had deterred him.'

'Oh!' replied Hook, 'I had determined to come *weather* or no.'

He ate literally nothing but one large slice of cucumber, but seemed in tolerable spirits; and towards the end of the evening the slight indications of effort which were at first visible had completely

disappeared. Lord Nugent, who had never met him before, was exceedingly desirous of hearing one of his extempore songs ; but my father, certain that he was ill, interfered, and saved him that exertion. From this time his disease made rapid progress, and he dined from home but twice afterwards, once at Lord Harrington's, and once, I believe, with his friend Major Clarke. Mr. Barham saw him but once again ; on July 29, about a month before his decease, the former spent the morning with him at Fulham.

Like most men resident in London, however much its occupations may be in accordance with their taste, there was nothing, as has been before observed, Mr. Barham so thoroughly enjoyed as to get away from it for a time. To snatch a hasty run into the country, more especially if, in addition to fresh breezes, green fields, and odorous flowers, there could be obtained what poor Cannon used to denominate a 'sniff of the briny ;' to feel secure from the inroads of the most adventurous morning caller ; to get beyond the reach even of the long-armed Post itself ; to shut the gates of business on mankind ; to 'forget that such things were,' and were most troublesome—this was a happiness intense in proportion to its rarity. Such excursions, alas ! were few and brief at best, deferred too often till heart and head grew sick, and generally abridged by some unexpected and peremptory recall to town.

He had started, about the middle of August, for Margate, full of spirits at the prospect of a longer

holiday than usual, which was to embrace a week's shooting among the Kentish hills, little dreaming of the evil tidings that were to follow him. Immediately on his arrival, he addressed an amusing 'log' of his voyage, etc., to his old and valued friend, Dr. Roberts :

'Dear Roberts,—

'*August 16.—Nine a.m.*—Two cabs, three trunks, one bandbox, a wife, three girls, two carpet-bags, portfolio, and a Dick on the dickey.

'*Half-past Nine.*—On board the Royal George ; luggage safe stowed, all but the Dick, who quitted.

'*Three-quarters past Nine.*—Rum and milk, eggs and cold beef.

'*Ten.*—Off she goes ; "Times" and "Morning Herald."

'*Eleven.*—Blackwall Railroad Company ; all well.

'*Half-past Twelve.*—Off Gravesend.

'*Half-past One.*—Off Sheppey, bell rings, dinner ; "more mutton for the lady."

'*Three.*—Off Herne Bay, beautiful weather, sea like a duck-pond ; gin and water.

'*Twenty minutes past Four.*—I landed on Margate jetty, went to old lodgings, landlady moved and gone to America.—N.B. Husband has another wife there. To seek for quarters, old ones being laid into the hotel.

'*Half-past Four.*—Three bed-rooms and first-floor sitting-room at a hatter's on Marine Parade. Don't know whether engaged or not—depends on next post,

which comes in at half-past six ; old woman, former lodger, to send her answer by it ; have tea there upon speculation.

'*Five*.—Very good tea, ditto bread, ditto butter, hurdy-gurdy under window—"Nix my Dolly."

'*Five minutes past Five*.—Another cup, bagpipes under window—"Jim Crow."

'*Ten minutes past Five*.—Conjurer under window, lots of tricks, three eggs out of a handkerchief.

• '*Six*.—Post in, old woman don't come ; take the lodgings, three guineas a week, seem very comfortable, children at window looking at conjurer ; hurdy-gurdy—"I'd be a butterfly ;" fiddler—"College Hornpipe ;" bagpipes—"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town : " wish to God they were ! post going off, God bless you ! all well, and in screaming spirits.

' R. H. B.

'*Margate, 2, High Street*, as it is called, being, of course, the lowest in the town, and directly opposite the harbour ; better always direct "post-office."

Prior to starting, he addressed the following note to his eldest daughter, at Tonbridge :

To Miss Barham.

' August 15, 1841.

' My dear little Fanny,—I take up my pen just to say that we set off on Monday, at ten, By the Magnet to Margate, and call on the way At a place which I think you remember, Herne Bay ;

For there, if I recollect rightly, the guide,
 Betsy Homersham, s'us'd you so much that you cried.
 We've not yet engaged any lodgings ; the Halls
 Who have been there some time and live close to St.

Paul's,

Assure us, however, we shan't have much trouble
 In suiting a number like ours, or even double.
 But then you'll observe, since as yet we don't know
 To what part of the town we may happen to go,
 And cannot decide till at least we so far get,
 You had better direct to us "Post Office, Margate,"
 A mode of arrangement for want of a better
 Which I mean to adopt in the case of each letter.
 I sent down a salmon to-day, and I hope
 That it will not discredit the fishmonger, Pope,
 But I deeply regret things should turn out so cross
 That I could not procure one poor lobster for sauce ;
 But somehow or other so few had come in,
 Pope had not a single one, neither had Lynn:
 So be sure, my dear Fanny, you make my excuses, °
 And mind and write soon, and let's know what the
 news is ;

Your mammy will write to you soon, and your bird
 Sings so loud and so long, it is really absurd ;
 Mary Anne's grown quite fond of the creature, indeed ;
 She does nothing but stuff it with sugar and seed.
 I really don't think I have aught more to tell,
 And the postman below is come ringing his bell,
 So God bless you, my dear, I shall now say "Fare-
 well,"

Write to one of us soon, if you ask me, I'd rather
You'd address, of the two,

'Your affectionate father.

'R. H.B.'

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

'Margate, August 26, 1841.

'My dear Bentley,—Dick's letter and yours had but too well prepared me for the melancholy event announced in your last. Poor fellow! I little thought when I shook his hand at parting that it was the last time I should ever grasp it. The whole thing, indeed, has quite upset me. All my oldest and best friends seem dropping off one by one. Poor Cannon was the first to go, James Smith, Bacon, Tom Hill, and now Hook, the one whom I had known the longest and spent the most pleasant hours with of them all! In our college days, 'tis true, I saw comparatively little of him (for he was only two terms at St. Mary's Hall), and then his voyage to the Mauritius separated us; but since his return, about twenty years ago, we have ever been on the most friendly terms of intimacy and, I believe, mutual regard. The world believes him older than he was; his birth took place in September, 1789; consequently, he would have been fifty-three had he lived a month longer. Independent of the loss to his private friends, I consider his death just at this juncture a public calamity. Barnes gone! and Hook gone! the two ablest, beyond all comparison, of the

advocates of civil order and all that is valuable in our institutions. For myself, the shadow of a shade never intervened during our long intercourse to cloud our friendship for a moment. I have seen him at times irritable, and sometimes, though rarely and only when other circumstances had combined to ruffle him, disposed to take offence with others ; with myself *never* ! and it is a source of sincere satisfaction to me at this moment that I cannot recall even an expression of momentary petulance that ever escaped either to the other. Among all his numerous acquaintance and friends there are none who will regret him more sincerely.

‘ I cannot turn my thoughts to any other subject now. God bless you, and in the hope of hearing a better account from you soon of poor Mrs. Bentley’s health, I subscribe myself, as ever,

‘ Most faithfully yours,

‘ R. H. BARHAM.’

To Mrs. Hughes.

‘ Margate, September 2, 1841.

‘ My dear Friend,—You do me no more than justice in supposing that the loss of my poor friend would indeed cast a gloom over me ; in fact it came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I even yet can scarcely believe it real. On Monday, the 29th of July, I went down to Fulham, and spent the whole morning with him, having heard that he was out of sorts, and wish-

ing to see him before I came down here, where I had promised to preach a sermon for the benefit of "The Sea-bathing Infirmary." That day month was the day of his funeral! I dreamt of no such thing then, for though I could not persuade him to taste even the fowl which we had for luncheon, yet his spirits were so high, and his countenance wore so completely its usual expression, that I thought him merely labouring under one of those attacks of bilious indigestion, through so many of which I had seen him fight his way, and which I trusted the run to the seaside, in which he commonly indulged at this time of the year, would entirely remove.

'I was, I confess, a little startled when he told me that he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts, of gentian or columba, taken alternately with rum and milk, and Guinness's porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the stimulants which I knew he took besides, though he said nothing about them, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice than that of the apothecary (an old friend who had attended him for many years), and not to risk a life so valuable to his family, as well as to his friends, on a point of punctilious delicacy. He promised me that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so.

'He went on to speak of some matters of business

connected with the novel he was employed on, part of which he read to me; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit were more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it!

‘We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects, and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college days by the increased fund of anecdote which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. There was the same good-nature which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his mind; indeed it has so happened that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connection of our earlier days, I have been but rarely a witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked. The reason of this, perhaps, may be that, frequently as we met, it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression have ever been in mixed company, and generally

(with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally), when undue liberties, taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom make a second one necessary. His friends could not provoke him.

‘He read to me a letter from his son in India, a young man not yet of age, written with much of the peculiar humour of his father, combined with a degree of good feeling and affection amply justifying that extreme attachment which the latter had always felt for him. Never, I am persuaded, was a parent fonder of his children, and the way in which he now spoke to me of this one (for whom Majoribanks had about a year ago procured a commission in India), the traits he mentioned of his character, and the delight with which he dwelt upon them, were, from reasons to which I need scarcely allude, calculated to make no slight impression upon his auditor.

• ‘After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual; I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time:

“Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.”

“Pulled me!” said he, “you may well say that; look here,” and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost

slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

‘I was so struck with his change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here, but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up “Peregrine Bunce” and “Fathers and Daughters” (the novel he was publishing in monthly parts in “Colburn’s Magazine”), but he added, that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have “broken the necks of them both” as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said “he could be quiet.” Alas! he little thought, or I, *how* quiet, or what his rest would be before the expiration of that term! I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time.

‘The first intimation I had of his danger was on Tuesday, the 24th ult., in a letter from my son, who went down to Fulham to call on him on the Monday; that letter stated that, to his equal surprise and grief, the answer he received had been that Mr. Hook was given over by Dr. Ferguson who had been called in to him; that mortification had taken place, was rapidly going on, and that a few hours at farthest must close the scene. In point of fact, he expired about half-past four that same afternoon, as I heard from Bentley by the following post.

‘It was well for my engagement with the latter that I had a few days before sent him up the legend I had promised for the month, for, feeling apart, the confusion

of intellect I was in would have rendered it impossible for me even to have looked at a proof.

‘Mathews, Frank Bacon, poor Power, Tom Hill, and James Smith—and now Hook!—he who flung his life and spirit into the rest! I question if half-a-dozen such associates were ever removed, or such a party broken up, in so short a time. I doubt if I shall have the courage now to enter the Garrick Club again. Its glory has indeed departed!

‘With the exact state of poor Hook’s circumstances I am not fully acquainted. I believe he has left no tradesmen’s bills unpaid, and if in debt at all, it must be to such persons as never will look to that part of their loss. But I much fear he can have left no great provision for Mrs. Hook or his children, of whom he has four besides the young man in India. I hope somebody will be found to do justice to his memory. Mr. Croker would be the man of all others, if he would undertake the task; and though I believe it has been neglected of late, yet I know my poor friend kept a diary, which I have seen, of the freaks and adventures of his earlier years. Much of this, I dare say, has been anticipated in “Gilbert Gurney,” and much, perhaps from respect to living persons, could not, as yet at least, be given to the public; but the history of the Berners Street hoax, and some other transactions I could name, will one day, no doubt, raise a hearty laugh among those who come after us.

‘From such a subject it is difficult, not to say impossible, to turn without pain to any other, but I take

too strong an interest in the welfare of our friend Ainsworth to pass over without notice the remarks you make concerning his separation from Bentley. I am glad, however, to find that they continue on friendly terms, even in the way of business, and that Bentley is to publish "Old St. Paul's" on commission. I suspect, from what I hear of the state of the book-trade, that this mode of arrangement will be much more practised than heretofore. Since the examination of Mr. Knight's affairs, it has been averaged (so say the papers) that not above one novel in three pays its expenses, taking into consideration loss by bad debts and trade failures. The present change in the political horizon may, perhaps, in time restore confidence if all goes well ; but Hamilton, one of the principal book-sellers in the "Row," and himself a Whig, told me that if the corn-laws went, his best customers would go with them.

'I have on the anvil a "Legend of Spain," which if, please God, I live to finish it, will, I think, with some prose material I have by me to serve as sewing silk and buckram, make up another volume ; and then, I suppose, I must kill Tom Ingoldsby, bury him and all his family at Tappington, and myself in Amen Corner, where in the meantime we look forward, with great pleasure in the anticipation, to seeing you at no distant period.' God bless you, my dear friend ! and believe me as ever yours,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Corner, November 6, 1848.

'My dear Friend,—Fortunately the weather, here at least and I hope in Berkshire, has been remarkably cloudy o' nights, or I should fancy you looking out of your window at the Great Bear, and saying to yourself, if not to others, "That is Mr. Barham's dominant constellation!" That I am in general a bad correspondent, I am sorry to say, is but too true; but to have remained silent so long to so kind a communication as your last, is a piece of unheard-of atrocity of which I am truly ashamed, though in verity, on looking back through the vista of the last week, I really cannot call to my recollection a single half-hour that I could have sat fairly down to discharge my conscience. In addition to a more than usual press of occupation, which has kept me up to a very late hour even for me, I have had my week at St. Paul's, the double attendance at which every day—I say nothing of the Alexandrine service on Guy Fawkes' day—has drawn still farther upon my time. Let me, however, now that I have got pen (and a wretched one it is) in hand, no longer delay thanking you very gratefully for all your kindness, and more especially for the last mark of it, exhibited in the head, which arrived in high preservation, and is to the full as excellent as the best of its predecessors. I endeavoured to prevail on our friends, the Lanes, who both dined with us yesterday, to put its good qualities to the test; but though the quarter

it came from was admitted to be a very powerful argument, I could not get them down to the supper-table, as Richard Lane had to be up very early the next morning to complete an extempore, and I am told very beautiful, drawing of Adelaide Kemble in her new character of "Norma." The success of this young lady has been complete, and she certainly inherits all the tragic talent of the family; indeed, from what I saw, I question if the actress—in spite of a rather disadvantageous figure—is not at least as great as the singer. I told her father yesterday that I should delight in seeing her play "Lady Macbeth, with songs." He himself has grown quite young again, and is of course in the seventh heaven at his daughter's success. There is, I believe, no doubt now that he will reappear on the stage after Christmas; and in "Penruddock" and "Wolsey," and such elderly characters, I have no question he will be as great as ever.

'You will be glad to hear that Richard Lane is not only looking much better, but that his cough has entirely left him. He is in high spirits, being in constant request at the Palace, and has orders to take a portrait of the Prince Albert as soon as the Lady shall be pronounced "as well as can be expected," an obstetrical contingency which is now, I believe, hourly expected. With respect to your friend Mr. Lockey, I hope you cannot doubt that he shall have my good word, or that I'll gild him with the happiest terms I have. I do not, however, think that —'s are just at present, for reasons that will occur to you, the best

auspices for him to start under. Add to which, there is at present no vacancy, though one or two of the present gentry might, I think, be killed, with advantage to the Cathedral, to make one for him; But then the meddling world would call that murder. And now, of all love, do not ask me to return the "Warning Knock," which I have been laying by for the winter as an appropriate season for *A Tale of Sprites and Goblins*, and mean to try my hand at it against Christmas, so as to have it ready by New Year's Day, when folks sit up late o' nights. The materials I have to work upon are the stories of Captain Hastings and the Portsmouth Ghost, and Sir John Jervis's, or rather his sister's. You once told me the story of a man followed by the ghost of a drummer-boy whom he murdered, some particulars of which have escaped my recollection. This would be a great God-send to me if you would be kind enough to write down for me the true and particular account. My idea at present is to give an account of a Christmas party at Tappington amusing themselves with recounting ghost stories, both in the parlour and the kitchen—a prose article, of course, of which I must now concoct two or three, as I find I have a due proportion of rhyme for the new volume. I do not know whether you have seen the "Auto da Fé." It has been very favourably received here, though it is not a favourite of my own. Cruikshank has given Fanny a most beautiful illustration of the "Smuggler's Leap," for her album. He dined with me yesterday. And now,

my dear friend, I must wish you good-bye, as I hear that fine-toned but particularly provoking bell calling me from the clock-tower. I cannot, however, close this without assuring you that I am delighted at the prospect of so soon foregathering with you in London, or begging you to accept the united thanks and kindest remembrances of all those who, while I am writing this, are even yet (*viz.* three o'clock) prolonging their *sederunt* around "The Head!" I snatch one little piece myself, and with my mouth full, subscribe myself,

'Yours most faithfully,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

A similar present of one of these 'collared pig's heads' from the same quarter elicited the narration of a touching incident in early life. 'It reminded me,' writes Mr. Barham, in a letter which has been mislaid, 'of what passed between myself and Dr. Wilmot's little daughter, many years ago; I accompanied the little body, a fine, intelligent, and, as I thought, too sentimental child of nine years old, out into the poultry-yard, to look at her "dear little chicks," during the awkward half-hour before dinner. We were great friends; and after introducing me to the "grey hen who was *cluck*," and to the "bantams," and to the "everlasting layers," I was at length ushered to the pig-sty to look at her "own dear little pig," whom "she loved so much." All due commendation was of course lavished on my side upon such a

pet ; and when we took leave of the little brute, whose eyes really seemed to look gratefully towards its too partial mistress, the young lady concluded her *au revoir* with " Bless you, dear little Piggy ! how pretty you are, and how nice you will be when we come to eat you ! " It was impossible to doubt the probability of the prophecy ; but however I might revere her as a sage, the young lady sank to zero as a sentimentalist. After all this *nouvelle Héloïse* was right perhaps, and only working out her great namesake's problem,

" What *pork* we doat on, when 'tis *pigs* we love ! "

A brace or two of Tappington pheasants forwarded to Mr. Sydney Smith in the course of the month elicited the following highly characteristic note :

To the Rev. R. H. Barham.

' 39, Green Street, November 15, 1841.

' Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is the roast pheasant and bread sauce—barn-door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk—the pheasant, the pheasant !

' Ever yours,

' SYDNEY SMITH.'

A more laconic note, in acknowledgment of a similar

arrival, was penned by Mr. Barham himself, but whether it ever reached the hands of the eminent individual to whom it appears to have been addressed is doubtful :

‘Many thanks, my dear lord, for the birds of your giving,
Though I wish with the dead, you had sent me the *living*.’

The living, however, arrived in due time, and fortunately happened to be one contiguous to that he had previously held, and indeed in every respect adapted to the circumstances of the recipient.

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

‘December 21, 1841.

‘Dear Bentley,

“Nell Cook” is ripe,
And up in type,—*
So Bangor boys repeat;
And “Colin Clink”
Is daubed with ink,
Down to a single sheet.

‘Poor Tom Hill’s dead;
And it is said
His heir is E. Dubois :
Tom kept an infernal
Sort of a journal
Of all he heard and saw—

* Printed at Bangor House.

' I think if you,
 Mind P and Q,
 You may get hold of the Diary ;
 Dubois could well
 Make a book that would sell ;
 At least it's worth enquiry.

' And if your mind
 That way's inclin'd,
 I could put you into a way
 To get at Dubois,
 Through his brother-in-law,
 So respond without delay.

' Thine,
 ' R. H. B.'

Mr. Edward Dubois, Commissioner of the Court of Requests, was well known in the literary world, more particularly as the friend and occasional secretary of Sir Philip Francis, whom, by the way, he always stoutly maintained to be the author of the 'Junius Letters.' To his pen indeed has been attributed the work known as 'Junius Identified,' which bears the name of Taylor, but which is thought by some to have been prompted by Sir Philip himself. Mr. Dubois was also a friend of my father's, although not so intimate an one as 'the brother-in-law,' Mr. Robert Cresswell. This gentleman was the brother of the Proctor referred to in the following lines, addressed by Sir George Rose to Dubois :

“ My dear Dubois,
Tell me *ubi*'s
Cresswell's office which they robe at ?
Not the Doctor's,
But the Proctor's,
For I want to get a probate.

CHAPTER VIII.

[1842—1844.]

Election to the Presidency of Sion College—Appointment to the Divinity Lectureship at St. Paul's—Senior Cardinal—Exchange of Livings—Testimonial—The Bishop of London's Charge—The Plague of Hail—An unlucky Present—Letter to Dr. Hume—Anecdotes—Letter to Miss Barham—to Dr. Hume—Lines on a China Jug—The Carter Ghost Story—The Seaforth Prophecy—Warrender House—Anecdote—Withdrawal from 'Bentley's Miscellany'—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—*Lapsus Lingue*—Theatrical Anecdote—Dr. Paris's Ghost Story—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—St. Paul's—Saunders and Otley—Sydney Smith's Novel—Anecdotes—Mr. Offor and the Duke of Sussex—Note from Sydney Smith—Sheridan and O'Beirne—The Archæological Association—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—'Archæological Hint'—The Mummy—Story of Lord M.—Scraps, Anecdotes, etc.

IN 1842, Mr. Barham succeeded to the presidency of Sion College, a sort of clerical Lord Mayoralty (with reverence be it spoken!) held, like that honourable office, for the space of a year, and one to which the incumbents of the City of London are, in turn, eligible. The duties are not particularly onerous; but one of them, the preaching a Latin sermon, at a time of life when a gentleman's classics may be thought to have grown a little rusty, is not to be lightly esteemed, especially when the critical character of the audience before whom it is delivered is taken into consideration. In the same year, his long services at St. Paul's were

rewarded with the Divinity lectureship—he had for some time held the senior Cardinal's stall in that cathedral—and by his being allowed to exchange his living for that of St. Faith. The parishes were contiguous, but the latter, consisting for the most part of large warehouses, occupied much less of his time than the one he had held for a period of nearly twenty years, while the emoluments, on the other hand, were far more considerable. The parting with his old parishioners, attached to him not less by the bonds of private friendship than by those peculiar ties which bind a minister to his people, was not to be effected without an effort—greater perhaps than he was altogether prepared for. In the farewell sermon which he preached on October 9, he assured them, in all sincerity, that it was his greatest gratification to reflect that the connection which had so long subsisted was only to be loosened, not dissolved; that he was to continue their neighbour and friend, though he ceased to be their pastor. He spoke also of the prospect, too soon to be realised, of being permitted to lay his bones among them, by the side of his children, and of that final reunion to be hoped for, by the blessing of Him whose courts below they had trodden together. The regret at separation was reciprocal, and more than one moistened eye followed him from that spot, whither, within three short years, he was destined to return to quit no more.

A substantial 'testimonial of respect and friendship,' in the shape of a handsome silver salver, was presented

to himself and Mrs. Barham, who as a clergyman's wife, devoted herself to those duties which a woman alone can comprehend and discharge, 'by the inhabitants of St. Gregory and St. Mary Magdalen, on the termination of his incumbency as rector of those united parishes.'

As his advancement required no change of residence, he still continued, under the bishop's licence, in his old abode in Amen Corner. This indeed he was enabled to do till his decease, although, about a twelvemonth after his induction, the death of Mr. Sydney Smith placed the residentiary house in other hands. The ready welcome he met with from his new congregation, and the rapid progress he made in interesting their warmer feelings, was of course, in a great measure, to be attributed to the fact of his not coming among them as a stranger; while the manner in which he acquitted himself at the delicate juncture brought about by the Bishop of London's well-known charge of 1842, which served to place the clergy in so awkward a position as regarded their Diocesan and the laity, contributed not a little to rivet their esteem. Of his own opinions he made no secret, but he had too strict a regard for constituted authority to offer any opposition to his spiritual superior. At the same time, he was so deeply impressed with the objectionable nature of the proposed measures, that he applied for and obtained special permission to exercise his own judgment on the subject.

In a letter to Dr. Hume he thus expresses himself:—

'I must run up next Wednesday to dine with your friend C. J. London, at Fulham, I, as one of the anti-surplicians, not liking to show anything of the white feather, into which my absence on such an occasion might perhaps be construed. They tell me he is much annoyed at the reaction which has taken place with respect to his ecclesiastical views in both Houses; and that the embryo Bill for bringing St. Paul's more especially under his and the Archdeacon's thumb is laid aside for the present.'

Archdeacon Hale, who is here alluded to, was thought to be something of a martinet. There was a story current at this time that on one occasion, as Master of the Charter House, he one day sent for one of the poor brethren, and reprimanded him sharply for appearing in chapel without having paid sufficient attention to the cleanliness of his person.

'Are you aware, sir, of the hatefulness of such a condition?' asked the Archdeacon. 'Have you forgotten that vermin were sent as a plague upon the Egyptians?'

'Ah! sir,' sighed the old man, 'a worse plague than vermin was sent to them—Hail was sent!'

It is needless to add that no untimely recurrence to a set of forms which, decorous or not, have unquestionably become out of date, embroiled him with those committed to his charge. In this, and in all matters connected with his duty, he met with their unqualified approval and support.

Among his former parishioners, was one, in

character and costume, the beau idéal of a citizen of 'famous London town;' the snuff-coloured coat, drab shorts, resplendent buckles, and ample frill, were in perfect keeping with his retired and somewhat dusky *top*. With a trifling addition to the waistcoat, and some little remodelling of the beaver, he might have sat for the portrait of a common councilman of worship in the days of the first Georges. He was an excellent and a worthy person; true and just in all his dealings, charitable to the poor, and ever ready 'to do suit and service' to the worshipful company of Cutlers, as he periodically assured them at their court dinners, though not perhaps having the clearest notion of the duties which he so readily undertook to discharge.

Of course, he had his stories—marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by forgotten Lord Mayors, puns of their chief clerks, perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white-baitings—indeed, an endless variety of civic 'Sayings and Doings;' nor was he altogether wanting in tales of a moving and romantic turn; one of these last has been fortunately preserved in Mr. Barham's note-book.

An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary; she was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man in her own rank of life, one in every respect well worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed,

'positively for the last time of marrying,' to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom-elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the 'tiff' arose in consequence of his paying more attention than was thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was '*putting on the breeches*' a little too soon.

After supper, both the lovers had become more calm; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in terms kindly and affectionate, if not so enthusiastic as those which had previously terminated their meetings.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm in which he had given it vent, and as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had

previously bespoke for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect :—

‘DEAREST * * *’—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray pardon me ; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate

Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel ; but as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor’s shop in his way to Bush Lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder ! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted

with the history of the objectionable present, but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.

To Dr. Hume.

‘April, 1842.

‘*Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,*
The snows are fled, the grass now scarcely damp is ;
Solvitur acris Hyems gratâ vix Veris ;
Stern Winter’s gone, the grateful Spring-time near is ;

Ubi gentium Hume ?

Is he up in his room ?

Vel antro sub grato

‘Ating potato’ ?

In agris est vix

A making of bricks ?

Cur non venit ad urbem,

Now there’s nothing to disturb him—

Usque ad Londinum,

Churchyardque Paulinum ?

Nil mihi rescribas sed venias ipse

Quadrigâ vel omnibus, sobrius vel tipse.

‘R. H. B.’

Diary : July, 1842.—The Bishop of London mentioned that at the recent grand meeting at Cambridge at which the Duke of Cambridge attended, he (the Bishop) was appointed to preach, and had no sooner

commenced with "Let us pray," than his Royal Highness rose up in the pew below, and exclaimed with great fervour, "Certainly, by all means." The Duke used invariably to read aloud all the service, including the Absolution; and when the King of Prussia visited St. Paul's, I saw him put that potentate out sadly by his over-officiousness in finding the place for him in the prayer-book. All had been properly marked, but his Royal Highness took the volume from him, began turning it over, and finally left his Majesty in much greater mystification than he found him. He appears to be a really devout man, but is absent and flighty.

'I mentioned that, examining one of the Sunday-school boys at Addington, I asked him what a prophet was. He did not know.

"If I were to tell you what would happen to you this day twelvemonth, and it should come to pass, what would you call me then, my little man?"

"A fortune-teller, sir," said the boy.

• 'There was an end of the examination for that day.'

To Miss Barham.

'Amen Corner, July 2, 1842.

'My dear Fan,—I admit that I hardly deserve your letters, but you have plenty of time to write and I have not. I had seven letters to answer yesterday, and at this moment there are five lying on the desk before me which must be replied to to-day. The fact is, I hate the sight of a pen; still, I cannot refrain

from telling you that I am delighted to hear the good account you give of yourself. Dick is in town, does duty for me to-morrow, and starts off on his Nanny-goat expedition (a tour in Wales) on Monday morning.

‘We have good accounts of Mary Anne, who seems to be enjoying herself much. The surpassing horrors of railroad travelling have made steamboat perils quite a bagatelle in your mother’s estimation, so that she now embarks with all the heroism of a Cook—I don’t mean the useful domestic so designated and sometimes styled “Chiggy,” but a certain great navigator, who, as you may have read in history, sailed round the world with Robinson Crusoe. The result has been that we have made two voyages to Gravesend and one to Richmond, and threaten a fourth to Southend and Sheerness, exploring the Essex bank of the river as we go down, and the Kentish one as we return to London. I have little news to tell you, except that Queen Anne has been dead some time, and has had a statue erected to her in front of St. Paul’s Cathedral, the nose of which has been knocked off by naughty boys. This dearth of intelligence, however, is so far fortunate that, being obliged to go to Covent Garden to buy vegetables for to-morrow’s banquet, I should not have time to tell it you were it more abundant. I shall therefore conclude with informing you that I kissed Her Majesty’s hand on Thursday as President, and now kiss yours.

‘Your affectionate father,’

‘R. H. BARHAM’

To Dr. Hume.

'Amen Corner, November 8, 1842.

'My dear Hume,—You are of all men the body with whom an excuse of business or bother, for not acting with common propriety and answering a gentleman when he writes, is the least likely to avail. It is, however, the only one I have to offer, and I do assure you it is a true one. You, as a quiet layman, can form no idea of the fuss Charles James's charge has put us clerics into: "What does he mean?" "What's to be done?" "How are we to go on?" etc. All this would be little more to me than to you but for my unlucky position at "the College." Of a verity "Mount Sion is *not* a pleasant place" unto me at this precise juncture, when everybody comes running in with "What are you going to do in it at Sion College?" In the meantime I continue "mighty like a milestone, standing still at this present writing," and doing what I think I shall continue to do—*videlicet, nothing!* Then there is a blockhead attacking St. Paul's in the "Times," whom, because he signs himself "Presbyter Anglicanus," our people set down as a clergyman, though it is clear he knows nothing of the very first lines of the Rubric he talks so much about. They might just as well believe Mr. Williams of the "Dispatch," who signs himself "Publicola," to be an ancient Roman. But enough of this. As I positively could not write, I sent you down a brace of birds the other day by Chad, literally to stop your mouth. Kindest regards

to the lady, but tell her we won't send her any more unless she'll come and see us.

'God bless you, and believe me ever yours,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

On the occasion of Dr. Roberts's marriage (about this date), Mr. Barham presented his old schoolfellow, who was a great collector of china, with a valuable specimen of his favourite ware. The following parody on the old song, 'Toby Fillpot,' was written while the doctor was curiously examining the maker's device in order to determine the age and quality of the acquisition :

To Dr. Roberts.

Dear Doctor,—This jug, which can't foam with
mild ale,
While you turn down its top so, to look at its tail,
Was *not* Toby Fillpot's—and yet, on the whole,
It's as good as the jug of that thirsty old soul ;
For boozing about it will answer as well,
And when filled with my mixture will bear off the
bell.

When you chance in the dog-days to sit at your ease,
A pint of sweet mountain, as old as you please,
With a bottle of iced soda-water allay,
Then of honest old 'Stingo,' a pint pour away,
Pop in nutmeg, one slice from a cucumber cut,
And then drink till you're full as a Dorchester butt.

A body of friends should you long entertain,
And they empty it often—why, fill it again ;
Don't potter about Toby Fillpot's brown jug,
Say, ' That for old Toby!—give me my white mug ;
It's sacred to friendship, white wine, and mild ale,'
So up with its mouth now and turn down its tail !

This mention of the marriage of Dr. Roberts suggests a story which the Doctor used to tell with great gravity on the authority of his first wife :

' The following curious particulars,' writes Mr. Barham, ' of a story current in the family of Carter, of which his first wife was a member, were told me by Dr. Roberts. One day, about the year 1785, two lads, one of whom was the uncle of the lady in question, were playing in the large hall of Brundon Hall, a mansion situated on the borders of Suffolk,* and at the time the property of the Carters, but which afterwards passed into the possession of the Hurrells. The attention of the boys was suddenly caught by the opening of a door, usually kept locked, which led to the more ancient part of the landing, and they were more astonished still by the appearance of a strange lady, dressed in blue satin, who slowly walked towards the great staircase, stamped three times on a large slab of blue stone which lay at the foot, and then continuing her walk across the hall, disappeared through a door opposite the one by which she had entered. The boys,

* It is actually in Essex, and now forms part of Sudbury.

more puzzled than frightened, left off playing, and ran and told Mrs. Carter, the mistress of the house, and the mother of the narrator's (Mrs. Roberts') uncle. She immediately fainted. Subsequently she told her son that the apparition had been frequently seen by other members of the family, and that there was a very dreadful story connected with it, which, however, she declined to communicate. Some years afterwards, the house having, I believe, changed hands in the interval, certain repairs were undertaken, in the course of which the entrance to a large vault was discovered concealed by the stone upon which the lady in blue satin had stamped. On examination two skeletons were found below; a gold bracelet was on the arm of one, and gold spurs were lying near the feet of the other. In addition, a goblet having some dark-coloured sediment at the bottom, supposed to be blood, was found in a recess in the wall, and a considerable quantity of infant's skulls and bones were heaped up in one corner. Lastly, a considerable sum in gold coin was brought to light.

'The present representatives of the Hurrells inform me that he is ignorant of the tradition attaching to Brundon Hall, but he adds that a pair of antique spurs and a sword were directed by his great-grandfather in his will to be preserved as heirlooms in the family. How far this coincidence may be thought to corroborate the story of the Sudbury Ghost will doubtless depend in a great measure upon the particular "views" of the reader.'

While on the subject of family tradition, I may here introduce a couple of stories which Mr. Barham heard during the course of a visit paid in the summer of 1843 to Mrs. Hughes. Her informant was Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott declared to Mrs. Hughes that, many years before the event took place, he had heard of a prophecy in the Seaforth family, uttered, or said to have been uttered by a second-sighted clansman more than a century before, to the effect that 'when the Chisholm and the Fraser should be baith deaf, and the M'Pherson (? M'Kenzie) born with a buck tooth the male line of Fraser should become extinct, and that a white-hooded lassie should come from ayont the sea and inherit a'. All these contingencies happened in the late Lord Seaforth's time, who, on reverting to the prophecy, showed two fine lads, his sons, to Sir Walter, and observed, 'After all's said and done, I think these boys will ding the prophet after all.' He was wrong, however. The two boys died immediately before their father, and the present Lady Hood, a widow, came from India after his decease and inherited the property.'

The prophecy is said to have included yet another family misfortune, and to have foretold that the white-hooded lassie (the widow's cap is clearly alluded to in the epithet) should cause the death of her own sister. This also came to pass. By the upset of a pony-carriage which Mrs. Stuart M'Kenzie (as Lady Hood had become by marriage) was driving, her sister was

instantaneously killed 'on the spot, and she herself so fearfully injured about the face as to be compelled to wear, for the remainder of her life, a head-dress of a fashion which enabled her to conceal the greater part of her countenance under bands of black velvet.

'Sir Walter Scott,' Mr. Barham goes on to say, 'gave Mrs. Hughes an account of his visit to Warrender House, the seat of Sir George Warrender, at Burntfields, near Edinburgh. He stated that on an architect being called in to make some repairs there on a large scale, he could not make the ground-plan agree with the interior measurement of the edifice. After much discussion he found an old doorway, which the servants assured him was a false one and "led nowhere." Recurring to his plan, however, he suspected that the deficient quantity must be in its vicinity, and accordingly determined to have it opened. It was strongly fastened, but was at length removed, when behind it he found three small rooms, the farthest one fitted up as a bedroom, with two silver candlesticks, on the toilet-table, the candles burnt down in the sockets. Half-burnt embers were on the hearth; and an old-fashioned but very handsome dressing-gown was hanging over the back of a chair, at the foot of which was a pair of slippers. The bed appeared to have been left disarranged as when quitted by its last occupant. Not any of the family then living were aware of the existence of these rooms, nor was there any tradition as to the name or character of their inmates. It was also said by Sir George, at the same

time, that he had been assured by members of the family that at Glamis Castle there was a secret room, the mode of approaching which was never known to more than the possessor and the heir apparent of the property.'

'On the same occasion Mrs. Hughes gave, from her own personal experience, an instance of rather a curious equivoque.

'Calling on an old woman at Uffington who had lately lost her husband, she was warmly welcomed by the bereaved widow.

"Well, ma'am, it is very kind of you to call. You have heard of my sad loss?"

"Yes, and I was much grieved to hear it."

"Ah! to think that t'old fox should run away with him after all!"

"Run away with him? Good gracious, woman! run away with whom?"

"Why our old turkey cock, to be sure—and the hens all sitting!"

In 1843, Mr. Barham's literary connection with Mr. Bentley came to an end. The separation, however, neither originated in nor did it tend to any interruption of the long-continued friendship that had existed between them. Indeed, the interest which my father took in the fortunes of the 'Miscellany' never died out, and the last lines he ever wrote, 'As I laye a-thinkyng,' were, by his express wish, published in the pages of that periodical, so that Thomas Ingoldsby might close his career where he had commenced it.

Meanwhile, on its becoming known that he was at liberty to enter upon an engagement, offers embracing very liberal terms were without delay made to him by various publishers and editors. He eventually closed with Mr. Colburn, and the remainder of the 'Legends' were contributed to the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Grove, May 26, 1843.

* * * * *

'It was from the first understood between Bentley and myself that our arrangements were to continue only so long as they should be thought mutually advantageous, and that if ever a contrary opinion should arise in the mind of either, they should be dissolved. It is our business tie alone that is severed, and we continue just as good friends as ever. Whether I shall form any other periodical *liaison* I am as yet undetermined. I have had three separate proposals made to me from three separate publishers, none of them inferior in point of emolument or respectability to the one I have given up. I have moreover a fourth crotchet of my own, but just at this moment my attention is a good deal called to matters of more importance. They have been enclosing Swingfield Minnis, which adjoins my Tappington farm, and I have had to fight hard for my slice of the common. I have carried my point, but it would have benefited me little could I not have succeeded in purchasing an intervening slip of land, the possession of which could alone

make my new acquisition of any value. This too I have succeeded in obtaining, and now having, from my brother-in-law's representation and advice, bought "a pig in a poke," I am going down on Monday to see what I have got for my money. As my wife is looking all sorts of colours for want of fresh air, I intend taking her and Mary Anne with me. We shall certainly make out the week, at least, in Kent; after which I hope to return, bringing back with me a new legend completed, which I have now upon the anvil, and which will be quite ready to commence the summer volume of any periodical, if I should determine on that mode of publication.

'I have had a very kind letter from Mrs. Wells, over-rating any trifling service I may have been able to render her; and in my reply I have ventured to suggest a new field for her literary exertions in the intestine commotions of the Italian republics of the Middle Ages. There is much of the dark and terrible, much of the tender and pathetic, much of the soul-stirring and adventurous, to be found in the pages of Davila, Guicciardini, etc., and certainly enough of the romantic to prove the axiom that truth is often stranger than fiction. Martin Luther, as you justly observe, "won't do at any price," though his throwing a great book at the devil's head is certainly an interesting incident. I dislike religious romances, from "Cœlebs" upwards. I had a visit yesterday morning from Mr. Hughes, and have given him an epigram for you; it has almost made Wilson Croker crazy. You

are good enough to ask me news of myself and the *ménage*, or perhaps I should say menagerie. Mrs. Barham, as I have said, is far from well; Mary Anne is in most unseemly spirits, after having attended the funeral of three kittens lately deceased; of Dick I know nothing; Fanny is staying with her friend, Mrs. Scott, in Bedford Square; and of myself I have nothing new to tell you. The clock is striking four, and my moiety is come to carry me off to a "call;" so God bless you, my dear friend, prays, very sincerely

'Yours as ever,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'*Diary: May, 1843.*—Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy at Merchant Tailors' Hall. The Archbishop, a nervous man [Dr. Howley], by a ludicrous *lapsus linguæ* gave as a toast, instead of "Prosperity to the Merchant Tailors' Company," "Prosperity to the Merchant Company's Tailor!"

'Dr. Taylor read to me the following extract from a letter just addressed to him by Archbishop Whately: "O'Connell has spoilt the dog. The story is of a traveller who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for *his own* supper, giving the 'dog the bone.'"

'Abingdon, a gentleman of property, first an amateur and afterwards a professional actor, and manager of the Southampton theatre, told me that once, when

he was playing Hamlet there, "Röscencrantz," who ought to say :

"My lord, you once did love me,"

forgot his part and failed in giving the cue, till the prompter, seeing that Hamlet could not go on for the want of it, stepped forward and said :

"My lord, you once did love *this gentleman !*"

This enabled Abingdon to reply :

"And do still by these pickers and stealers."

Like most good-natured people who do good-natured things, the prompter got hissed by the audience for having kept the stage so long waiting. I was terribly abused by the mob once for going to bury a corpse which my neighbour H—— had forgotten, after it had been detained by *his* carelessness more than an hour in the churchyard.

'October, 1843.—Dined with T. Haffenden, at Lawn House, Harwell ; Dr. and Mrs. Paris, etc. Dr. Paris told us a ghost story. He said that a Mrs. P—— living and keeping a depôt (in which word she used to pronounce the last syllable as an English-woman would) for ~~laze~~ in Leicester Fields, had been a patient of his ; that she had once dreamed that on going upstairs to bed she had seen a black bull come out of a clock-case which stood on the landing-place, and this dream was followed by the immediate death of her sister. It was late one night, several years after

this event, that he (Dr. Paris) was summoned, just as he was going to bed, to attend his patient, who was, he was told, in a very alarming state. On reaching Leicester Fields, he found her in a high state of excitement, and insisting on being allowed to go immediately to her brother, as she was sure he was dead, she having just had a recurrence of her former dream. The Doctor, who had long known her family, used every argument and persuasion to induce her to forego her resolution; but finding that opposition only irritated her to a degree bordering on frenzy, he good-naturedly consented to take her with him in his own carriage, then at the door, and convince her of the absurdity of her suspicions. On arriving in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, where the brother resided, the Doctor, finding her much calmer, renewed his entreaties to her to defer her visit till the morning; but finding all of no avail, and that her excitement returned at the bare mention of going back, he drove up to her brother's door, determined that, as the house, like every other one in the street, was shut up—for it was now two o'clock in the morning—unless he found somebody stirring, he would not alarm the inmates by a continued knocking, but take his patient back in spite of her teeth. To his surprise, however, a female servant opened the door at his first summons, and informed him that her master, who had been to his club, had returned about half an hour before, had been suddenly seized, while in the act of putting on his slippers, with gout in the stomach, or some affec-

tion of the heart, and had expired about a quarter of an hour before ; the medical man who had been hastily summoned to his assistance having only that moment left the house.'

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Corner, October 30, 1843.

'My dear Friend,—It does indeed seem an age since we forgathered, but during this last summer I have been, like Dryden's Zimri, "everything by turns and nothing long." My church duties have been so perversely involved with each other this year that I could have found it in my heart, more than once, to burn the almanac. I have not been able to absent myself from town one single Sunday ; the consequence is, that we have been in a perpetual state of locomotion, oscillating like a pendulum between Monday and Saturday ; in Cambridgeshire with Dick one week, and a very pleasant week it was ; in Hertfordshire with my nephew, shooting, another ; at Tonbridge a third ; then at Tappington, where I have been worried to death by law people about the enclosing Swingfield Minnis ; then at Canterbury ; then in Essex—in short, this perpetual change, to one who hates change so much as I do, is a source of great annoyance, and I have been, for the last three months at least, in one uninterrupted fidget. I have done nothing for Colburn, and I have been able to write no letters but those on business, nor of them half what I ought to have done. And now,

before I proceed any further, let me thank you for your kind present, which reached us safely yesterday, and on which I anticipate a rich banquet to-night; that I shall probably "dream of the d—— and wake in a fright" afterwards is a risk that I must run, and which Mrs. Barham, who joins with me in best acknowledgments, must partake.

'As to St. Paul's, I am much pleased at having so good a neighbour as Dale, whom I know and much like. The Dean, too, is pleased with the appointment, and Sydney Smith no less so. I was half afraid of some sour and lank-haired Puseyite, with whom I might have had to carry on a perpetual warfare, and that, shut up, as you know we are together in "The Corner" (which, by the way, when our alder-bush is out in leaf, I call *Amen Grove*), would be fighting in a saw-pit. Dale, however, is an excellent fellow, and I doubt not we shall be very good neighbours.' By the way, we had a narrow escape from a dissolution of the neighbourhood before it has been virtually commenced; for last night, or rather between one and two this morning, just as I was going to bed, a fire broke out in one of the houses in Oxford Arms Passage, close in our rear, and reduced the building in less than an hour to a mere shell. Happily, the night was a calm one, and no lives were lost. I had to rout my wife and children up, but, thank God, they were quit for the fear. To return to our sheep (Dale)—Sir Robert sent for him, and told him that he gave him the Residency without solicitation from any

quarter, and that entirely from his character as a parish priest. You will be glad to hear that Sydney Smith has nominated Mr. Tate's son and curate to the living of Edmonton. This we are very glad of, for poor Mr. Tate, owing to the misconduct of others, left his wife and daughters almost penniless. It is the more to Mr. Smith's credit that the young man did not even apply for it. He is much respected there, and bears an excellent character.

•• 'You ask me about Borrow's "Bible in Spain." I know neither the man nor the book, but it is much spoken of. The fact is, I am three months behind everybody in reading, but I sent the book down to the Dean, from Saunders and Otley's. Speaking of that firm, I don't know whether I told you of young Sutton, Lord Canterbury's son, calling there one day very angry because they had not sent him some books he had ordered. He was, as usual, pretty warm—so much so, that one of the partners could bear it no longer, and told him as much.

• 'I don't know who you are," was the answer, "but I don't want to annoy you personally. You may be Otley, or you may be Saunders; if you are Saunders d—— Otley; if you are Otley, d—— Saunders." A mode of getting out of the scrape that would do honour to the great Dan O'Connell himself.

• 'I am glad to hear that we may expect to see you in town as usual, and look forward with eagerness to a long "crack," as Sir Walter used to call it. Can you not, from the superabundance of your legendary lore,

rummage me up another Gervase Matcham? Has nobody that you ever heard of committed a murder, or robbed a henroost? It is two o'clock A.M. God bless you, my dear friend!

‘Yours ever,

‘R. H. BARHAM.’

No one at all familiar with the writings and conversation of Mr. Sydney Smith, can have failed to remark the professional turn his wit is apt to take. His frequent and irresistibly ludicrous allusions to the technicalities with which he was particularly concerned leave characteristic traces upon well-nigh every matter which he takes in hand. The ‘Peter Plymley’ letters, and those addressed to Archdeacon Singleton, abound in this sort of fun. In the adoption, indeed, of the phraseology commonly employed upon solemn subjects he is, perhaps, almost too dexterous, occasionally trembling on the very verge of propriety. In his *bons mots* this peculiarity is equally noticeable, the greater number probably of those on record bearing some reference, more or less direct, to clerical affairs. No better illustration of this uniform flow of ideas can be given than a description, furnished by himself, of an interview with a well-known fashionable publisher. My father heard it at the table of one whom he had long come to look on with admiration and respect, and whose sad death, at this moment, even as I write, has cast a gloom upon every spot where English literature has found a place.

'Diary: December 2, 1843.—Dined at Charles Dickens'. Present—Sydney Smith, my wife, Serjeant Talfourd, Albany Fonblanque, Miss Eley, Rev. — Taggart, Mrs. Talfourd, Maclise, Mr. Forster, Sam Rogers, etc. Sydney Smith gave an account of Colburn's calling upon him with an introduction from Bulwer. The bibliopole, he said, opened with a condolence, delicately conveyed, on his recent losses in American securities, and then proposed, by way of repairing them, the production of a novel in three volumes, for which he should be most happy to treat on liberal terms.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Smith, after some seeming consideration, "if I do write a novel, I can't travel out of my own line—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*, you know—I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under the hassocks—appeal to the parishioners, etc., etc."

"With that, sir," said Mr. Colburn, "I would not presume to interfere; I would leave it all entirely to your own inventive genius."

"Well, sir," returned the canon, with urbanity, "I am not prepared to come to terms at present; but if ever I do undertake such a work, you shall certainly have the refusal."

To this may be added the advice he is said to have given to the Bishop of New Zealand, prior to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the

minor as well as to the more important duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. ‘And as for myself, my lord,’ he concluded, ‘all I can say is, that when your new parishioners *do* eat you, I sincerely hope you will disagree with them.’

Of Dean C——, he said, his only adequate punishment would be, to be preached to death by wild curates.

But it must be remembered that amid the freest indulgence of his hearty and exuberant humour, Sydney Smith never forgot himself or his position—never lapsed into real irreverence, nor would consent to countenance it, even by keeping silence, in another. His pertinent question to a French *savant* at Holland House well deserves mention. The gentleman in question had been enunciating, not in the best possible taste considering the presence of a clergyman, both before and during dinner, a variety of free-thinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist.

‘Very good *soufflet* this?’ said Mr. Smith.

The gentleman readily assented.

‘By the way, may I ask, sir, whether you happen to believe in a *cook*?’

For some years during the latter portion of his life my father devoted much of his leisure, not only to the prosecution of genealogical and antiquarian enquiries,

to which he had always been addicted, but also to the acquiring a knowledge of the various editions of the Bible. His means were not sufficiently ample to enable him to form a collection of the rarer copies, but he made himself well acquainted with those extant, and expended a great deal of time and industry, to the severe injury of his eyesight, in preparing facsimiles of the remarkable passages and woodcuts by which the various translations are distinguished. In this pursuit he received considerable assistance from Mr. George Offor, whose library was especially rich in specimens of early typography. Of these the choicest were very wisely kept behind a screen of brass-work securely locked, a circumstance which Mr. Offor used to say immediately attracted the notice of the Duke of Sussex, when his Royal Highness honoured him with a visit.

'Ah! I see,' said the Duke, 'you lock up your best books—very necessary, very proper—no collector is to be trusted; they are all thieves, every one of them!'

'I presume, Sir,' replied Mr. Offor, with a low bow, 'I might suggest an exception?'

'You mean me? Oh! you're quite mistaken—I couldn't resist the temptation, if it came in my way, better than anyone else.'

Meanwhile Mr. Barham did not ride his hobby, though he certainly rode hard, merely by way of amusement. He conceived the design, in which by the liberal aid of the Chapter he was enabled to make

considerable progress, of restoring and re-arranging the valuable library of St. Paul's.

That my father's labour of love was duly appreciated, and met with some encouragement may be seen from the following note :—

' Dear Barham,—I send this order for £20, a sum which, with your care and discretion, will soon raise the library at St. Paul's to a level with that of Alexandria in ancient times ; I don't mean its level after combustion, but before.

' Yours truly,

' SYDNEY SMITH.'

' *Diary* : May 11, 1844.—Dined at Sir Thomas Wilde's. Among the company—Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. and Lady Anne Welby, Mr. Horsman, Tom Duncombe, etc. Hobhouse told a story of the Rev.—commonly called " Parson "—O'Beirne, which he had from old Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Sheridan had been dining with O'Beirne, and, it being Saturday, the host was anxious to bring the sitting to an earlier termination than usual, as he had no sermon ready for next day. Sheridan pleaded hard for another bottle.

" Then you must write a sermon for me," was O'Beirne's answer, which Sheridan at once undertook to do. There was a certain Mr. —, a neighbouring squire, who was proverbial for grinding the poor, and had recently prosecuted some of the labourers in the

parish for stealing turnips. Sheridan's sermon which, true to his word, he produced in the morning, was a regular attack upon this gentleman. It was filled with all sorts of pretended quotations from St. Paul and the Fathers, sentences denouncing illiberality, tyranny, and oppression of the poor, some of them referring particularly to the especial sinfulness of prosecutions for stealing turnips. Mr. O'Beirne, who had no time to read over the composition before morning prayers, commenced his discourse and went on with it till it fairly drove the indignant squire out of the church. The latter, indeed, was so savage at the personalities, that he made a formal complaint to the bishop of the diocese.

"And how did the matter end?" asked Hobhouse.

"Oh, just as such a thing should end," said Sheridan—"O'Beirne got a better living!"

About 1843-4 a society was formed, under the title of 'The Archæological Association,' avowedly for the purpose of prosecuting antiquarian research, and comprehending in its plan certain annual trips—of a very agreeable, and of course highly scientific, character. Of this design Mr. Barham was a zealous supporter, being moved thereto no less by his intimacy with many of the original promoters than by a thorough appreciation of its objects, primary and incidental.

The first session was held at Canterbury, in the autumn of 1844, the principal feature of the performance being the examination of certain tumuli in

grounds belonging to the Marquis of Conyngham, the president. With the result of this interesting investigation the public were apprised, through the pages of the 'Athenæum,' and other journals; a less technical version of the Transactions, 'for the benefit of the ladies and the country gentlemen,' was forwarded by my father in a letter to Mrs. Hughes.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'Amen Corner, November 9, 1844.

'My dear Friend,—It seems an age since I heard from you; about three weeks since I called in Southampton Row, in the hope of hearing that you were about to pay your annual visit to town, and was much disappointed at being told by the spider-brusher that you were not expected before January. We have spent a queer kind of a rambling summer, our original plans having been all defeated by my youngest daughter being seized early in June with an attack of scarlatina. Mary Anne's attack was a severe one, and ended in the exhibition of such fearful glandular swellings that Robert's ordered us all off at an hour's notice to the seaside. We took her accordingly down to Brighton immediately. The sea-breezes and bathing seemed to act like a charm upon her, and at Brighton we remained nominally domiciled for a month or more, I being obliged, however, to live almost upon the railroad from my engagements in town, which never suffered me to spend

more than a couple of days in succession with them. In less than a fortnight the swellings had entirely disappeared, on which I put both the girls under the care of a riding-master, and sent them scampering every day over the South Downs, which completed the cure, and did Miss Fanny almost as much good as her sister. After leaving Brighton, we paid a week's visit to Dick and his wife, and found them, thank God! very comfortable and happy in each other.

' This trip was followed by another to Canterbury, where we spent a whole week, opening the Saxon barrows in the neighbourhood, exploring the Cathedral and other antiquities in and about the place, extending our researches as far as Dover and Richborough castles, and doing an infinite deal of nothing with great unction and gravity, the latter of which my unhappy and constitutional propensity to mischief sometimes a little interfered with, to the no small scandal of some of our *savants*. More of this when we meet; in the meantime, I cannot refrain from telling you one little instance, which slightly annoyed some of our more serious "Dons." Professor Buckland, who, as you may perhaps remember, pronounced the devil to be a "ruminating graminivorous animal," because he had horns and hoofs, to say nothing of a tail, and contended that in our version, "seeking *whom* he may devour" ought in consequence to be altered into "seeking *what* he may devour"—this worthy and really erudite body had been very active in all our transactions, but at last made a bad shot. He had

seen that some of the Cathedral windows suffered from the stones thrown by naughty boys, and in the course of our most crowded *sederunt* at the Guildhall animadverted upon the fact, stating that he had read in a treatise by Cardinal Somebody, that some three centuries since, the Cathedral at Pisa, had nearly perished by spontaneous combustion from the wind's fanning into a flame the leavings of the pigeons, who had effected a burglarious entry into the church through the broken panes. He was a little reassured, however, when old Austin, the Dean and Chapter's surveyor, proposed that he should walk over the Cathedral the next day, and bring his shaving-pot with him, which he would defy him to fill with all his gleanings. He suggested at the same time the great service a similar warning might be to the Lord Mayor, who, as Conservator of the Thames, might by timely information be able to prevent the guano, now landed in such quantities upon its banks, from setting fire to that noble river. My own mind, however, was far from satisfied on the point, and unwilling that any risk should be run which might at all compromise the safety of a building I have looked at with an almost affectionate regard from boyhood, I borrowed a pencil and handed over to Dr. Russell the following "Archæological Hint," addressed to the Curators of Canterbury Cathedral:

“AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL HINT TO THE
CURATORS OF CANTERBURY
CATHEDRAL.”

“From the droppings of dicky-birds, fann’d by a
breeze, a
Spontaneous combustion occur’d once at Pisa ;
Beware then, grave guardians of old Durovernum,
Lest cock robins *build** in your cloisters and burn ’em.”

The fact is, I had seen a couple of these little red-breasted incendiaries hopping about the church that very morning, and doing their little *possible* towards producing a conflagration. Russell jumped at the caution with what I cannot think but an ill-timed levity, but Dr. Spry looked very grave, and seemed to consider the warning, to say the least of it, superfluous. John Britton said it was “too bad,” and that I “was always turning everything into foolery,” which I suppose he considered an unwarrantable trespass on his own peculiar domain. Well, at night we unrolled a mummy which looked like a gigantic gingerbread king with a gilt face and rather over-baked, and found by the gentleman’s card which he carried in his bosom that he was “*Ur*, the truth-teller, son of the Lady of the House.” So we sawed off the back of his head and ascertained that all his brains, if he had any, had been blown out through his nose, and their place supplied by a proportionate quantity

* The word is illegible in the MS.

of pitch. My wife got from Lord Albert Conyng-
ham a little bit of the gold off Mr. Ur's nose, which
she justly esteems "a great curiosity." Our opera-
tions on the Saxon graves were a little impeded by
a heavy shower of rain, which drove us all into a
mill, where we remained for some half-hour or so
covered with science and flour, as the French Mar-
shal—I forget his name—was with Glory and the
same farinaceous commodity. Our time, however,
was not wholly thrown away, as we had an oppor-
tunity of remarking that the miller's breeches were
decidedly *sacks on!* On the whole we passed a very
pleasant week, dining every day, about eighty, at the
table d'hôte, and discussing the "uncos" we had seen
in the morning. But, as I said before, much of this I
must reserve till we meet, for the biggest piece of
paper in the house would not hold it half.

'Another week spent at Rickmansworth Park with
our friends the Ardens, who were with us at Canter-
bury, completed our summer campaign; and here we
are now, preparing for the winter, my present inten-
tion being to go out in ten minutes' time to see
Alderman Gibbs pelted with the rotten eggs that
"The Times" has been exhorting "the people" to
throw at him as he comes back in procession to Guild-
hall on this his "Lord Mayor's day!" So God bless
you, my dear friend, and keep you, and save you from
an "enlightened public," and from being Lady
Mayoress when French eggs are twenty a penny!
and, above all, from such an awful sore-throat as I

had last week from a piece of apple-paring getting under my epiglottis (whatever that is), and partially into my windpipe, to the imminent peril of anticipating the hangman, and calling for counter-irritants, till I was like a second St. Bartholomew from blisters and mustard poultices, and may you never know the miseries of beef-tea!

‘So prayeth sincerely your “poor Oratoun” and attached friend,

‘R. H. BARHAM.

‘Mrs. Barham, who is in good health, but rather uneasy about one of her eyes, sends greetings and all good wishes.’

It is a little remarkable that in this letter mention is made in a casual manner of two bodily ailments seemingly slight and insignificant, and of less account than the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, but which, nevertheless, increasing day by day in malignity, in the one case shrouded my mother’s remaining years in gloom, and in the other brought my father’s life, after a comparatively brief struggle, to an end. The sore-throat alluded to as having been produced by swallowing a piece of apple-paring, was the first unsuspected symptom of a fatal attack of bronchitis, and the uneasiness in the eye of which Mrs. Barham complained was followed by six years of unceasing, and at times almost unendurable suffering, which terminated only at her death. The particulars of this twofold calamity are given in the concluding chapter. Meanwhile, as

a supplement to the foregoing account of the Archæological expedition, I extract the following passage from the *Diary*:

‘On Thursday, Lord Albert, Sir William Betham (Ulster), Dr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, Planché, Sir James Annesley, Mr. Crabb Robinson, Major Davis, Mr. Hartshorne, Ayrton, Caroline and myself, started off to Dover, where we examined the Pharos scientifically, and declared it to be unquestionably Roman, which everybody, I believe, knew very well before. Hartshorne’s plans, however, which he had been three months preparing, made the whole affair very amusing, and the interest was much heightened by a capital luncheon at the governor’s apartments, with iced champagne, and everything to match. We got back to a late dinner at the “Fountain,” and afterwards had a *soirée* with glees, and a grand Archæological Polka at the Assembly Rooms, to wind up with.

‘On our way to Dover, Sir W. Betham told us a story of Lord M——, a gentleman who would sell anything, even the commissions in the militia regiment he commanded, and when it was objected to him replied that he did it “to assimilate his regiment as much as possible to the line, which was in general orders.” A pew in a parish church near his family property was supposed to belong to him, and the building having been repaired, three old ladies were anxious to possess what it is scarcely necessary to say was of little use to his lordship. One of them waited on him at the barracks, and proposed purchase.

“ Oh, bother, Ma'am, divil a pew has my Lord M—— in any such place.”

“ Ah then and indeed it's your lordship's own, and sure everybody says so.”

“ Everybody lies, sure—but what is it, ma'am, ye'll be giving for the pew ?”

‘ After a little hesitation and fencing, the lady offered to give twenty pounds for the pew rather than suffer Mrs. Magrath to take her place in it.

“ Twenty pounds ! is it twenty pounds ! twenty pounds rather than be bragged by Mrs. Magrath ! Sure it's forty pounds ye mane—oh, it's a beautiful pew !”

‘ The old lady stood out for twenty, but his lordship was firm, and at last she agreed to give the sum demanded rather than be “ bragged ” by Molly Magrath. His lordship therefore made over his right and title to the pew in something like the following words :—
“ Lord M—— agrees to sell to Mrs. Bridget Maloney all his right and title, if he has any, to a pew in the parish church of —— for value this day received.”

‘ The lady had scarcely retired when another was announced on the same errand, who succeeded in making the same purchase on rather reduced terms, as eventually did also a third. On the following Sunday the case of title was of course warmly gone into, all the three parties claiming possession. After some pains had been taken in the enquiry, the dispute was decided in favour of a fourth claimant, whose uncle had

bought the pew years before of Lord M——'s father. This decision brought all the three purchasers back to the barracks in the hope of getting their money again, but "any restitution" formed no part of Lord M——'s politics.

"Sure he had sold them the pew if he had got one, and if he had not how could he help it!"

"But you must give us our money back, my lord, anyhow."

"Aisy, aisy! how will I do that, I'd be proud to know, when it's all spent and gone—every farthing of it?"

"But if you don't we shall tell everybody, and then what becomes of my Lord M——'s character?"

"Oh, tell away and welcome; the character's spent and gone too, and long before, for the matter of that." And so the matter terminated.'

I shall conclude this chapter with a few miscellaneous scraps of my father's conversation and memoranda, which are drawn from various sources.

He says, with reference to some misunderstanding which he was requested to assist in removing:—

'I confess I hate all these protocols, and always think that where any difference arises among friends, half an hour's conversation settles matters better than a whole volume of correspondence, in which we are sometimes exposed to great temptation through mere pride of diplomacy.'

'I would never trust an angry man with a pen; he had far better take a stick; with the one he may per-

haps cripple his adversary, with the other he is sure to injure himself.'

He proposed as a motto for a certain learned serjeant who, despite his genial humour and natural amiability, was apt to exhibit an ultra-Hibernian irascibility in his cups, so much so indeed, it was said, as to find it necessary to keep a lithographed form of apology to be sent round next morning to his friends,

'Juro, juravi, et juratus ; Potoque, potavi,
Et potus ; Titubo, titubavi, et titubatus ;
'As in Præsenti.'

'Yes,' said he in reply to a political adversary, 'I am a priest and a bigot, of course ; I know it : and I firmly believe that England will never be a really free country till we have abolished Trial by Jury and the Liberty of the Press.'

Having expressed himself in terms of abhorrence of a piece of baseness and treachery which came under his notice, he was addressed by the delinquent with—
'Well, sir, perhaps some day you may come to change your opinion of me !' 'Perhaps I may, sir,' was the reply ; for if I should find anyone who holds a more contemptible opinion of you than I do myself, I should lay down my own and take up his.'

'No date.—Dined at the Adolphus's : met there a Mr. or Doctor Vicesimus Knox, who talked away famously and was very funny. Told us of a story of a

Mr. —, and how he thought the word "clause" of an Act of Parliament was the plural number, and asked him, the said Vicesimus, which *claw* of the Act he was speaking of.

'Chief Justice Bushe was dining with the late Duke of Richmond, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at Sir Wheeler Cuff's. On their entertainer getting drunk and falling from his chair, the Duke good-naturedly endeavoured to lift him up, when Bushe exclaimed—"How, your Grace! you, an Orangeman and a Protestant, assist in elevating the host!" Told to me by Dr. Hume.

'Serjeant Murphy, observing part of the Bench (including Sir C. Williams) leaving the court early, while two only remained to finish the causes, said, loud enough to be heard by all present, "As a papist, I am not of course permitted to know much of Scripture, or I should say, there is on one side Exodus and on the other Judges."

'When a certain Mr. —, of the Temple, was expelled from that society by the Benchers for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, Thesiger, who is a very kind-hearted man, was much affected by the situation of his wife and children, who would necessarily be ruined by the decision, and burst into tears.

' "Well," said he afterwards to Rose, who was then Judge of the Court of Review, "I should never do for a Criminal Judge, and after the way in which I have exposed my weakness to-day, you will agree with me."

“Why, yes,” said Rose, “I think you would make an indifferent Judge, but then, you know, you would make an uncommonly good Cryer.”

‘Sydney Smith, speaking of his being shampooed at Mahomet’s Baths at Brighton, in 1840, said they “squeezed enough out of him to make a lean curate.”’

• ‘Hearing Shutte’s little girl give vent to a prolonged “Oh !” at the sight of a dahlia, he (Sydney Smith) said “it was worth a page of eulogy.”’

‘In Brazil, an opinion prevails that whoever has been bitten by a boa-constrictor has nothing to fear from any other snake. What a happy illustration of a man who has undergone a blackguarding from O’Connell !’

The following was an early hoax upon a Canterbury paper, and was freely copied by the provincial press :

Fact for the Naturalist.—A terrier dog in Romney Marsh, having been desperately maltreated and bitten by a savage mastiff, ran off nine miles to the house of Mr. Strickland, a justice of the peace, where he had often before been with his master, who was a parish constable ; he got into the library, jumped upon Mr. Strickland’s table, seized a blank assault warrant in his jaws, and bolted with it ; he then ran back to his master with the instrument in his mouth, and wagging his tail, did all in his power to induce the latter to follow him and take his assailant into custody. It cannot, however, fail to be remarked, how the omission

to obtain a signature to the paper serves to confirm the fact, that the sagacity of the most intelligent brute never passes that mysterious line which invariably separates instinct from reason.'

'Judge Maule.—A young barrister pleading before Judge Maule, described an attorney's bill as a "diabolical one." "That may be," said the Judge, "but the devil must have his due. Gentlemen of the jury, you will find for the plaintiff."'

Seeing Richard Price at the Garrick with half-a-pint of port, he (R. H. B.) accused him of studying '*Winer's* abridgment.'

'Ensign White of the forty-fourth, the regiment that was so cut up in India, told me that on the march to Scinde, they used to encourage private theatricals among the soldiers to keep them out of mischief. On one occasion, when Richard III. was the play, the Catesby of the evening (a worthy and gallant corporal) thus addressed his sovereign :

"'Tis I, my lord,—the early village cock
Has been crowing away this half-hour,
Your friends are up and buckle on their armour—
And why ain't you a-buckling on o' yourn?"'

'You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer decidedly, "Yes," the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin and water ; the latter, taken hot out of the box of the Wor-

cester mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as combining both the grand requisites :

‘The force of genius will no further go ;
To make a third she joins the other two.

‘Byron loved gin and water and galloping ; your friend Tom C—— drinks gin and water and rolls in the gutters. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not “toddy” with the easy motion of a cabriolet. Moore runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for poteen. That his muse has been less prolific of late I attribute solely to the deprivation. In short, to paraphrase a classical axiom—Locomotion is the author’s shirt, but “gin-twist” is his skin.’

CONCLUSION.

[1844—1845.]

The Queen's Visit to the City—Too many Cooks—Commencement of Mr. Barham's Illness—Dinner with Mr. Forster—Anecdotes—Curious Advertisement—Continued Illness—Visit to Bath—Letter to Mr. Bentley—Return to London—Archæological Feud—Relapse—Visit to Clifton—Letter to Mrs. Hughes—Mr. Coulson—Country Doctors—Gervase Matchan—'The Bulletin'—Return to Town—'As I laye a-thinkyng'—Last Days—Burial—'On the Death of the Rev. R. H. Barham.'

ON October 28, 1844, the Queen again visited the City of London in state, for the purpose this time of presiding at the ceremony of opening the New Royal Exchange. As on the former occasion the loyal excitement of the lieges knew no bounds; the streets were again decorated with brilliant drapery and the streets thronged with spectators, while every coign of vantage whence a glimpse of the pageant might be obtained was eagerly seized upon. Upon Mr. Sydney Smith devolved the disposition of the seats to be erected in the Cathedral yard, and it was more particularly his business to arrange with the different companies as to their respective sittings on the scaffolding. An amusing incident occurred in the course of the discussion. The clerk of the Fishmongers'

company, showed himself exceedingly busy in the matter, 'pooh-pooh'd' the other officials, and finally observed, with reference to the assigning the different situations :

'Perhaps, Mr. Smith, all these details had better be left to us. We will form a little committee of our own, and spare you all further trouble in the arrangement. Too many cooks, you know, spoil the broth.'

'Very true, sir,' was the reply ; 'but let me set you right in one particular—here there is but one cook—myself—you are only scullions, and will be good enough to take your directions from me.'

Unhappily Mr. Barham was induced, not without misgivings, to accept the offer of seats for himself and family at the house of one of his parishioners. The weather was bleak, so much so that he remarked, as a cutting east wind whistled through the open windows, that in all probability that day's sight-seeing would cost many of the imprudent gazers their life. In his own case the prophecy proved but too true. He was attacked in the course of the night by a violent fit of coughing, the result of sudden and severe inflammation in the throat, which, however, he persistently attributed to irritation caused by having unguardedly swallowed the core of a pear. He thus notices the circumstance :

'*Diary* : October 28, 1844.—Queen opens the Royal Exchange. Took Caroline and the girls to Partridge and Price's, in Cheapside, to see the procession. Bit-terly cold wind. Walked to Dr. Scott's and the Gar-

rick. After dinner at home a piece of the core of a pear got into my windpipe.

‘— 29.—Woke in the night with violent vomiting and sore-throat, which continued all the morning. Throat much inflamed : very ill all day.’

It was, doubtless, this conviction that the attack was caused solely by the accident which had occurred, or which he fancied had occurred, that induced him in the first instance to pay little attention to it, although accompanied by illness sufficiently severe to confine him to the house and compel him to have recourse to the assistance of his old friend, Dr. Roberts. This gentleman's professional talents were always at his command, and he had unfortunately experienced but too many occasions to avail himself of the ‘brotherly kindness,’ as he himself expresses it, which was so uniformly lavished upon him and his whole family. Despite, however, the warm gratitude my father felt for his friend's care, and the full confidence he placed in his skill, he could not bring himself to follow with any regularity the strict regimen prescribed. Roberts, from the very beginning, took a serious view of the case, and insisted upon quiet, and, yet more, upon comparative silence on the part of his patient. ‘If your father persists in talking as he does,’ said the doctor to me one day, ‘he will simply kill himself.’

But to one of Mr. Barham's habits and constitution, seclusion from society and the pleasures of conversation required no ordinary amount of self-restraint, the

more so, as he was unable to perceive any adequate cause for the sacrifice ; and his general health being in a great degree restored, and the local affection relieved by prompt measures, he soon resumed his usual mode of life. Fresh attacks succeeded, fresh rallyings, and alas ! fresh exposure.

From this date the entries in his diary are sparse and brief, whole pages containing no more than the simple record, 'ill all the week ;' nevertheless, his spirits neither failed nor flagged, and his humour continued as irrepressible as ever, but his frame became shrunken and his voice weak and hoarse, and it was not without effort, and even difficulty, that he got through his duties on the Sunday.

'Diary : December 5, 1844.—Dined with Charles Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, and Albany Fonblanque at Forster's. Dickens read with remarkable effect his Christmas story, "The Chimes," from the proofs. Anecdote told of Macready at New Orleans looking at a paper in the reading-room, when a stranger put his arm across his (Macready's) neck and, leaning on his shoulder, asked if he knew Colonel Johnson.

'Macready, shrinking from the familiarity, replied coldly enough, "No, sir, I do not."

"Well, I guess now he'd like to know you."

"Possibly, sir."

"Well now, Colonel Johnson, walk this way ; I calculate this is Mr. Macready, the British actor."

"And pray who are you, sir ?" demanded Macready.

“Me? Oh, I guess I’m Major Hitchins, I am. What! you’re riled a leetle grain, are you? You’ll have to get over that if you mean to progress in this great country, sir.” Free and enlightened society this, at any rate!

‘Observation repeated of Talleyrand, that he had met many Americans who wished to be taken for Englishmen, but never an Englishman who wished to be taken for an American.

‘January 28, 1845.—Dinner here. Got up to dinner, but took only fish, and no wine.’

Weak as he was, my father showed no disposition to lay aside his pen. The composition of amusing trifles was to him a natural relief, and seemed to act as an anodyne; at all events, it served to withdraw his attention from the subject most of all injurious to an invalid, his own condition. Accordingly, he continued to furnish contributions to the ‘New Monthly Magazine’ as usual, and to divert his friends with occasional *jeux d’esprit*. It is possible that some of my readers may remember an advertisement of a rather remarkable character which appeared repeatedly about this time in the newspapers. Common as the sensational paragraphs are in the second column of the ‘Times’ at the present day, such insertions were then comparatively rare, and the curiosity of the town was not a little excited by the one in question. The supposed delinquencies of the faithless and fugitive Mr. J. J. B. having been talked over one evening by my father and Dr. Roberts, the following paraphrase of

the advertisement* was sent to the latter the next morning :—

ADVERTISEMENT.

(FEBRUARY 4, 1845.)

Mr. Joseph J. B.,

I have paid Mr. Lee

For Jessie, and all that is due,

Of which I am willing

Not one single shilling

Shall e'er be repaid me by you.

We have suffered, J. J. B.,

Both I and the baby,

Oh, don't let revenge be your plan !

But knock at my door,

Pray see me once more—

Come to Islington, that's a dear man !

Should I advertise

Your height, person, and size,

And your name too, I have not a doubt

That wherever you roam,

Abroad or at home,

J. J. B., you'd soon be found out !

* 'Mr. Joseph J. B., once more I beg of you to call at Islington. Mr. Lee has been paid for Jessie, and everything that is due is also settled, of which I do not wish you to return one shilling. Do not be revengeful to me, for I have suffered bitterly. Pray see me once more. If I were to advertise your name with a description of your person, offering a handsome reward, I have no doubt I could trace you in England or abroad. God knows I do not want to injure you in any way, but see you I must. For your own sake, as well as my peace of mind, pray return immediately. Do not drive me to desperation.' This advertisement was repeated almost daily from January 25 to February 3, 1845.

I don't in the least
Want to hurt you, you beast!
But mind, J. J. B., and beware!
For your own sake and mine
Come to-morrow and dine,
And don't drive me on to despair!

J. J.

My father's case at length began to assume an aspect more distinctly serious; the pain increased, his articulation became impeded, and a tendency to suffocation showed itself. A temporary withdrawal from London and its temptations were felt by himself to be absolutely necessary. Bath was the spot selected for his retreat, and he was again making considerable progress in convalescence, when he was unhappily induced to terminate his stay abruptly, and to hurry back to town, principally for the purpose of attending a meeting of the Archæological Association. He left London on the 24th of February.

To R. Bentley, Esq.

'Bath.'

'My dear Bentley,—I waited till I had read "Lord Malmesbury" through before I thanked you for him, which I now do most sincerely. It is the best book I have read a long while, and if anybody had told me that I should ever again read through four thick octavos, like these, at all, much less with undiminished interest, from title-page to colophon, I should have

thought, as Gulliver says, they were "saying the thing that is not."

'More breezes among the Archæologicals! Lord A. Conyngham has resigned the presidency. These rows I strongly suspect will end in a break up, probably with a view to re-formation. After all, these reconstructions strike me very much like the cutting up an old pair of breeches to make new trousers out of the materials. I have little faith in them; the stitches are apt to give way, to say nothing of the chance of fundamental wear and tear.

'Yours very sincerely,

'R. H. BARHAM.'

'*Diary : March 5.*—Came up with Caroline from Bath by twelve o'clock train. Home to dinner. Attended Archæological general meeting at the Western Institution, Leicester Square, at eight in the evening. Moved the first of a series of resolutions for re-forming the committee.'

It would be beside the purpose to go into the details of the dissensions which at this time prevailed in the Archæological Association, and which led eventually to a secession of a great body of the members. Without venturing to offer the slightest opinion upon the merits of the case, it may be sufficient for me to state that Mr. Barham devoted himself with sincerity and warmth to that party which he believed to be in the right, and which numbered the President and other officers among its constituents.

The zeal, indeed, which he manifested in this matter, and under the influence of which he quitted his retirement at Bath for the purpose of attending the meeting of the society, contributed not a little to further the progress of the malady which had already become firmly fixed upon his constitution. Excitement of every kind, and especially any which might lead to the exercise of the voice, had, as I have said, been strictly prohibited; the injunction, however, proved insufficient to restrain him from lending every assistance in his power to his friends whom he considered to be unjustly assailed. To use his own expression, he talked himself to a standstill. Moreover, a variety of business presented itself on his return to town, and feeling much improved in strength and spirits he strove to resume his accustomed occupations. The result may be foreseen.

'Diary: April 19.—Called on the Dean; to vestry meeting at St. Paul's; caught cold; relapse.'

This attack proved more severe than any he had as yet sustained; for a time he was laid completely prostrate.

Nevertheless up to this period, I believe, no apprehensions were entertained for his life; so far as human judgment may venture to pronounce, the disease might have been effectually grappled with even at a later stage; a permanent thickening of the membrane, and consequent loss of voice, was the worst that was anticipated by his medical advisers. He himself, however, was not entirely free from misgivings even at this

point, and he was accordingly led to attach something of significance to an event, trifling enough in itself, but which was certainly made remarkable by the subsequent coincidence.

He had been for many years on the committee of the Garrick Club, and, by the rules of the society, at an annual meeting held on St. George's day (the anniversary both of the birth and death of Shakspeare), the names of the aforesaid committee, twenty-four in number, are placed in the ballot-box, from which six are taken as chance may decide. On the occasion to which I refer, Mr. Barham's was the *first* name so withdrawn. On being informed of the fact and also that he had been unanimously re-elected, he shook his head and observed that 'it was useless; that it had been well to have accepted the omen, and filled up his place at once.' He never entered the club again.

On the 5th of May he was sufficiently recovered to undertake a journey to Clifton, in company with his wife who had for some time been herself an invalid, in the hope that they might equally derive benefit from retirement and change of air. Unhappily the step proved most calamitous in its consequences to both. At first, indeed, my father appeared to rally, and, though suffering acutely from inflammation of the throat, and unable to talk, he could at least, as will be seen, write gaily to his friends.

To Mrs. Hughes.

'9, Dowry Square, Clifton, May 27, 1845.

'My dear Friend,—So my old friend Tom is to have my still older friend (for I knew him before Tom was born), Coulson, for his bear-leader. Most sincerely do I congratulate both of them, and you also, upon the arrangement. My first acquaintance with Coulson began in the very year when I had the happiness of making yours, viz., 1821. We were then thrown a good deal into each other's society from a literary connection in which we were both, though by no means *passibus æquis*, engaged; and it was in his company, and partly at his instigation, that I then wrote the parody on Sir John Moore's death. A sincere friendship, and one which I believe to be mutual, then originated, which has continued without let or impediment to the present day. Coulson, though then, like myself, a young man, was editor of the "Globe and Traveller," as the paper was then called, and made it, not what it is, though it is still one of the ablest papers going—I say nothing as to its politics—but the most able paper of the day.

'And now as to our state here—it is mended, and I would fain hope mending, but very, very slowly. I am still not allowed—nor if I were could I avail myself of the permission—to speak, except in a whisper, and that only to ask for what I want, and answer medical enquiries. Luckily I have assigned to me one

of the greatest chatterboxes of a surgeon, to take the poking and blistering department of my treatment upon him, that can well be imagined. If in the multitude of counsellors there be wisdom, in that of apothecaries there is jaw; and with such a one as my adviser possesses, Samson might have laid waste all Mesopotamia, let alone Philistia. He has the art of saying nothing in a cascade of language comparable only to that "almighty water privilege," Niagara, and were I in better spirits would delight instead of boring me. Galt's "wearifu' woman" was but a type of him.

"Well, sir, how are we to-day—better, eh? well, sir, go on with the iodine; does it act?"

"Why, that is what I wanted to ask; how do you mean it to act? as a sudorific?"

"Diaphoretic, we say, not but sudorific will do; it comes from *sudo*, but we seldom now say sudorific. But, sir, the iodine, does it act?"

"That is what I want to know; how do you mean it to act?—on the throat or——"

"Act? iodine? on the throat? Why, the throat, sir, is very singularly constructed—very singularly; it's beautiful the mechanism of the throat! and if it gets out of order—now yours, sir, is out of order, and we have been giving you iodine—for Mr. — agrees with me that iodine is an excellent medicine, and what I want to know is, does it begin to produce any effect?"

"Why, that is what I want to know, and therefore

I ask what effect is it intended to produce, is it to act on——”

“What effect? my dear sir, there are few medicines now in better repute than iodine; we give it in many cases—dropsy, sometimes—not that yours is dropsy; you have nothing dropsical about you; your complaint is an affection of the throat, and we have been giving iodine in your case—you have had it now three days—twice a day. Do you take it regularly twice a day?”

“I take what you send me twice a day, and you tell me it is iodine, but——”

“And does it begin to produce its effect? does it act?”

“Why, that’s what I’m asking you—now, is it intended to act as a sedative, or——”

“A sedative? what, is your cough more troublesome? We give sedatives sometimes for troublesome coughs, and then in nervous complaints, but then congestion is a thing to be avoided, not that I see any symptoms of congestion in your case; yours is an affection of the throat, and so we give you iodine, and as we are a little particular in proportioning our doses, I want to ascertain whether what you have been taking acts?”

“Oh dear, Oh dear! never were two philosophers more deeply engaged in pursuing the same enquiry, each endeavouring to extract information out of the other. And then such lectures on the “anatomy of the parts,” “the beautiful mechanism, etc.”! that I,

who never yet could comprehend the mechanism of a mousetrap, and hardly that of a poacher's wire, am just in the position of a blind man listening to a discourse on colours, and yet in the end completely worked up into a something derived from *sudo*. Heaven knows I am at this moment as innocent of any knowledge of the mode of operation of "iodine" as a "blessed babe," though taking "two table-spoonfuls a day" with this tea-spoonful of learning, and only hope for your sake, as well as my own reputation for good manners, that it is no unseemly one. Caroline, thank fate, has nothing to do with this worthy; she is entirely in the hands of Mr. S——, a very able man, who superintends and directs all in my case too, but lives too far off to be thrusting a sponge with lunar caustic down my throat twice a day, while my talking friend next door does that part of the business, at least, admirably. My daughter Fanny, not satisfied with our accounts, started off at a tangent and joined us, leaving the poor "Corner" to take care of itself. We could not scold her, and she has certainly been a great comfort to her mother ever since, while the infection seems so far to have spread through the family that on Friday last we were surprised at breakfast by the sight of Mr. Dick, who had arrived by the night train. He has taken me in tow till yesterday, when he was obliged to run back as hastily as he came to take care of to-morrow's duty in Cambridgeshire. When, or if ever, I shall be able to perform mine again is as yet a problem even more diffi-

cult to solve than the nature of iodine. Caroline, I am happy to say, got into the parlour yesterday, and passed the day on the sofa; but we were obliged to darken the room, as she cannot bear the light. Notwithstanding all the pain she has gone through and is still suffering, she continues cheerful when she can hold up her head at all.

‘And now for news. Poor Hood is dead; and my neighbour H—— going to be married. I hope I shall be able to muster wind enough to wish him joy, for his wife that is to be is a good creature, every way suitable to him, and has the affections of his children, which she appears to return. Dick has copied for me the leading particulars of Jarvis Matchan, not being able to procure me the broad-sheet. He was born at Frodlingham, in Yorkshire, became a stable-boy to the celebrated Captain O’Kelly (the owner of Eclipse), was sent by one of his Newmarket masters into Russia with some horses in his charge, enlisted into the navy, and was in Byron’s engagement off the Grenades, deserted and enlisted into the 13th Foot, deserted again, and again enlisted into the 49th Foot, and remained with the recruiting party at Huntingdon, about three weeks, when he was sent by Sergeant Jones with his son Benjamin, a drummer in the regiment, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, to Major Reynolds, of Diddington, for subsistence-money. From him the boy received about £7, with which they “straggled” to Alconbury, and thence towards Buckden, where the boy’s mother lived. On the road

Matchan, "without any premeditated design, being instigated by the devil," suddenly seized the boy by the throat, cut it, and robbed him of the money, near Weybridge. Thence he again entered the navy at Hull, and served under Rodney and Hood in naval engagements. Being discharged from the "Ardent" at Portsmouth, after he had served in her two years, he entered on board the "Sampson," and remained there till she was paid off at Plymouth. From this place he went to Salisbury; and it was in crossing the plain with his old shipmate that the ghost part of the story took place. He was committed by the Mayor of Salisbury, removed to Huntingdon for trial, executed there August 2, 1786, and gibbeted at Alconbury.'

* * * * *

This letter was followed in a couple of days by a composition which, considering the circumstances under which it was written, we may regard as a literary curiosity. As more copies than one were despatched by my father in reply to enquiries after his health, and as these copies were again transcribed, in some cases with errors, in some even with interpolations, and further, as a public reading of the poem, under the title of 'An unpublished Ingoldsby Legend,' was given by one of our most popular lecturers, I thought it advisable to print the correct version in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' July 1862. As is there stated, 'The Bulletin' was but a slight *pièce de circonstance*, struck off during one of those gleams of cheerfulness which

bodily pain could not entirely extinguish, partly for the purpose of relieving the anxiety of a very dear friend of the author, partly, I suspect, because with him, as with the satirist, the difficulty was—not to write!’ It was sent in the first instance to Mrs. Hughes, and must have been the last communication my father addressed to her.

THE BULLETIN.

‘9, Dowry Square, Hot Wells, May 29, 1845.

Hark!—the doctors come again,
Knock—and enter doctors twain—
Dr. Keeler, Dr. Blane:—

‘Well, sir, how
Go matters now?

Please your tongue put out again!’
Meanwhile, t’other side the bed,
Doctor Keeler
Is a feeler

Of my wrist, and shakes his head:—
‘Rather low, we’re rather low,
(Deuce is in’t, an ’twere not so!
Arrowroot, and toast-and-water,
Being all my nursing daughter,
By their order, now allows me;
If I hint at more she rows me,
Or at best will let me soak a
Crust of bread in tapioca.)

'Cool and moist though, let me see—
Seventy-two or seventy-three,
Seventy-four, perhaps, or so ;
Rather low, we're rather low !
Now, what sort of night, sir, eh ?
Did you take the mixture, pray ?
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
And the draught and pills at nine ?'

PATIENT (*loquitur*).

'Coughing, doctor, coughing, sneezing,
Wheezing, teasing, most unpleasing,
Till at length I, by degrees, in-
Duced "Tired nature's sweet restorer,"
Sleep, to cast her mantle o'er her
Poor unfortunate adorer,
And became at last a snorer.
Iodine and anodyne,
Ipecacuanha wine,
Nor the draughts did I decline ;
But those horrid pills at nine !
Those I did not try to swallow,
Doctor, they'd have beat me hollow.
I as soon
Could gulp the moon,
Or the great Nassau balloon,
Or a ball for horse or hound, or
Bullet for an eighteen pounder.'

DOCTOR K.

' Well, sir—well, sir—we'll arrange it,
 If you can't take pills, we'll change it ;
 Take, we'll say,
 A powder grey,
 All the same to us which way ;
 Each will do ;
 But, sir, you
 Must perspire whate'er you do,
 (Sudorific comes from *sudo* !)
 Very odd, sir, how our wills
 Interfere with taking pills !
 I've a patient, sir, a lady
 Whom I've told you of already,
 She'll take potions,
 She'll take lotions,
 She'll take drugs, and draughts by oceans ;
 She'll take rhubarb, senna, rue ;
 She'll take powders grey and blue,
 Tinctures, mixtures, linctures, squills,
 But, sir, she will *not* take pills !
 Now the throat, sir, how's the throat ?'

PATIENT.

' Why, I can't produce a note !
 I can't sound one word, I think, whole,
 But they hobble,
 And they gobble,
 Just like soapsuds down a sink-hole,

Or I whisper like the breeze,
Softly sighing through the trees !

DOCTOR.

' Well, sir—well, sir—never mind, sir,
We'll put all to rights you'll find, sir ;
 Make no speeches,
 Get some leeches ;
 You'll find twenty
 Will be plenty,
Clap them on, and let them lie
On the *pomum Adami* ;
Let them well the trachea drain,
 And your larynx,
 And your pharynx—
Please put out your tongue again !
 Now the blister !
 Ay, the blister !
Let your son, or else his sister,
Warm it well, then clap it here, sir,
All across from ear to ear, sir ;
 That suffices,
 When it rises,
Snip it, sir, and then your throat on
Rub a little oil of Croton :
Never mind a little pain !
Please put out your tongue again !
Now, sir, I must down your maw stick
This small sponge of lunar caustic,

Never mind, sir,
 You'll not find, sir,
 I, the sponge shall leave behind, sir,
 Or my probang make you sick, sir,
 I shall draw it back so quick, sir :—
 This I call my prime elixir !
 How, sir ! choking ?
 Pooh ! you're joking—
 Bless me ! this is quite provoking !
 What can make you, sir, so wheezy ?
 Stay, sir !—gently !—take it easy !
 There, sir, that will do to-day.
 Sir, I think that we may say
 We are better, doctor, eh ?
 Don't you think so, Doctor Blane ?
 Please put out your tongue again !
 Iodine and anodyne,
 Ipecacuanha wine,
 And since you the pills decline,
 Draught and powder grey at nine.
 There, sir ! there, sir ! now good-day,
 I've a lady 'cross the way,
 I must see without delay !

[*Exeunt Doctors.*]

The last entry in the *Diary* is of the same date as the *Bulletin* :—

'*May 29th.*—In fly with Fanny to Clifton, and round by Bristol and Redcliff. Both better.'

From this point both Mr. Barham and my mother

grew rapidly worse. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the painful scenes that followed.

Remote, among strangers, placed under the medical treatment of those who could not be expected to be altogether conversant with the particulars of their case, straitened for room when all the comforts and appliances of home were most needful—a more distressing situation can hardly be imagined! Fortunately, their eldest daughter had joined them some short time before; and she, with a judgment beyond her years, and an unwearying watchfulness such as women only can endure, tended them unceasingly.

In the beginning of June, a temporary amendment enabled them to return to town. Here everything was done that human skill and care could effect; friends gathered round, and professional advice of the highest character was freely offered; Doctors Roberts and Scott, and the eminent surgeon, Mr. Coulson, were unremitting in their attentions. No language can convey—no, at least, the writer can command—the sense of obligation which his family must ever entertain towards these gentlemen for the exertions they displayed on that occasion. In Mr. Barham's case all was of no avail; the vantage-ground had been lost, never to be regained—the malady had reached a point beyond the influence of medicine, and recovery was pronounced impossible. There was the customary and very natural disinclination on the part of his physicians to deprive their patient of all hope. He, however, was not to be lulled by the evasive nature of their replies,

and, to place the matter beyond doubt, he prepared a series of questions, couched in the most precise terms, in the manner of an examination paper, to which he requested specific answers in writing. Their opinion, was, of course, manifested by their hesitation in complying.

To say that he received the intimation thus conveyed with fortitude, would afford but a very inadequate notion of the calmness and contentment with which he regarded his approaching end. Having arranged with his usual perspicuity all the details of his temporal affairs, he partook, for the last time, of the holy communion in company with all his household, and set himself, in perfect self-possession, to make final preparation for the awful change at hand.

There was something peculiarly affecting—something at variance with the common phenomena of a deathbed scene, in a man scarcely past the prime of life, with intellectual faculties unimpaired, and bodily strength comparatively unbroken, awaiting without a murmur of complaint, or an expression of regret, the fatal stroke which the exercise of common care might, in all human probability, have averted. His mind appeared chastened and subdued; every symptom of impatience and irritability had vanished, and though he was, during the last to place anything of dependence on man's imperfect services, it may be hoped that the review of a life not ill-spent, did much towards relieving the coming struggle of its terrors.

Upon one point alone did he exhibit any anxiety—the possibility of some misconception existing, or arising, as to his motives in the composition of those of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' which bear in any degree upon matters of religion. His purpose, he distinctly repeated, was to combat error and imposture, and the reactionary unbelief that naturally follows error and imposture in an age given overmuch perhaps to scientific criticism. Whether his treatment of these subjects was judicious or injudicious, successful or unsuccessful, the attempt, at all events, was made in good faith, and as such stood approved to his conscience.

His cheerfulness never deserted him, save under the pressure of anxiety concerning his wife, whose danger seemed daily increasing; nor was the 'ruling passion' quelled, till every thought was claimed for high and solemn things; no degree of pain was capable of extinguishing it. There had been times, as has been seen, even recently, ere the exigencies of his position were fully understood, when his ideas fell into their accustomed train, and found a vent through their accustomed channel, his poetic genius acting almost spontaneously even in the midst of suffering. His last lines, entitled 'As I laye a-Thynkyng,' were written but a few days before he quitted Clifton, and are of a more sombre hue, referring chiefly to the death of his youngest son, to whom his latest thoughts were constantly recurring. They were placed,

by his express desire, in the hands of Mr. Bentley for publication.

On the morning of June 17, 1845, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age, without a struggle, in faith, and hope, and in charity with all men. His funeral took place on the 21st, and was conducted according to his own wish, with such privacy as the sympathy of his friends would allow. Conscious however, as his family could not fail to be, of the very high esteem in which he was held, especially by those with whom he had been professionally connected, they were not prepared for the unanimous demonstration of respect exhibited on this occasion. The windows of the streets situated in the parishes both of St. Faith and St. Gregory (his former benefice), through which the funeral procession passed, were closed. Both churches were hung with black cloth; and at that of St. Gregory, within the walls of which he had requested to be laid by the side of his children, the officials, in deep mourning, received his remains as they approached the porch, and, together with many of his old parishioners, witnessed their consignment to the Rector's vault, beneath that altar at which he had ministered so long. Nor were the inhabitants of St. Faith and St. Augustine less earnest in the expression of their kind feelings. Memorials of their appreciation of the worth of their late pastor, and of regret at his loss were soon after forwarded to his widow, and a desire was expressed, were such a course deemed fitting, to present a petition, signed by every ratepayer in the

parish, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, to confer the vacant living upon his son. This kind offer was declined.

Other and different manifestations of affection were not wanting. The following touching stanzas record the grief of his attached friend, Mr. Hughes, and were appended to a memoir prepared by that gentleman which appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' July 1845.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. H. BARHAM.

And hath the grave closed o'er him? 'Tis a strange
And startling thought to realise—this earth,
God wot, is full of sudden, mournful change ;
But even now, his lays of genial mirth
Yet ringing on their lips, within the range
Familiar of each English household hearth,
Young happy voices ask in alter'd tone
The saddening question, ' Father, is he gone ?'

Tears answer from the hard and thoughtful eye,
Unwont to weep :—'twas a bright episode,
Like the sun's gleam athwart an o'ercast sky,
To interchange, upon life's toiling road,
A word of cheer with one whose sympathy
Was true and cordial—whose heart o'erflow'd
With human charities ;—who gently wore
The privilege of genius, wit, and lore.

Well loved by every one who knew him—best
By those who knew him most ;—on this one thought,
Trite though it be, abiding hope must rest ;
The world's poor gauds and trophies are as nought

Within the silent tomb, to this stern test,
 Wit, wisdom, wealth, and empire, all are brought,
 And nought enduringly survives on earth,
 Save God's own richer guerdons, Heart and Worth.

Thus in some village churchyard briefly fade
 Spring's piny flowers, ill-mated with the scene;
 While, children of the mighty forest glade,
 The massive yew and holly evergreen
 From year to year spread their ancestral shade
 Over the good man's grave:—the breeze, between
 Their foliage whispering, seems, at Heaven's behest,
 To breathe of peace, and everlasting rest.

Independently, indeed, of any admiration Mr. Barham's wit and talent might excite, there was a warmth of heart about him, and an amiability of disposition, which rendered him justly dear to many even beyond the pale of intimacy. His spirits were fresh and buoyant, his constitution vigorous, and his temperament sanguine. His humour never ranged 'beyond the limits of becoming mirth,' and was in its essence free from gall. Where irony was employed, it was commonly just, and always gentle. On his writings might, in fairness, be inscribed:

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam,
 Nulla venenato est litera mixta joco.

Perhaps his virtues were of a kind especially adapted to win their own reward; certain it is that to him humanity was ever presented under its fairest aspect. He never lost a friend; he never met with

coldness or neglect. His family were devotedly attached to him; those upon whom he was instrumental in conferring benefits were rarely, if ever, wanting in gratitude; and his own claims to consideration were readily and liberally allowed. All these things pass away. His memory may be cherished as a faithful pastor and firm friend by some few 'fashioned of the better sort of clay,' and his social qualities may secure him a place for a season in the recollection of those who only sought in him an agreeable companion, but as an author he can scarcely be forgotten. His productions, whatever may be their defects or blemishes, must occupy that niche in the literature of the country which his genius has unquestionably carved out.

THE END.

'One can never help enjoying "Temple Bar."'
GUARDIAN.

MONTHLY.

The Temple Bar Magazine.

Besides many others, the following Serial Stories have appeared in the pages of 'TEMPLE BAR':—

Lady Adelaide's Oath, by Mrs. Henry Wood.—The American Senator, by Anthony Trollope.—The Two Destinies, by Wilkie Collins.—Leah: a Woman of Fashion, by Mrs. Edwardes.—Uncle John, by Whyte-Melville.—Aurora Floyd, by Miss Braddon.—The New Magdalen, by Wilkie Collins.—Red as a Rose is She, by Miss Broughton.—Ought We to Visit Her? by Mrs. Edwardes.—The Frozen Deep, by Wilkie Collins.—Patricia Kemball, by Mrs. Lynn Lynton.—'Good-bye, Sweetheart!' by Miss Broughton.—A Vagabond Heroine, by Mrs. Edwardes.—John Marchmont's Legacy, by Miss Braddon.—The Poison of Asps, by Mrs. Ross Church.—The Wooing O't, by Mrs. Alexander.—A Race for a Wife, by Hawley Smart.—The First Violin, by Miss Fothergill.—Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwardes.—'Cherry Ripe,' by the Author of 'Comin' thro' the Rye.'—Vivian the Beauty, by Mrs. Edwardes.—Probation, by the Author of 'The First Violin.'

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